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Thrilling Life Sketches.

FRANCESCO URGOS.

From a Photograph, April, 1876.

"*I now understood who were my enemies, and why my sight had been destroyed.*" *Page* 315.

Thrilling Incidents

IN THE

POLITICAL LIFE OF AN ITALIAN:

IN LEGEND

Travels in [illegible]

BY

FRANCESCO [illegible]

[illegible]

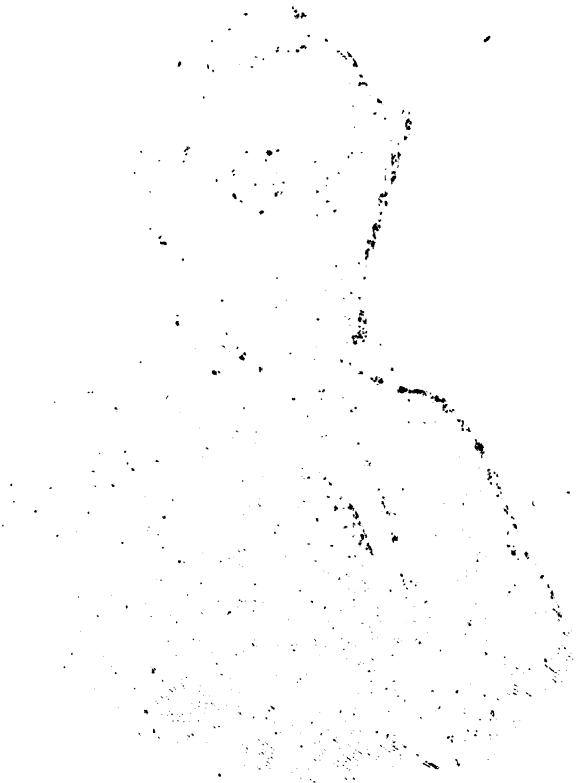
Translated from the Italian [illegible]

STEAM PRESS

OF THE [illegible] ADVENT [illegible] ASSOCIATION

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

1877



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Thrilling Incidents

IN THE

POLITICAL LIFE OF AN ITALIAN;

INCLUDING

Travels in Africa and Syria.

BY

FRANCESCO URGOS,
AN OFFICER IN THE ARMY OF GARIBALDI.

Translated from the Italian Manuscript.

STEAM PRESS
OF THE SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,
BATTLE CREEK, MICH.:
1877.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1876, by

THE SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,

In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

INTRODUCTION.

SOCIETY has, at different epochs, experienced political and religious revolutions. After long periods of servitude, various nations have broken the yokes imposed upon them by capricious autocrats, and have made rapid progress in civilization.

To obtain this political and religious liberty, society has been forced to sacrifice thousands of heroic citizens, some of whom have expired through atrocious tortures, others have been incarcerated in dismal dungeons, and others have been driven from their natal soil, and compelled to languish in exile.

Those of my readers who are familiar with history, will not be surprised as they peruse this narrative of my adventures, and of the persecutions which I have suffered for my devotion to the cause of liberty and civilization. To those readers who are not acquainted with history, I would say that I calumniate no one; I simply relate the truth. If any one doubts the veracity of my narrative, his suspicions will be removed by a comparison of this volume with the works which have been written by various authors on the same subject.

FRANCESCO URGOS.

ST. ANNE, ILLINOIS, JANUARY 1, 1876.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

THE following pages vividly set forth the varied trials and sufferings of one of the noble sons of Italy. This narrative will be read with interest by thousands of persons in various parts of the world. Few, indeed, who begin the reading of the book will stop short of the close of the volume. And while these "Sketches" possess all the interest of a well-drawn romance, they have the greater merit of being the actual experience of one who has suffered greatly for his adherence to the truth. Christians of every name will hail with pleasure the appearance of this volume. During the printing of the work, Mr. Urgos has been in the immediate vicinity of the press, and every line has been read in his hearing in order to secure accuracy of statement, and a correct orthography in the use of proper names.

And now as the volume is launched forth upon the tide of public favor, we bespeak for it far more than an ordinary circulation.

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THRILLING LIFE SKETCHES.

CHAPTER I.

THE YOUTHFUL VOLUNTEER.

I WAS born on the 25th of December, 1832, at Nice, capital of the province of the same name, which formerly belonged to Sardinia, but which was, in 1860, ceded to France, in return for services rendered by that country for the liberation of Italy from Austrian bayonets.

My father, the Chevalier Francesco Urgos, was a veteran soldier, and, in religious belief, a materialist. He had been chief of cuirassiers in the army of Napoleon I., and had been decorated on the field of Marengo, by the hand of the aspiring Corsican. My mother, Donna Fortunata Lanza, though kind and affectionate, was a bigoted Roman Catholic; and she designed to devote me to the priesthood. I was sincere in my religion, pursued the study of theology with zeal, and blessed the Lord for having called me to fulfill so high a mission.

Signor Graziotti, an opulent merchant of Nice,

was married to a cousin of my mother. A close intimacy existed between the two families. Linda Graziotti was my constant companion from infancy.

In the beginning of the year 1847, I was pursuing my theological studies at the University of Oneglia. One day I received a letter from my mother, directing me to leave the seminary, and to come home immediately. The family was going to Sicily to visit my mother's relatives at Palermo. I proceeded to Nice, and we left that city, accompanied by the Graziotti family. When we arrived at Palermo, my uncles Lanza procured for me a professor of theology, that my studies might not be interrupted by our visit.

My tutor, a venerable Jesuit, gave me the Bible, cautioning me to keep the secret. He bade me learn different verses of the sacred volume. Here are some of them: "And I say also unto thee that thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." "A bishop then must be blameless, the husband of one wife, vigilant, sober, of good behavior, given to hospitality, apt to teach," etc.

One morning my venerable tutor asked me, with a fatherly smile on his lips, to explain some of the verses which he had bidden me learn. I replied:—

"The rock upon which Jesus Christ promised

to build his church, was not St. Peter, but Jesus Christ himself. The Lord did not say, Thou art Peter, and I will build my church upon this man Peter, but, 'Upon this *rock* I will build my church,' that is, upon *myself*, who am the principal stone, which the builders have rejected, and which has become the chief stone of the corner." In French, as in the original Greek of the New Testament, the proper name "Peter," and the word meaning "rock," are similar.

"The apostle," I continued, "by *a single wife*, does not mean the church. He distinguishes between the *family* of the pastor and his *flock*. For, if any one can not govern his own *family*, how shall he govern the *church of God?* The Holy Scriptures say that Noah was married. Abraham, the father of the believers, was married. Moses, Isaiah, Ezekiel, St. Peter, and St. Philip, were also married." When I had finished, my professor clasped me to his breast, and shed tears, telling me to endure with fortitude and resignation the persecutions which I would be obliged to undergo for God and his Holy Gospel.

After this conversation the study of theology was repulsive to me. My mother noticed my aversion to it, and strove to ascertain the cause. One day when Linda Graziotti visited our house, my mother forbade her to enter the house again. The young girl, surprised, asked,

"Why, Signora?"

"Because," replied my mother, "you are the cause of my son's repugnance to study."

The intimacy which had existed between the two families immediately ceased.

We returned to Nice. My mother watched closely my behavior. Seeing that my antipathy to the study of theology increased, she summoned me one day into her chamber, and demanded,

"Why do you not study, my dear son?"

"The Roman Catholic religion," replied I, "is nothing but pure formality. Its votaries do not walk in the light of the gospel. In the theological school, I am nourished on falsehood and superstition. In conclusion, dear mother, I will not be a priest!"

From that moment I was persecuted by my mother. She endeavored to make me burn my Bible. She even resorted to supplication, and on her knees, with her hands clasped, implored me to return to the Church of Rome. I pertinaciously refused to comply with her wishes. Seeing that my determination was inflexible, she fell into a tremendous passion. "Leave this house immediately, undutiful son, and ignominious apostate from the faith of thy ancestors! Thou art not worthy of the name Urgos!"

"I shall always love and respect thee, mother," replied I. "I will pray the Lord to bless thee, and to open thine eyes to the light of the gospel."

"Silence, heretic! My eyes are open! What wilt thou do in this world without strength and without resources?"

"This is my treasure, mother!" said I, showing her my Bible.

I left the house that night, accompanied by my old and faithful servant, Domenico Massa, who refused to allow me to go alone. I became a soldier in the Piedmontese army, and fought against the Austrians. I was severely wounded at the battle of Cortadona and Montanara. My aged servitor hastened through the deadly hail of bullets to my assistance. The intrepid and devoted old man gave me a cup of water to quench my thirst, and washed my wound. He then arose, and went to procure more water. The unfortunate man was struck in the breast by a ball. He fell at a short distance from where I lay. He cast an affectionate glance upon me. His mouth emitted a stream of blood. He wished to speak, but could not. He made a violent effort, and, with a faint voice, exclaimed: "My God, bless me and this unfortunate boy, whom I have so much loved, and for whom I die! Signor Francesco, I bless you, and I beseech you to hear my advice! If the Omnipotent preserve your life, be more prudent in battle!"

I wept. I wished to go to his assistance, but I was too weak. My wound spouted blood. His gaze was fastened upon me. Spasmodically, he

pronounced these words: "My God, pity me, and receive me to thy bosom. Pray for me, Signor Francesco!" The faithful old man closed his eyes. The vital spark fled from its earthly tenement. I was alone. My only friend was dead, he who had held me in his arms when I was an infant. I prayed the divine Mediator to receive him into the abode of eternal felicity. Full of corporeal and spiritual anguish, I was picked up, and placed in an ambulance.

When I recovered my strength, I crossed the Apennines, and proceeded to Rome. The pope had fled to Gaeta, a fortress of the kingdom of Naples. I was filled with astonishment when I saw the tricolored flag floating from every window. Men, women, and children shouted, "Down with the pope! Long live liberty!" The red cap of the republic was elevated on the hight of Campidoglio. The church-bells pealed joyously. The cannon of the castle of Santo Angelo awoke the neighboring echoes. Matrons proudly walked the streets, with the red, white, and green cockades on their bosoms. The towers of the castle were thronged with spectators. The pope took refuge in this castle whenever he wished to terrify the audacious citizens who dared to pronounce the word liberty. It was now occupied, not by his holiness, but by the people, who proclaimed, from the mouths of the cannon, for the benefit of the thousands around,

that the papal power was on the verge of ruin.

At this period Rome was beautiful. The obelisks, statues, temples, columns, and the ever-flowing Tiber, harmonized well with the occasion. I recalled to mind the Rome of Coriolanus and Scipio Africanus, and the august Senate, whose mandates were obeyed by the civilized world. Rome spoke proudly: "I have arisen. I am the Rome of Camillus, Cincinnatus, Brutus, Cato, Fabricius, and Flamininus. I am the queen of the universe. I have broken the chains of slavery, and trampled under my feet the throne of the sanguinary tyrant who made the nations worship him as a god, and obliged the kings and princes of the earth to crawl before him like vile reptiles, and to kiss his feet. I have shattered, crushed to powder, and cast to the winds, the tiara and scepter of the usurper of heavenly powers, the self-designated vicar of Jesus Christ!"

I cannot describe all the places which I visited. My purpose is to write of the tortures which the Roman priests inflicted upon me. But I must first describe my visit to the Jesuitical institutions of the Eternal City, which the idolaters of the Church of Rome call the "Sanctuary of Holiness;" but which is really a den of ferocious beasts. I should make my readers blush by the revelation of all the abominations which I witnessed. The bare recollection of them fills me with indescribable horror.

CHAPTER II.

A VISIT TO THE HOLY PLACES OF ROME.

SOME of the lofty dignitaries of the city conducted me to different convents, which had been abandoned by the inmates, from fear of popular indignation; and we explored subterranean passages communicating with similar institutions inhabited by the opposite sex. I dare not describe the infamies which I witnessed in these convents. The narration would be offensive to decency. But, if the crimes of these monsters of human countenance, guilty of ambitious plots, of fornication, adultery, sodomy, and robbery, have been concealed from the eyes of the public, they are known to the Omniscient. His retributive justice will punish their atrocious crimes, said I to myself. My conductors asked me what I thought of these institutions. Too young and inexperienced to reply, I could only blush from shame and horror.

We repaired to the palace of the Inquisition, called by the people of Rome, "*Il Santo Offizio*," "The Holy Office." This palace presents on the exterior a simple style of architecture, austere, and blackened by time. The solitude in which it stands, the gigantic structure of the Vatican, which overlooks it, the iron gate which closes its

entrance, and the solemn silence which reigns around it, contribute to its appalling effect upon the spectator. It is composed of two rectangles, connected by a trapezium. "One of these rectangles," said my conductors, "formed the palace of the sanguinary Michele Ghilieri, afterward Pope Pius V., the author of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. He presented the building to the Inquisition, who added to it the other rectangle, and made it the residence of the Fathers Inquisitorial, and of the Familiars of the Holy Office." My conductors asked me if I knew for what purpose the pretended successors of St. Peter employed this edifice. I replied in the negative. "Then we will give you a brief but faithful account of it," said they. "In this Holy Office, several millions of miserable men, who were guilty only of serving God according to his Holy Gospel, were put to death with the most refined tortures that the fiendish vengeance of the Jesuits could invent."

"What!" replied I indignantly, "I cannot believe that so many atrocious crimes were committed by men who call themselves the successors of the God of love!" My conductors laughed at my reply.

"Tell me," said one of them, "did you not observe those subterranean passages under the convents which we have visited? Was not your gaze attracted by those bones of young children,

some of which still retained scraps of putrefying flesh?"

"Yes," replied I.

"Well, my young friend, the disciples of Ignatius Loyola can invent tortures of diabolical atrocity. They easily disencumbered themselves of all those who dared to preach the word of Christ. Follow us, and you shall be confronted by incontrovertible proofs."

I was conducted through several long, vaulted, and gloomy corridors. On the right and left of these passages were numerous iron-plated doors, closing the entrances to large rooms. In each room was an image of the Virgin Mary, a large black cross, a ring imbedded in the wall, a chain, and an iron collar. These articles were employed in the process of inflicting torture. In the middle of each apartment was a bed, which was used in dislocating the limbs of the poor martyrs, in order to extort from them some confession, or to make them renounce the gospel. There were other articles employed for the same purpose: wooden wedges to introduce under the nails; machines for breaking the teeth; an apparatus which was introduced into the stomach, lacerating that organ, and causing the poor victim, who was suspended by the feet, to vomit blood profusely. I shall not describe all the horrible objects which met my sight in the chambers which I visited. Upon the walls of these rooms

were inscriptions, graven in the stone, or written with the blood of the martyrs. I quote a few of these inscriptions, as follows :—

"Angelo Casati, aged 31 years, a lawyer, born at Albano, husband of Maria Casati, and father of two children, Fabrizio and Lucrezia. I was accused at the confessional by my innocent wife. I was arraigned before the tribunal of the Inquisition, having been rudely torn from the arms of my wife and children. I await my last sufferings. Jesus, pardon those who persecute me, and protect my widow and children! Strengthen thy poor servant, that he may endure the tortures which he must undergo!"

"Paolo Salvio, aged 25 years, student of medicine, born at Terracina. I was invited to an interview in the Piazza di Navoni. I repaired thither and was immediately seized by four men, who conducted me to the Holy Office. I have endured many tortures, but have never denied Christ. I must be put to death, as a heretic. I write these lines with my blood, that, if any prisoner has the good fortune to escape from this cell, he may reveal to the world the horrible fate to which the children of Christ are condemned by the Jesuits. Lord, pardon my iniquities, fortify me in my agony, and let my soul be thy temple!"

"Celestina di Cesaris, native of Frosinone, aged 23 years, denounced by my father and

mother before the tribunal of the Inquisition, as a sorceress. I have studied the gospel, I have worshiped Jesus Christ as the only Mediator. They plucked out the nails of my fingers and toes; they pinched my body with pincers, which, each time, tore out a piece of flesh. I have never renounced the Christian faith. The tribunal condemned me to be attached by the feet to the tail of a horse, and dragged to the stake, where I am to be burned alive. At eight o'clock in the morning, my executioners will seize me. God have mercy on me!"

I was then conducted to an open trap. I descended by a small, winding staircase, which conducted to an opening recently made in the wall by order of the government of the republic. A passage led from this orifice to a cavern shaped like a tomb. The cavity was filled with human skeletons thinly covered with earth. I next entered the cellars of the edifice. Still more horrible! I took a lantern, and entered a cell. It was very narrow; upon the pavement were several inches of water; and various loathsome reptiles, scared by my approach, crawled away to their hiding places between the stones. A fetid exhalation arose from the foul water. On the right, I perceived a most horrible spectacle. A human skeleton sat on a wooden bench, with his feet resting in the water. His neck and waist were encircled by rusty iron rings, which were

affixed to the wall with strong bars. His arms were extended horizontally, and the wrists were secured to the wall by similar rings and bars. His feet were firmly fastened to the pavement. From a small tube in the ceiling, fell, every second, a drop of cold water upon his head. He had been dead a long time.

The sight of so much cruelty horrified me. I asked myself whether I were not under the influence of a hideous incubus. I was aroused from my revery by my conductors, who invited me to explore the cellars further.

"No! no! no! I wish to see nothing more," I rejoined. "Let me leave this cursed spot immediately!"

"Patience! We shall leave many things unseen. We will visit only a few more objects before leaving."

I followed my conductors in silence. The cold, damp atmosphere of this tomb, and the horrors which I had seen here, had so impaired my strength, that, at each step, I thought I should succumb. Sometimes I staggered against the wall, sometimes I stumbled over human bones. One of my conductors at length stopped, extended his arms, and cried, "Halt!" Then, lowering his lantern, he showed me a pit three feet in diameter. He remained silent a few seconds, then, with a bitter smile, he said: "See! The men who are called the 'Sacred Heart of Jesus,'

have ingenious inventions for conducting erring sinners to the feet of the Virgin Mary! This pit is called '*Trabocco,*' or '*Cataratta.*' It is very deep. The martyrs only have measured its depth." Taking a heavy stone, he let it fall into the opening. I listened, but heard no sound. Throwing the light into the gaping mouth of the abyss, I saw glittering pieces of glass, and blades of knives rusted by the blood of the victims who had been precipitated into it. The sides were thickly studded with these sharp substances.

Leaving this place, we turned to the right; and, after a short walk, arrived at an aperture which we could not enter without stooping. We ascended a winding staircase of about thirty steps, and entered a cavern cut in the soft sandstone. One of my conductors, turning to me, said,

"This is called '*La Grotta dei Murati in Vita.*'" I glanced at different parts of this "Sepulcher of Living Men," and perceived several niches for the unhappy beings condemned to be buried alive. Said my conductor,

"They buried many poor wretches in a mixture of earth and caustic lime, leaving only their heads uncovered. They then closed the aperture, and allowed the victims to be slowly corroded. Imagine the horrible torment which they endured! Illustrious personages have lived many years in some of these niches, secluded from the

light. A little bread and water was their nourishment."

Some of the niches contained skeletons. On the ground was a corpse that still preserved its features. It was petrified. One of my conductors raised his lantern, and pointing to an empty niche, he said,

"Some days ago, we took from this place a Greek archbishop condemned for heresy. He was immured in this sepulcher twenty-five years ago. God spared his life, that he might reveal to the world the execrable abominations of the church of the pope."

We descended the staircase, and proceeded to the end of this gallery, where we found another staircase leading to a lower excavation. As we descended, an intolerable stench greeted our nostrils. The ground was covered with human bones. The place was eighty feet long, and thirty feet wide. I do not know the depth of the deposit of bones. We encountered many dried corpses in complete preservation. My companions showed me the body of a woman lying upon her left side. Some yards from her lay an infant, only a few days old. The lady was attired in aristocratic costume. Mr. Belloni, one of my conductors, said to me,

"This lady was the only child of a noble and wealthy citizen of Rome. She suddenly disappeared, and all efforts to recover her were ineffect-

ual. Her parents offered a large sum of money for any information concerning her, but in vain. The friends of the family strove to console the afflicted parents. Madam Lobruno recollected that, one day, on the return of her child from confession, she appeared to have been weeping. Her mother asked,

"'What is the matter with you, my daughter?'

"She merely replied,

"'I will not go again to confess.'

"'Why?' interrogated her mother.

"'Because these men in black robes, with red crosses upon their breasts, are infamous hypocrites, licentious and corrupt scoundrels!'

"Behold, Mr. Urgos, the remains of this poor girl!"

We ascended to the ground floor of the Holy Office, and traversed a spacious hall. Mr. Belloni showed me an aperture three feet in diameter. "At the bottom of this abyss," said he, "there is a furnace, in which the Jesuits burned the warriors of Christ."

We entered the hall of the formidable tribunal. The walls are covered with black velvet, and the windows are protected by curtains of the same material. The aspect of the hall thrills one with awe. On a high platform stands an elliptical table, surrounded by twenty seats. Behind this table is the gigantic escutcheon of Pius V., also a picture of the terrible St. Dominic. A

candelabra supporting a large lamp and eight tapers is fixed to the wall, and behind it is the picture of the Virgin Mary. On the right of the president's chair is that of the secretary; on the left a large black cross with the image of Jesus. Below the platform are the barristers' seats; and at one side of the bar is the prisoner's stand. At the opposite side is a cross. During the progress of a trial, a friar knelt before this cross, and recited the "*Pater Noster*" ten times, the "*Gloria sit Deo*" ten times, and the "*Ave Maria*" a hundred times. These orisons were recited, that the judges might be illuminated by the Holy Ghost, and that the prisoner might obtain the favor of entering into the ark of the covenant, that is, into the church of the pope. In the center of the room is the pillar of castigation. When the accused did not reply according to the dogmas of the Romish Church, he was attached by the waist and arms to this pillar, and flagellated with an ox-hide scourge. On the right of the entrance is the picture of St. Peter. On the left is the portrait of St. Ignatius Loyola, founder of the "Sacred Heart of Jesus."

Mr. Belloni, with a sarcastic smile, said to me, "Before this tribunal were arraigned, not assassins, poisoners, forgers, and infanticides, but only those who adored God in spirit and in truth." The last words were pronounced with fervor.

We entered the record office. It is divided into two compartments. The first, which is called the cabinet, is furnished with shelves full of documents, and with desks for writing. Here are found details of all the trials which have taken place during the last hundred years. Among these documents are the famous prosecutions against Luigi Pasquali, Antonio Paleario, and Carnesecchi, burned at Rome for heresy. Here are preserved the horrid plots for the massacre of the Waldenses of the Valterline; here are details of the formation of the Gunpowder Plot in England, and of the organization of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew in France. In the second compartment of the record office, or library, is a complete collection of the works of the Italian reformers, works unknown to the most erudite bibliographers.

We entered the second of the two rectangles, in which the prisoners were confined. In the middle is a wet, gloomy court, around which are the cells, some of which would hardly admit a single person. A gallery conducted us to another court, worse than the first, around which were sixty-three small cells. In each cell was a large iron ring, which in some cells, was fastened to the wall, in others, to the pavement. In the floor of one cell was an opening; and at the bottom, by the light of the lantern, I could discern a number of skeletons. The walls of these cells were covered

with inscriptions. In one I read, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." In another, "The tyranny and cruelty of man shall never separate me from thy church, O Christ, my only hope!" Upon the door of each cell is a crucifix; but the countenance of the Saviour has not the angelic expression which it must have worn when he pronounced that sublime prayer: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." On the contrary, these figures had fierce and menacing physiognomies.

Upon the interior of each cell was written, in large characters, some passage professedly quoted from the Bible. These inscriptions were all of a menacing character, not one speaking of mercy or forgiveness. Indeed, you would search in vain for a word of that sort in the dictionary of the Inquisition. I quote some of these passages. "Thou shalt place under the power of the evil one him who acts thus, and the adversary will give him no rest." "Since he has loved the curse, it shall fall upon him, and since he has not delighted in the blessing, it shall depart from him." "Thou shalt be cursed at thy entrance, and at thy departure." We descended a stair-way cut in the stone, and entered a gloomy chamber, in one corner of which a large hearth marked the place of the torture by fire. Passing through an aperture, we entered another chamber, in which were two large ovens, shaped like bee-hives, and

filled with calcined bones. When the Inquisition feared to burn its victims publicly, it roasted them secretly in these furnaces.

"Well," said Mr. Belloni, "since you have seen enough atrocities, let us return to my abode."

"But," said I, "why such cruelty on the part of men who preach the love of God, who style themselves the true ministers of Christ, who appear to live in poverty, who impose upon themselves the greatest sacrifices, and who have abandoned the world and its lusts, in order to gain the kingdom of God?"

"These priests," replied Mr. Belloni, "believe nothing. They are materialists and sensualists. They wish to degrade the nations by plunging them into idolatry, by making them forget the precepts of Him who died for the human race, and by making them believe in miracles performed by saints. You see here Jews and Chinese performing the ceremonies of their religions, without molestation. Here are even French, Italian, English, and American materialists. All express their opinions freely. The religion of Christ alone is persecuted."

After leaving the palace of the Inquisition, Mr. Belloni asked me if I would be at leisure during the rest of the day.

"No," replied I. "I wish to present myself to the Minister of War, and apply for a place in the ranks of the republic."

Mr. Benignetti, another of my conductors, and Surgeon-in-Chief of the army of the republic, said to me,

"I am a physiognomist, and I perceive that your spirit is troubled by the horrors which you have seen. Come to my house with Messrs. Belloni and Caracciuolo, and we will take supper, and pass the evening in conversation. To-morrow, we will visit the Greek prelate whom we removed from one of the niches of the Holy Office; afterward, we will explore the mines where the Vatican obtains its treasures; and finally, I will present you to Citizen Giuseppe Mazzini, President of the Constituent Assembly, and to Citizen Giuseppe Avezzana, Minister of War."

CHAPTER III.

THE GOLD MINES OF THE VATICAN.

ON the morrow I was introduced to the venerable Greek prelate, previously mentioned. When I saw this man, or rather this animated skeleton, I stood aghast at the horrible spectacle. One would have said, Here is a specter! Though constantly gaining, he was so weak that I could hardly hear his respiration. He was, at this time, sixty-five years old, and his beard and locks

were as white as snow. His limbs were covered with ulcers, which had provided him nourishment while he remained in his sepulchral abode. When Dr. Benignetti, who spoke modern Greek fluently, bade him farewell for us, the holy prelate slowly joined the palms of his hands, which gesture among the Greeks signifies patience and resignation.

We then proceeded to the catacombs. These are huge caverns, one over the other, penetrating far into the rock under the city. I shall not give a minute description of these caverns, but I only wish to explain why Mr. Benignetti conducted me thither.

Four torch-bearers, hired by this gentleman, accompanied us through these gloomy solitudes, the sepulchers of the pagans of Rome, and afterward the asylums of the early Christians while persecuted by the fanaticism of the Roman emperors.

Mr. Benignetti led me to a niche, stooped, and taking a molar tooth and a bone, presented them to me, saying, "How much do you think these are worth?"

"Not very much," I replied. "Perhaps their antiquity," I added, ironically, "would augment their value in the eyes of a collector of curiosities."

"Your surmise is correct," said Mr. Benignetti. "But you have not even yet formed an adequate

estimate of their extrinsic value, derived from their former possessor."

"The ancient pagans," continued Mr. Benignetti, "adored Bacchus, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Minerva, and a multitude of other divinities. These catacombs were used by them as sepulchers. Then the Christian martyrs were buried here. The relatives or friends of a deceased person decorated his sepulcher with the symbol of his religion. Time has obliterated all these emblems, and it is consequently impossible to ascertain the religion of any occupant of this charnel-house. The Church of Rome, always speculative, finding that its trade was not sufficiently remunerative, turned its attention to the catacombs. '*Per Bacco!*' exclaimed the holy fathers, 'let us descend into the catacombs! There our holy church will find gold in abundance.' This plan was adopted. The holy fathers filled their coffers with bones, teeth, and skulls. A little dirty water, consecrated in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, was sprinkled over these pagan and Christian remains, and they were assigned to various martyrs whose names are contained in the Roman martyrology. The priests forward them to different places in the world, and they are purchased at a high price. Some of these relics extricate souls from purgatory; others procure pardon for crimes; others

counteract the venom of rabid dogs. Each relic has its particular virtue."

From the catacombs we repaired to the Roman seminary, in which is located the cabinet of relics. The anterior chamber is filled with fragments of sepulchral stones, vases, and lamps. The central chamber is full of wooden boxes, painted green, in which are preserved the relics of the common saints. Bones, teeth, scraps of garments, hair, and other similar articles, are mingled together in irreverent confusion. The posterior chamber is devoted to the relics called *Illustrious.* These comprise some milk, hair, and clothing of the mother of the Saviour; some thorns from the crown of Christ; a piece of the sponge presented to him in his mortal agonies; a fragment of the inscription on the cross; a piece of his robe; the finger with which St. Thomas touched his master's wounds; a vial full of our Lord's blood; the rock upon which the angel Gabriel sat at the annunciation; a piece of the rock on which our Lord sat when he pardoned the sins of Mary Magdalen; a piece of the table of the law inscribed by the finger of God himself.

"Now," said Mr. Benignetti, "I think you understand how they procure money in such profusion."

"To give you a full description of the Jésuits,"

resumed my conductor, after a pause, "would occupy much time. I will, however, make some observations upon their influence, their morality, and their riches. We will, meanwhile, walk leisurely toward the office of the Minister of War."

Mr. B. continued,

"If you form an opinion of the Jesuits of the present century from the works of the writers of the last two centuries, you will conceive a very erroneous idea of them. The Jesuitism of that period was an open war against the gospel, and against society. Modern Jesuitism is an epidemic, which, though it is propagated slowly, is not less fatal than the other. Ancient Jesuitism acted openly; modern Jesuitism acts secretly, like a nocturnal assassin. The holy fathers are not now the counselors of monarchs. They are no longer court preachers. Preaching has lost its pristine influence over the minds of kings, and over the destinies of nations."

"But," I inquired, "what object have the Jesuits in view?"

"Should you address that question to them, they would reply, '*The greater glory of God.*' But from their acts you will be forced to conclude that their aim is universal dominion. Their favorite maxim is, '*All methods employed for the augmentation of God's glory are commendable.*' Under the pretense of instructing the young,

but, *in fact*, in order to retain their minds in complete subjection, they instill prejudice and fanaticism into them. In order to arbitrate in religion, they have rendered it material and superstitious. They call themselves disciples of Christ; but if you read their books for the instruction of the young, you will not find therein the Jesus of the gospel, but a degraded being like themselves. They have invented innumerable absurd fables, and have reduced religion to a hypocritical formality, abolishing entirely the 'worship in spirit and in truth' of the gospel.

"These reverend fathers wish to predominate in secular affairs also. All means are good provided they attain their end. They do not inculcate submission to the established powers, as St. Peter and St. Paul did, but, in the confessionals, in the pulpits, and in the schools, they teach that the best sovereign is he who favors them most. If any government does not protect them, it receives their anathemas. Pius IX., who, at the commencement of his reign, did not favor them, was denounced by them as a schismatic, and they prayed publicly for his conversion.

"If any government opposes the Jesuits it will be disturbed by revolutions. They declare that no obedience is due to a heretical sovereign, and that it is better to obey God rather than man. If a king is loved by his subjects, the Jesuits tell them that those qualities which they admire

are like the fascinating voice of the siren, who charmed in order to destroy; that their sovereign is an impious apostate, who wishes to extirpate the religion of their fathers. They speak and act so well that if any monarch strives to ameliorate the condition of his subjects, he is soon compelled to abandon his reformative projects from fear of insurrection.

"Rossi was assassinated by the Jesuits because he wished to effect the union of the Italian States, and to ameliorate the condition of the people.

"Cardinal Antonelli, the protector of the Jesuits, ordered a mercenary soldiery to fire upon an unarmed and peaceful multitude of citizens, who wished to present to the pope a petition for a new minister.

"The Jesuits persuaded the pope to abandon Rome, alleging that the populace intended to murder him. They desired to plunge the city into anarchy, and effect the destruction of the liberal cause. In every country where the Jesuits exist, they must rule exclusively, or that country will perish.

"I will now explain how they obtain their wealth. You have already become acquainted with one prolific source of their revenue, but they employ numerous other expedients. They affect extreme poverty; the Jesuit never has a cent in his purse; and the appearance of a Jesuit's chamber suggests the idea that the occupant

is very indigent. But this display is only an artifice by which they conceal their luxurious private life. They are surrounded by everything that administers to the gratification of appetite and lust.

"They also collect immense sums under eleemosynary pretexts. When an opulent man confesses to a Jesuit, he does not escape without paying very dearly for his absolution. The reverend father does not indeed say to him, 'Give me your money, or I refuse to absolve you;' but he commences by inculcating the obligation of charity; then abusing that scripture, 'Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth,' he asserts that the most acceptable charity is that performed through the medium of an ecclesiastic, who will conceal the name of the donor; finally, abusing that passage of the gospel in which Jesus commends the woman who poured over him an odoriferous oil, he demonstrates that the most laudable alms is that conferred upon Jesus, and by 'Jesus,' he means, of course, the debased society which prostitutes that blessed name.

"If a man who has acquired wealth by fraud and extortion confesses to a Jesuit, the latter, wresting the parable of the unjust steward, says to the penitent, 'Secure friends for yourself in Heaven with your unjustly acquired wealth, that when you leave this world you may be received into paradise,' by which expression the reverend

father insinuates that the contrite sinner before him should bestow his ill-gotten gains upon the saints, in order to conciliate their intercession in his behalf.

"At the death-beds of wealthy men, they show how difficult it is for a rich man to be saved; and, having reduced the moribund to a timorous state of mind, they declare that the only way to salvation is to deposit his treasure in Heaven, adding, 'Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.' The moribund, seeing that a stroke of his pen will open to him the gates of Heaven, dictates a testament in favor of the reverend fathers. These donations and bequests yield an enormous revenue. The money procured by these various methods is expended in the propagation of Jesuitism.

"But I should never finish, if I attempted a complete exposition of this loathsome canker of society; these few words will give you a faint idea of its malignity and persistency."

We had now reached the office of the Minister of war, and together we called to see the President of the Republic, and the Minister, General Avezzana. We were received with kindness and unaffected courtesy. Mr. Belloni presented me to those dignitaries. The Minister of War kindly inquired of the recent campaign in Lombardy, of my rank, education, and family. I presented my certificates, one of which testified that I

had participated in the war of Upper Italy, and the other that I had displayed courage, and received wounds.

The name of my father, well known among the Italian aristocracy, together with my scientific education, readily procured me the position of sergeant major of the fifth company of fusileers, second battalion and second regiment of infantry.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DOG SERGEANT.

WHILE in Upper Italy, a friend presented me with a handsome greyhound, which soon became very much attached to me, and followed me to Rome, where he became the playmate of the entire company. Intelligent, and of very fine scent, he proved my constant companion in battle and in camp. Sometimes I was obliged to tie him up; but unless done with an iron chain, he would break loose every time, and find me wherever I might be. It was sometimes necessary to punish him, but each time I thought it would be the last; for the poor fellow would lie down on the ground and keep perfectly quiet until I told him to move, when he would creep to me, looking so penitent and sorrowful, and

seeming to say, Forgive me this time, master, and I will do so no more.

One morning, while marching, a letter was handed to me by one of the soldiers of the guard. On opening, I found it to be anonymous; nevertheless I knew that it came from one of my uncles, a Romish priest. I will try to repeat it as nearly as possible like the original, as follows:—

"Unfortunate one! thou hast rendered thy mother miserable, and dishonored the name of thy family. Thou hast denied the faith of thy fathers, and rebelled against the powers of the church. Die of shame, impious heretic! or come, return to thy bereaved mother and to the arms of the church. Misfortune be to thee if thou turn a deaf ear to our prayers and entreaties. We prefer for thee a violent death, rather than dishonor. Cast under thy feet that Book that to thee is incomprehensible, and return to those who have thy best interest at heart. Consider well, and present thyself, on the fifteenth of the month, at the side of thy mother, and fill her heart with more joy than it has ever known. Reflect well; this is a warning."

Placing this letter in my pocket with no intention of complying with the request, I went about my duty. Nine days had passed since the time I was to be at my mother's, when I left the barracks to go to my captain on urgent business. While on my way, a beautiful young girl, mod-

estly dressed, presented herself to me, and, after saluting me with a trembling voice, she said,

"Signor, I have been waiting for you with impatience. I am in danger, and want to put myself under your charge. Your noble, benevolent-looking face inspired me with confidence; that is why I choose you as my protector."

"Signorina," I replied, "tell me your danger at once, and I will do what I can to help you. I am prepared, if need be, to expose my life, but I have no time for unnecessary compliments, for I am in haste to go to my captain with communications of interest. Explain yourself at once, that I may know what to do."

Trembling and pale, she answered, "Signor, seeing you have no time to-day, to-morrow will do as well, as the worst will not be until to-morrow night." Looking from left to right, she said, "I can say nothing to you here, for I am closely watched; but to-morrow morning I will tell you all at my mother's house."

"Where do you live?" I asked.

"I dare not tell you; for in looking for the place you would have to inquire, and I should be found out at once. I will come here at seven in the morning, and you can follow me and enter where I do; but take care that no one sees you."

This said, we separated, and I finished my errand. I repeated my adventure to Sergeant

Orace, my intimate colleague. He laughed at the recital, saying that he would not comply with the request. On the following morning, before starting, I asked my friend to tie my dog, and under no consideration to loose him.

On going to the appointed place I found the young girl there, true to her word, and looking so helpless and innocent as to drive away all doubts I might have entertained concerning her request. She bade me follow her. I did so; and, after wandering about for some time, she stopped, and entered a narrow court, Transtevere Vico del Fico, No. 41. Motioning to me to follow, she opened a door, pointed me to a rough bench, and asked to be excused for a few moments. As she left, I could not help noting with some anxiety the deathly paleness on her face. While waiting for her return, I busied myself with looking about the room; but saw nothing but bare walls of cold gray marble, and a floor of the same material.

Inexperienced in the world's treachery, I awaited the end of this stratagem. All at once I was seized by the shoulders, laid on the floor by four men before I had time for thought, and gagged, and bound hand and foot by these rascals who were hidden by a secret door just behind me. I was next stretched out on the floor, with those four brigands over me, panting for breath; for it

had been no easy task to bring me into this position. By the command of their leader, I was then taken by the feet and shoulders, carried to the lowest cellar, and placed in a cold, damp cell, where a dim lamp, hanging from the ceiling, threw a gloomy light on the visages of those hard-looking men. They laid me on the floor, unfastened my hands and ungagged me, and then, having secured my feet by a chain, they departed.

Near my chain was a low couch; at my right, a table of oak, with the history of St. Genaro, and a mass book upon it. I had demanded of these banditti to tell me by what right I had been brought there, but all to no purpose; for with a look alone they left me. It was useless to call for help; no one would hear; for my prison was of very thick marble and about thirty feet high.

An hour had hardly passed before the bolt was drawn, and there appeared a hideous-looking woman, with a bold face, low forehead, small, black, snaky eyes, short nose, wide nostrils, thin lips, and projecting teeth; her appearance made me shudder. She cast toward me a look of defiance, at the same time placing my dinner on the table she said,

"Here is something to eat; you must be hungry."

"Why am I here?" I inquired.

She looked at me a few moments in silence, and said,

"The persons who hold you here are people of power, and I have nothing to say."

"Here is my money, one hundred and twenty-five crowns; unchain me and let me go."

She clapped her hands exultingly and, laughing loudly, turned away, exclaiming,

"Your money is nothing; I shall have more. I have been well paid for keeping prisoners here before, but never so large a sum as I expect for keeping you. You are the ninth, including the women, who have been under my power; but I never made them suffer long."

These words made me shudder. I was angry, but I hid my feelings; for I wished to ascertain, if possible, the reason for bringing me here.

"So, so, old witch, you have already committed many crimes; and by the way you talk, I am another victim. Tell me who it is that pays you for imprisoning me here, and I will die in peace."

"You may not die, signor, for there is coming a person who may be the means of saving your life; but never mind, I shall be well paid for the time you stay here."

"I wish that the devil in you would go to his abode, and take you with him," I said. "Then I should be happy."

The blood rose to my head; I attempted to reach her, but she eluded my grasp. Reaching the table, I threw it at her, dinner and all. The

door opened, and a man appeared. Looking at her, he said,

"One of your old tricks; it would have been good for you if he had split open your bald head. I warned you, before coming," said he, "to treat this man well."

"Turn her out of doors, the old hag, and do n't let her come back again," said I.

She waited for nothing more, and left in silence, while the jailor replaced the table and food. When I offered him the purse to set me at liberty, he said,

"Signor, I cannot; for I am under the command of persons of power belonging to the clergy. I wish that I might release you, and save you from the terrible doom which others have met here before you. If I can relieve you in any way, I am willing to do it; but I dare not give you your liberty."

Bowing, he left me to my own thoughts, which were not pleasant. But a short time elapsed before the door again opened, and a man of noble aspect entered. Coming toward me, he cordially offered me his hand, which I refused, saying, "I do not want to take the hand of an enemy."

"Pardon, signor, I am not an enemy, but a friend sent by friends."

"Strange friends, to treat me with such violence."

"Signor, you have wandered far from the road;

retract, and you will not be here long; all that kindness can do, will be done for you."

"I do not understand you, sir, what shall I go back to? Explain yourself."

"To Rome."

"To Rome? I pray of you not to speak to me of Rome!—Rome, which has been a curse for centuries!—Rome, under whose oppressive power millions of victims have groaned!—prostitute Rome, mentioned in Revelation!—the beast with ten horns spoken of by the great prophet Daniel!"

He listened, and engaged with calmness in a discussion on several Bible subjects, then said, "We are not inspired to interpret Bible points."

"Signor, I beg leave to differ from you there. And if you will listen while I repeat Matt. 11: 25, you will find that I have the Bible also for proof. 'At that time, Jesus answered and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of Heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.' Procure yourself a Bible and read this verse which I have just repeated."

"Dear sir, you know that the bishops, cardinals, and pope, were authorized by Jesus Christ himself to interpret the gospel, to tie and untie spiritual things."

"Never, sir. There is no such thing found in the Bible. If you are honest and love the Bible, write and study with care the passages I shall

dictate. If you study with sincerity God will bless you."

"Amen," said he.

"Read Matthew 16:15–17," said I. "By that you will plainly see that God did not give the supremacy to Peter; a confession was simply made by Peter that Jesus was the Son of God. The rock on which Jesus Christ promised to build his church was not Peter, but Jesus Christ himself. Then he was the chief corner-stone. In your Latin Bible you will find these words clearly written, *Petrus* and *petram*. The first is the name of a man, the second that of a stone. In the Italian language *Pietro* is a proper masculine noun, while *pietra* is a common feminine noun. It is explained clearly in our Italian Bible. Here is another proof that Peter is not the rock. It was not the intention of Jesus Christ to create a chief among the twelve disciples; for he said, 'If any man desire to be first, the same shall be last of all, and servant of all.' I dare say that St. Peter never set foot in Rome; and that chair which they claim he sat in is only one that has been brought from Palestine. Peter, as you know, died in the first century, and the chair is dated the eleventh century. This, signor, is only one proof of the impositions palmed off by the Roman Catholic Church—a church which spreads darkness, blasphemy, and heresy—a church which tramples God's law

under foot, and holds up to the poor and benighted her own corrupt and tyrannous laws instead. Have patience while I repeat to you Matthew 5:17–19:

"'Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets; I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill. For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law till all be fulfilled. Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of Heaven; but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of Heaven.'

"Does the Roman Catholic Church adhere to this? Has it not changed that most sacred law proclaimed by God himself from Mount Sinai? I believe in the Holy Bible, and in every word which it contains. The prophecies and revelations have thus far been fulfilled. The throne of your pope is old and worm-eaten; and we, a small number of Garibaldi's soldiers, have torn to pieces the throne that has seen so many emperors and kings creeping along on the pavement to approach and kiss the feet of the Antichrist. That throne, which has made the powers of nations to tremble, and so much innocent blood to flow, lies to-day in ruins before you. Is it not the will of God?"

Rising to go, he said,

"Signor, if I could, I would make known to the authorities the intention of your persecutors to make you die slowly. If you do not espouse their belief and hear to their prayers, they will take you to a cave in the mountain, from which you will never come out. These people prefer this to having a member of their family a heretic. I am compromised, and watched closely by the Jesuits, and even the men who guard you belong to that society; but trust in the God of your Bible. He will take care of you."

Not long after this conversation my supper was brought to me, but I dared not touch it for fear of being poisoned. I passed the night without sleep. Terrible thoughts kept my eyelids open. Half of that long night, dear reader, I prayed to God in anguish of spirit to deliver me from my captivity, and he heard me.

Failing for two days to be present at roll call, the captain became uneasy, and asked of the soldiers if anything had been seen of Francesco Urgos. No reply being given, he gave the alarm to the regiment; for at this time soldiers were found stabbed, poisoned, or thrown into old wells. Traces of violence were seen everywhere. But how to find the missing man troubled the captain. Rome was a large city in which to look for a man, dead or alive.

"The poor fellow has been murdered, and will never be found, I fear," said he.

The sergeant in whose care I had left my dog, then stepped up, and related briefly to the captain my adventure with the young girl. This only proved the more clearly to the captain that I was stabbed, or killed in some other way.

"Perhaps we can find him with the aid of his dog," said the sergeant.

"Bravo," replied the captain, "we will try; but where can we begin?"

"If you will place a few men under my charge, I think I will find him, dead or alive."

"You can have all the men you want, and I will follow also."

After tying a string to the collar of the dog, they began their march; and making many zigzag windings, the dog led them to the house where I was a captive. They knocked, but no one gave admittance. Waiting no longer, the soldiers broke open the door. My watchers fled through a window in the room above, but the two women had not the courage to follow, the window being too high for them to jump from. My faithful dog barked and scratched at the trap door of my prison. They opened it, but it would be useless to attempt to describe his joy at once more seeing me alive. It was some time before he noticed my chain, and then he could not rest until it was

loosened. This done, he looked at me and then at the soldiers, as much as to say, I have saved the life of a soldier of the republic, the life of my master and my friend!

The captain wished to kill both of the women; but I told him that the girl was innocent. Of the old woman, I said, "Do not let her find any mercy at your hands." I then related to him as briefly as possible all she had said.

"We will kill them," they again said.

Raising his sword, he said to the old woman, "If you do not confess I will split that head of yours in two. Tell me, by whom was this man brought here, and for what reason?"

"Captain, my husband knows all. I know simply that the priests have put that man under our charge, and that to save his soul. Signor, what would be better for him?"

"Who holds him here is all I want to know. Who is it? I again demand."

"I do not know."

"Cut her in two," said the captain.

"Pardon," I cried.

"Do not say a word, unfortunate. Do not say a word, soldiers. Obey my orders."

One fatal blow, and the wretched woman's career of crime was ended. All exclaimed at once, "No one shall die at her hands hereafter."

The daughter, seeing her mother stretched upon the cold stones of the cell, ran to my arms,

saying, "Save me; I am innocent; do not make me die." With these words she fell fainting to the floor.

The sight of the blood, my account of the old woman's conduct, and the murders which happened every day, awakened terrible anger among the soldiers. Several of them wished to strike the girl; but I put her behind me, saying, "Do not kill her; she is innocent." The soldiers, astonished at my intercession, thought me insane. The captain sent for the detectives to search for the escaped men; but the detective shrugged his shoulders, saying, "These people are Jesuits, and my search would be of no use; all I can do is to take care of this girl."

We left the prison at 8 o'clock P. M., it being the third day of my captivity.

CHAPTER V.

THE INSIDIOUS ARMISTICE.

ON the afternoon of the 30th of April, 1849, I visited the church of St. Peter. I was admiring the architecture, sculptures, and paintings, of this celebrated edifice, when I observed that many visitors were hastily quitting it. The singularity of this procedure induced me to imitate

their example. I saw, with surprise, the citizens running through the streets. I heard the drums of the National Guard calling the soldiers to arms. Officers and privates were hurrying to their stations. Men were rushing from their dwellings, armed with guns, pistols, and daggers.

The "Red Shirts" of Garibaldi were marching at a quick step toward the walls of the city. The bells proclaimed the alarm. At every window waved the tricolored banner. Women, old men, and children were constructing barricades across the streets. I hastened toward the barracks. On my way I met a mounted soldier.

"What signifies this alarm?" I inquired.

"The French Republic has dispatched an army of twelve thousand men, commanded by General Oudinot. The French wish to destroy our republic, and to re-instate the papal government. The army is at a short distance from Rome."

He saluted me in military fashion, dashed the rowels into the side of his horse, and disappeared.

I saw a band of young soldiers advancing. They were singing the "Marseillaise." Another band were shouting, "*Viva la liberta!*" and "*Viva la republica!*"—long live liberty! long live the republic! These shouts were answered by enthusiastic cheers of "*Viva! Viva! Viva!*" Others cried, "*Abbasso il papa ed i suoi defensori!*"—down with the pope and his defend-

ers! The multitude reiterated, "*Abbasso! Abbasso! Abbasso!*"

I forced a passage through the crowd, and continued my way to the barracks. I grasped my arms, and ran toward our regiment which was already drawn up in line of battle in the square of Sora. The loud roll of the drums was heard, and the commander of the regiment, Colonel Caucci Molare, with drawn sword, hastily gave the word of command,

"Attention! Shoulder arms! Right about face! Quick time! Forward! March!"

The regiment advanced to join the others at the gates of the city. The French army was still several furlongs distant, when the Roman advance guard shouted to us, "Halt!"

The Roman authorities had sent deputies to confer with General Oudinot.

"What do you desire of the Romans?" said the deputies to the French marshal.

"I want Rome, and I am come to restore to the papal throne His Holiness, Pius IX."

"Go home, Marshal. Rome belongs neither to Pius IX., nor to France; but solely to the Italians," said the deputies.

"I will enter by force," said the marshal. Napoleon III., then President of the French Republic, as also the marshal, did not expect to encounter so desperate a resistance from a handful of Garibaldian soldiers, without experience in

the art of war; this is why the French general replied with audacity,

"In a short time I shall drink coffee in the square of St. Peter."

The Italian deputy replied,

"Try, sir!"

The embassadors returned to Rome. Immediately Marshal Oudinot deployed his army and ordered the assault. The artillery and musketry made terrible ravages. The French soldiers touched the walls of Rome, but they were immediately obliged to retreat in disorder, pursued by the besieged.

Garibaldi, taking advantage of the panic, made a sortie at the head of two thousand men, real roaring lions, and succeeded in putting to flight an army of the first soldiers of the world, provided with guns and cannon superior to his own. They left many dead and wounded upon the field of battle. Garibaldi captured five hundred prisoners, and a great quantity of arms of every description. He pursued the French army twenty miles from the city walls, and forced General Oudinot to stipulate not to fight against the republic for two months.

While our general was engaged in concluding this armistice with the French commander, King Bomba at the head of six thousand Italian cavalry, twenty-two thousand Italian infantry, twelve thousand mercenaries from the Swiss Re-

public, and forty pieces of artillery, was advancing from the south toward Rome. Take particular notice that the Swiss Republicans were the allies of this sanguinary monarch. Here is a specimen of their republicanism. On the 4th of May, 1848, the Neapolitan populace were crying, "We want our liberty!" King Bomba, who had no confidence in his Italian troops, commanded his Swiss slaves to reduce the people of Naples to subjection by force, sparing neither age nor sex. These twelve thousand republicans fell like wild beasts upon men, women, and children. The insurrection was suppressed at the point of the bayonet.

Garibaldi, rallying directly his feeble army consisting of six thousand men, issued by the gate of St. John, and after a forced march of two days, at some distance beyond Valmontona, our van came to an engagement with the van of King Bomba's army, which was seven times as numerous as ours.

Garibaldi deployed his feeble army, and contended with the *consecrated* forces of the holy father. This overwhelming army, in spite of the papal benediction, was obliged to retire in disorder in the face of six thousand soldiers of liberty.

After a retreat of twelve miles, King Bomba's troops intrenched themselves at Velletri, and planted their formidable artillery on all the elevations commanding the plain. Their posi-

tion was in the form of a horseshoe. Our position was exceedingly unfavorable. We could scarcely plant two pieces of artillery so as to bear upon the enemy. Garibaldi ordered an assault to be made. The terrible batteries of the enemy frowned upon us at every point, and exposed us to a raking fire. It was a dreadful spectacle, but the Garibaldian troops, fighting for a sacred principle, were not to be intimidated. We mounted to the attack, we fought hand to hand. Finally, after a desperate conflict of several hours' duration, the cowardly soldiers of the tyrant Bomba fled in all directions, seeking refuge from our blows. We not only had an army of forty thousand soldiers to combat, but each house in the town was a fortress, which vomited death upon us.

The king dispatched a powerful reinforcement, and we were compelled to retire. We retreated in perfect order, contesting every step of the way, and returned again to the charge. Three times we ascended to the assault; three times we were repulsed. The firing ceased on account of the darkness, and perfect silence prevailed, broken frequently by the moans of the wounded and dying.

The king, profiting by this moment of tranquility, assembled his commanders and their divisions, and said to them, "Gentlemen, it is expedient for us that we retire in good order; we have to combat, not against men, but against furies from hell."

Notice, dear readers, that the pope had assured the Neapolitans that we were devils. King Bomba, putting himself at the head of his army, retreated with his forces into his own dominions. On the morrow Garibaldi tried another assault. But, to our great astonishment, the town was deserted. The defenders of the holy father had fled.

The Triumvirate summoned us to Rome. But he who has since shown himself a vile usurper and traitor by the *coup d'état* of December, 1852, and who in 1871 delivered France to Prussian bayonets, could also without hesitation or compunction break the treaty of the 30th of April, 1849, before mentioned.

The French army, which at first numbered only twelve thousand men, but which had been augmented to sixty thousand, and was well provided for the prosecution of a regular siege, recommenced hostilities. Our little band, reduced to five thousand men, fought day and night, without any intermission, against the French army supported by the Roman clergy within the city, who continually employed the services of spies, and gave to the enemy plans of our positions, lists of our forces, and maps of the localities most pregnable to an attacking army. We were betrayed by villains to whom the Triumvirate had intrusted important posts. In spite of all

this treachery, we resisted the French army courageously.

The French approached our trenches. The cannonade made terrible ravages in different quarters of the city. The cries of women and children in terrible anguish reached our ears. The fire of the enemy discovered our weary battalions. Before the attack, Rome was aware that she must succumb before a nation so powerful; but she rightly deemed that a demonstration of resistance was necessary. The night of the 29th of June will always remain indelibly engraved upon my soul. The horizon threatened us with a terrible storm; all was wrapped in silence; the heat was insupportable. The stench, arising from the bodies of those who had fallen in the course of several days' hard fighting, was unendurable. We were all lying with our faces toward the ground; a furious tempest sprang up; lightning flashed around us, accompanied by deafening peals of thunder. At length a deluge of rain fell, which cooled the atmosphere and contributed much to our resuscitation. The storm ceased, the moon shed upon our camp her brilliant rays. By the aid of her light, we perceived here and there the corpses of the soldiers of liberty who had bitten the dust, victims of tyranny.

Ignorant people! You know neither your strength nor your power! Kings are too power-

ful for you, because you are not actuated by the spirit of concord. Become of one mind, and then you need fear neither king nor prince. You lavish upon your tyrants the gold which you gain by the sweat of your brows; like slaves, you give them your children, that they may destroy them in some ambitious caprice!

The sound of a public clock came floating toward us from Rome. The moon was vailed behind thick clouds. Everything was silent. The French army, taking advantage of this moment of obscurity, advanced quietly toward our trenches. At the distance of a few yards a dreadful shout was heard: "*Vive la France!*" We had scarcely time to load our guns, before we were surrounded by an armed host, shouting again; "*Vive la France!*" Our handful of red-shirted heroes shouted defiantly in response, "*Viva l'Italia!*"

A dreadful conflict followed. Now the discharge of muskets was heard; now the clash of bayonets and swords in a hand to hand encounter. It was a bloody butchery—an appalling confusion. The moon again lighted up the scene of conflict. I had a little company of twenty men, standing with back braced against back, and holding at bay a large number of French soldiers, who had environed us. My men were falling every instant, mortally wounded. At length I alone remained. My bayonet was broken in

the fray. I clubbed my musket, and whirled it rapidly around my head. I crushed the heads of those who were within the circle described by my gun.

The French cried to me: "Surrender!" An officer of *chasseurs* said, "Bravo! Do not kill that fellow." An adversary at my right hand gave me a thrust with his bayonet, which put out my right eye, and divided my nose from my face.

Taking a rapid look about me, I seized a musket with its bayonet, and struck dead him who had just wounded me. The blood flowed copiously from my wound; I felt myself becoming weak; but still I fought. A soldier on my left struck me with the butt of his gun, and I fell, stunned by the blow, and remained in a state of unconsciousness until about four o'clock the next day. In the afternoon I revived. I attempted several times to rise, but did not possess the necessary strength, and fell to the ground again. I looked around me, but alas! on every side only dead and dying men were to be seen. The hot rays of an Italian summer sun were pouring down upon my head, which increased the raging fever caused by my wound. My mouth was dry, and my thirst intolerable. By my side lay my faithful dog, licking my throbbing temples, and relieving my pain as best he could. Soon I heard persons speaking in the French language.

They were the victorious soldiers, looking after the dead and wounded. On coming near where I lay, a grenadier said, "Hallo! comrade; not dead yet? Well, we'll take you to the hospital, and give you a chance." On being placed on the stretcher delirium set in, and I remained unconscious for several days.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HOSPITAL OF THE PILGRIMS.

THE 9th of July, of the same year, a sweet voice, the voice of a woman, said to me tenderly, "You are suffering, my child."

"Yes," replied I, "I suffer much from headache. I am burning with fever; give me something to drink, if you please."

Immediately this good lady raised my head and allowed me to drink several mouthfuls of a refreshing broth.

"What have I around my head?" said I. "Please take off this bandage!"

"No, my child, I cannot do that; for you have received a serious wound."

"Pray, madam, tell me where I am at this moment!"

"At the Hospital of the Pilgrims."

"Are they still fighting?"

"No, my child, all is finished. The French have conquered."

"Where, then, is our army?"

"All have fallen on the field of honor, except Garibaldi and nine hundred of his soldiers, who have taken refuge in the Apennines, with the intention of forcing a passage through the midst of the Austrian army and going to the succor of Venice, which is gloriously resisting the assaults of the Austrians."

"What are the Romans engaged in?" I asked her.

"They have submitted; they are crushed. The priests are exultant and haughty. Many arrests are made. In short, consternation reigns supreme. The papal vengeance is dreadful. Many distinguished individuals have disappeared without leaving any vestiges of their fate. Sixteen of your friends, who left the hospital several days ago, have disappeared. Here are their names: Antonio Muzzo, lawyer, born at Oneglia, an under-lieutenant in your army; Francesco Montevicino, of Alessandria, captain; Antonio Purati, of Milan, sergeant and medical student; Michele Cavallo, of Milan, sub-lieutenant and student of law; Raffaele Mambrino, of Mantua, sergeant-major; Alessandro Salvi, of Brescia, captain and medical student; Ignazio Lavoce, of Como, sergeant and law student; Maccaretti, of Tortona, sergeant and

medical student; Milino, of Ventimiglia, private; Giovanni Struzzo, of Florence, botanist; Malvicino, of Leghorn, private and medical student; Randolfo Bartoletti, of Pisa, sergeant; Cancelli, of Lucca, corporal; Cesare Falloni, of Padua, sub-lieutenant; Delcastro, of Padua; Arcelli, of Padua."

"Oh! what inexpressible horror!" said I.

After the 1st of August, the noble and charitable Roman ladies, who were ministering to the wounded French and Italians, visited us no more. There remained only the hospital attendants, who treated us with brutality. We questioned these gentlemen:

"What is it that prevents those kind ladies from coming to take care of us?" One of our number replied,

"The pope does not wish those good persons to be near us, because they treat us with too much kindness."

"*Che il diavolo gli spezza la nuca!*"—may the devil break his neck for him! exclaimed a Roman soldier.

On the 12th, we received a visit from Doctor Benignetti, who seemed to be searching for some individual among the wounded soldiers. When he perceived me he came directly to me, grasped my hand, and said,

"Bad! very bad! Listen attentively, Mr. Urgos," continued he, "after these few moments which we are going to pass together I may never

again have an opportunity of conversing with you. Everywhere, among all classes of the people, there are spies, even among your poor wounded men. The officers of the hospital and a number of individuals who pretend to be wounded, but who are better than you and I, are acting the part of spies.

"All those among you who have received a certain amount of education, after they have recovered from their wounds, are removed from this place, and no clue to their whereabouts can be discovered. None except the most uneducated common soldiers are permitted to return to their homes."

I asked the doctor where those charitable sisters of Christ were, who had been attending us with so much kindness.

"You know," replied he, "that the priests are suspicious of everybody; seeing that those noble souls were heaping you with favors and caresses, the clergy forbade their visiting you, under the pretext that the hospitals were becoming immoral places. Farewell! Be cautious, and I will take care of you!"

Madam C., a Roman lady of large fortune, enjoyed the esteem of the people. On account of her high station the clergy could not refuse this noble lady permission to visit the wounded soldiers once a week. She was, however, strictly forbidden to bring anything to the soldiers, and

was subjected to a strict examination before she was allowed to enter the wards. But this noble and Christian lady had sworn to protect me. I do not dare publish her name; because the black-hearted vindictiveness of the Roman clergy, should they regain their power, would cause them to wreak a merciless vengeance upon her.

On the 15th, I was surprised and pleased by receiving a visit from Madam C. She cordially shook hands with me, slipped a purse into my hand, and said, "Be prudent!" Tears fell from her eyes as she added these words,

"God protect you, young friend! Hope, and preserve your courage! I will see you again next Wednesday."

They were observing her, but she perceived it. Turning to the couch of another patient, she uttered some consolatory words, and then performed the same kind office to two hundred wounded men who were lying in the same ward. Returning to my couch, she cast a glance of pity upon me, inclined her head, and departed. I received another similar visit. It was the last; the clergy interposed their authority and prevented her from coming again.

So soon as my benefactress had left me, I arose and left the room to seek a place protected from the surveillance of the spies who environed me, where I could examine my purse. It contained

several pieces of gold, and a piece of paper, on which were written these words:

"My child, read this, and then destroy it immediately. This money will furnish you with some delicacies. My husband and myself have sworn to protect you, even to the point of sacrificing a part of our fortune, and our honor, should it be necessary. The sacerdotal party is more sanguinary than ever before. Mr. Benignetti will inform me of your departure from the hospital. Come to No. C., B street, second story, right hand. There you will find me, and will have all possible means for facilitating your flight from Rome. All the gates are guarded by the French troops and the papal police. Those persons who are compromised, are seized and incarcerated. I am very sorry that I cannot converse with you. These ferocious priests avenge themselves even upon women. Here is an illustration: Madame Caldini was discovered by a priest kneeling before the tomb of her child, who was killed the 24th of May in a sally made by the Garibaldians. This poor mother was condemned to several months' imprisonment. The court-martial condemns, as accomplices of the rebels, those who facilitate the escape of the republican soldiers. The government of his Papal Holiness will reward liberally any one who shall deliver to justice a political offender, or one of these soldiers who have presumed to usurp the preroga-

tive of his Holiness, whom may God protect! Thus, you see, my dear Mr. Urgos, it is impossible for me to converse with you. God be with you! * * "

CHAPTER VII.

TREASON.

THE 5th of October (1849), Doctor Benignetti, accompanied by the director of the hospital, approached my couch, and said to me, "No. 11 will leave on the sixth." On the following morning I made preparations for quitting the hospital at eleven o'clock. As soon as I had received my discharge, I directed my steps toward the house No. C., B street. On my way I attracted the attention of the passengers by my garments stained with blood. I encountered a member of the clergy (the city swarmed with them), who regarded me angrily and threateningly. I arrived at the place appointed. Mr. B., and my other benefactors, received me with every token of joy. Mr. B. was very pale. His wife was shedding tears. A civilian's garb had been prepared for me, and some money was placed at my disposal. Mr. B. asked me,

"Have you any trusty friends in the neighbor-

hood of the Porta Cavalligieri? That is the only gate by which you will be able to make your escape."

"Yes," replied I, "There is a whole family there, who are my friends. Nay, furthermore, before the outbreak of hostilities I promised to marry one of the girls."

"Very well! All goes admirably," responded the gentleman. "Now give us your attention, Mr. Urgos. You will leave this place to-night; you will select the most unfrequented routes; you will pass the night at the house of your affianced. In the morning you will find yourself among the crowd that await the opening of the gates. So soon as the gates are opened, you will glide among the throng and go out. Take good care; for the papal police arrest all persons who have no passports. If you pass the gate, even when you are called, do not reply, but walk straight forward. If they attempt to overtake you, run across the fields. At Civita Vecchia you will find some vessel sailing to Greece or Turkey."

At seven o'clock in the evening, I quitted the house and went toward the abode of my betrothed. At a dark corner of the street were two persons speaking in an undertone. They followed me at a rapid pace. I hastened my own steps, saying to myself, "These two strangers have some business with me." I began to

run swiftly. Presently I left them behind me, and saw them no more. I arrived at my place of refuge. I knocked at the door. I heard a movement within. I entered and closed the door, without giving any one time to bid me enter.

"What do you wish, sir?" said Rosina, one of the girls, to me.

"How! You do not recognize Urgos?" Uttering an exclamation of astonishment, she conducted me into the parlor.

"Mother! father! Mr. Francesco is restored to life!"

Rejoicing seemed to reign in the house. But Mr. Cavardo did not participate in this general joy. Rising slowly, he coldly extended me his hand. We conversed a long time on the misfortunes of Rome. These ladies told me that they believed I had been killed. It was to that circumstance that I attributed the coldness of Mr. Cavardo; for I had, before the war, deposited a sum of money with him, saying to him, "If I fall, this money belongs to you; if not, you will return it to me when you are able." Then, in order to assure him that it was not the money which I had deposited with him that made me present myself at his house, I gave to each of his children some pieces of gold, and I also offered some to Mr. Cavardo himself, who accepted the money without even thanking me, inclined

his head between his hands, and appeared to meditate. After some moments of silence, he said to me,

"What do you intend to do at Rome? You know that the Garibaldians are compromised."

"I intend to make my escape," replied I, and explained to him my plans for escape.

"I do not believe that you will succeed, sir. If you do, you will be the first. Many have wished to flee as you are doing, and they have been captured."

"Well, I shall make the attempt."

"What do you want of me?"

"Give me hospitality and refuge until morning."

"You are compromising me, sir."

"No one will know it," I replied.

Mr. Cavardo maintained a deep silence. He could with difficulty endure my gaze. (I wish to inform my readers that this gentleman, before the revolution, had been employed by the pope. After the flight of the holy father to Gaëta, he obtained a position from the Triumvirate. After the restoration of the pope, he could not obtain any place; because he had compromised himself. Mr. Cavardo was poor, possessed a good education, and had a family to support.) Why was he so pensive? Why could he not sustain my gaze? He found himself in a dilemma. He must either deliver his friend, his benefactor, to the power of

the pope, or remain forever suspected and poor. At length, having formed a resolution, he straightened up his body, and broke into a loud peal of laughter.

"Well, sir, to put into execution your projects, you have need of repose. Rosina, take the light, and conduct your affianced to his chamber."

"Good night," said I to the worthy family.

"God be with you," replied Madam Cavardo.

I entered my room, and threw myself upon the bed. I could not sleep; it appeared to me that something dark and sinister was about to transpire. My apprehensions were only too well founded. Mr. Cavardo went out and betrayed me to the tribunal of the Inquisition. There were two tribunals at this period; the one conducted its prosecutions openly and without disguise, the other secretly.

About half an hour elapsed, when I was aroused from my meditation by the noise of footsteps and arms. I comprehended my situation directly. I opened a window, in order to make my escape. Alas! I was completely surrounded. "I am lost." I said to myself, "but I will defend myself unto the death."

A harsh voice exclaimed, "Where is he?" The door was pushed open with a loud noise; six armed men seized me, and fastened my hands.

"Permit me to put on my coat and shoes," said I.

"Where you are going," said they, mockingly, "you will have no use for coats and shoes."

They then gagged me and led me out through the parlor. I was surrounded by those men, who treated me with insult, while at the end of the room the Cavardo family were weeping. I heard my affianced say, indignantly,

"This is infamous. Father, you are a Judas!"

"Take care, my beauty, that they do n't serve you in the same way," said a policeman.

The rumbling of a vehicle was heard at the door; one of the police-agents said to me, "We are conferring a great distinction upon you, sir; come, we are going!"

A covered carriage awaited me. I mounted the steps. Four armed men were inside the vehicle. I was placed between two of them; one sat before and one behind me. One of these *sbirri* (policemen) said to me,

"You are very fortunate in falling into the power of these holy fathers; for they are very merciful."

At these dreadful words I was seized with a violent tremor; for I saw the terrible fate that awaited me. The carriage stopped; I descended between two men. Where was I? I saw with dismay that I was at one of the angles of the Holy Office.

CHAPTER VIII.

MY ENTRANCE INTO THE HOLY OFFICE.

HAVING arrived at a door of the Inquisitional Palace, one of my guards scratched mysteriously. On the instant a little wicket inserted in this door opened. They were expecting me.

"Good evening, good fathers! Here he is! We pray the good St. Peter to restore this deluded man to his reason!" said the policeman.

I entered, and the wicket closed. I was between two men completely armed, and was preceded by two Jesuit fathers, who wore red crosses upon their breasts, and large black hats lapping down over their sinister faces. They kept their heads lowered and their arms folded in token of piety. Another holy father approached us with a lantern in his hand; his aspect was ferocious, and I perceived by the light of the lantern a poniard glistening in his sleeve. He said only, "No. 5."

We started, and after ascending several staircases, I found myself in a corridor which I had already visited. The massive door of cell No. 5 opened. "Enter, my child," said a holy father to me. Scarcely had I entered this place, when a Dominican friar of athletic stature presented himself before me. With him was a priest pro-

vided with paper and an inkstand. Those who had accompanied me to the prison related the details of my arrest to the priest, who noted them down on his paper; after this they stripped me of my garments, leaving me completely naked, in order to ascertain whether there was anything about me which related to the Inquisition. They relieved me of the money which I had with me, and also of a pocket-knife. As I considered this procedure very barbarous, I complained of it to the Dominican father who was present; but he, with hypocritical gentleness, told me that if I conducted myself properly, everything would be returned to me; but that, for the present, kindness obliged him to take away from me everything which could serve for committing suicide.

During the progress of this infamous performance, I had leisure to remark that my prison was a small quadrangular chamber, similar to the cell of a convent; in one of the corners there was a mean straw bed, upon which I saw an iron collar attached to a chain about two feet long, imbedded in the wall; about three feet to the left was an iron jug fastened to a chain, also imbedded in the masonry. They made me go down upon my knees, inserted my neck in the collar, and, the operation having been finished, the Dominican turned toward the turnkey, and said to him in a solemn voice,

"This prisoner is committed to your charge;

you are responsible to the Holy Office for him." The turnkey made a profound obeisance.

"Farewell till to-morrow, prophet and soldier!"

After this, all retired. I heard the bolts drawn upon me, and I remained alone on my knees, in my cell. I am unable to relate the tempest of thoughts which agitated me on that night. I remember only that a heavy weight, like a nightmare, pressed upon my heart, and impeded my respiration. I do not know how long I remained in this condition; but I do know that a grand and sublime thought came to lift me from this terrible despondency. In this moment I did not seek God, but God sought me. These words came to my mind: "Jesus came to announce good tidings to the poor, to heal those whose hearts are broken, to proclaim liberty to the captives, to make free those who are oppressed." These words were a balm for me in my affliction. I commenced to pray with all the fervor of my soul, and tears flowed from my eyes. Then I felt some consolation. I threw myself upon my damp straw bed, and slept quietly all the night.

My cell faced the east. A ray of sunlight falling upon my eyes, I raised my head, and, oh, how horrible was that awakening from the first night's slumber in the prison of the Holy Office! I saw it in all its horror, and I felt the value of my lost freedom. I impatiently awaited the coming of the turnkey, and each quarter-hour

that passed, the expiration of which was announced to me by the clock of the church of St. Peter, appeared to me as long as a century. I heard no sound whatever in the edifice.

Alone, abandoned by those whom I had thought as true as steel, I gave myself to deep and painful thought. I regretted the instant in which I first set foot upon the threshold of Signor Cavardo; and secretly wished the moment to come when I might have revenge; but regretted the wish when I considered his embarrassed circumstances, which undoubtedly prompted the vile act of betraying me into the hands of the priests. I had no right to be angry with his family. Signora Cavardo and her daughters were innocent. I was sorry, however, that I had listened to Signorina Cavardo, who, each time that I went to see them, said to me, "Signor Urgos, if God spares your life through this terrible war, you will come back to us?" Fearful of causing her pain, I gave the desired promise. This was wrong; as I was engaged to the playmate of my youth, Linda Graziotti. Before leaving my native country, Linda was my sole thought. I faced the cannon's mouth, and braved all the perils of war, to gain a position of honor for her sake.

During the armistice, with two of my comrades, I retired to Rome, to the house of Signor Cavardo, whose family received us with great

affability. Through my influence the entire family were converted to Protestantism, and a very strong attachment existed between us. With Signorina Cavardo, however, this feeling became stronger than friendship, and I soon found that she regarded me as a lover rather than a friend. When I told her that I was already betrothed, she refused to believe me, averring, with tears, that this was only an excuse for leaving her. Overcome by her grief, and unable to resist her entreaties, I permitted her from that time to consider me as her affianced.

These thoughts prostrated me, and I regarded my trouble as a judgment sent from God for this deception. I was bowed under the weight of sin, and my heart was filled with regret and remorse. I thought how far I had wandered from God. I had been interested only in the things of this world, and the Bible was nothing to me except from a political stand-point, and as containing threatenings against the Roman Catholic clergy, who had caused so much misery, humiliation, and bloodshed, among the poor Italian people. I still believed in Christ, in spirit and in truth; but, as I was not doing his will, I was sunk in profound darkness.

Midday sounded, and no one had yet arrived to give me food and drink. Despondency, grief, solitude, and hunger, had so affected my imagination that I fancied I had been shut up there to

die of starvation. At last, on the 7th of October, at 12 o'clock, I heard the rattling of keys in the hall; then my door was opened, and I saw the turnkey enter, followed by a Jesuit father. The turnkey had in his hand a basket which contained my dinner.

"Ha! ha! you lazy dog, you are asleep yet! Get up, if you want any breakfast!" "I am speaking to you!" continued he, giving me a kick upon my legs. "There!" said he, throwing me a piece of black bread, "there is your dinner! You will have a feast to-day, you cursed prophet, and in an apartment like this you will soon get bleached. I bring you a liquor which will not mount to your head."

He poured half a bucket of water into the iron jug already mentioned. Then he resumed,

"We are all good children here; I am going to give you some proofs of it," and taking the bucket, partially full of water, he dashed the contents into my face.

"Do you see how accommodating I am? I am washing your face for you, and I shall do so every morning."

The holy father clapped his hands and laughed heartily. I longed to rush upon this brute, but I was prevented by my chain. I shouted, "Depart, Satan! Let me die in peace!"

"Jesus! Mary!" exclaimed my tormentor, making the sign of the cross.

"Look, Father Luigi, he has the aspect of a real fury! Do not go away, holy father, I am afraid of him!"

"Do not be afraid, my child," said Father Luigi, pointing to his red cross; "I have the power to expel demons. Leave us, my dear Buffalo, leave us alone together. I hope to conduct this wicked heretic to the arms of the Virgin Mary."

"O immaculate Virgin! How kind you are!" said Buffalo, and, making the sign of the cross, he vanished.

The cross-wearing father closed the door, and, standing near my feet, said to me,

"Young man, I came here for the salvation of thy soul; one word from thy mouth will liberate thee from this dungeon."

"Get thee hence, hypocritical impostor!" said I to him. "I know thee. I have already heard men speak of thee."

"Consider well, miserable man, what thou sayest. Knowest thou where thou art at present?"

"Yes, I do know. It is here that you have made martyrs of thousands of children of the Lord Jesus. I am in your power, it is true. But I shall be avenged! I am not alone!"

"It is for that reason that I am with thee. We are acquainted with thy whole career, my little darling. We know thy father and thy mother and all thy family. We know also thy

thoughts. We know that thou utteredst prophecies before thou wast wounded, and also afterward. Finally, we know that there are in the city many persons, like thee, who go about preaching that which you call the gospel; but by our kind fatherly exertions, through the grace of the holy Virgin Mary, we will convert them from their delusion."

"Know, hypocrite, that the Virgin Mary has no power upon the earth."

"Silence, miserable blasphemer!" said he making the sign of the cross.

"Christ says," I continued, "'I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me.' He is the only mediator between God and man."

"Horrible! horrible! It is thou, now, who art trying to convert me! Do not annoy me with thy gospel, and do not meddle with things that thou dost not understand!"

I replied, "Jesus hath hidden these things from the wise men of this world, and hath revealed them unto the lowly."

The Jesuit father stamped upon the floor violently, commanding me to be silent. "Answer me, heretic, and be brief. I bid thee name to me all thy accomplices who are in Rome. Thou must give me this information, either willingly or by compulsion. Choose, now, thy course!"

I replied, "Neither violence nor death shall make me denounce the friends of Christ."

"Hush! outrageous fanatic! Thou dost not know that I have heard others speak just as bravely as thou dost. But after we had made them pass before the instruments of torture they cried like cowards, 'Mercy! mercy!' Once more, erring fool, I offer to save thee, while there is still time; after a while thy confessions will be useless. Answer me—yes, or no."

"Depart, viper," I shouted, "and leave me in peace!"

He made another sign of the cross, and pretended to weep; then, raising his arms toward heaven, he said, "Holy Virgin Mary, have mercy on his soul!"

Then the door closed with a loud noise.

My situation was horrible! In this way I passed three long days. I saw only once a day the repulsive figure of my jailer. On the fourth morning I requested to see one of the reverend fathers of the Inquisition. The jailer laughed loudly at my request.

"The fathers," said he, "are not servants of the prisoners. When they want you they will send for you; but you need not ask to see them."

On the morning of the 12th, the door of my miserable habitation was opened. The same persons presented themselves, accompanied by an extra guard, all well armed. The holy father, with a chaplet in his hands, murmured several prayers to the holy Virgin, turning with his fin-

gers the beads of that instrument; while a poniard glittered in the sleeve of his robe. He then, in a loud voice, pronounced these words,

"Anathema and blasphemer, rise! I come here to conduct thee to the Holy Office."

"Advance!" said he to the guards.

"Holy Mary!" said Buffalo. "Let me in, too," said Micheloni, another of the jailers. "Come in! I tell thee," said the holy father. "Father," said he to the priest, "recite the '*Santo Rosario*' to the Virgin Mary, that she may protect us from sorcery. You know, holy father, that I have had the honor of being with you many years. You remember our poor Gallo. For simply touching the hand of an heretic he was covered with leprosy."

The second guard said,

"And Santillo was stricken down with paralysis for simply having touched one of these prophets."

"Yes, I remember," added another guard. "And the famous Raffaele Gigante, also, for giving a kiss to a sorceress—oh! she was pretty!—fell down in a fit." "Enough! enough!" said the holy father.

Buffalo advanced, bound my hands, and took off my collar. I arose, and without a word we went out of the cell, passed along the corridor, crossed the court of the building, and entered the tribunal of the Holy Office. I have already given a description of this chamber in the account of my visit to this place of blood.

CHAPTER IX.

TRIAL AND CONDEMNATION.

THE president gave a signal to the guards to conduct me to the bar. Behind the president, were twelve Jesuits; on his right was the secretary; at a little distance from him, kneeling and resting his elbows upon a folding stool, was a holy father of the same order; opposite the bar, below, were also twenty cross-bearing priests. One of these, without a red cross upon his breast, was leaning against the wall. His physiognomy alone expressed any goodness. From time to time he cast upon me a glance of compassion. The president enjoined silence by a prolonged "Hush!" Rising, he addressed me in a loud voice: "My dear child, the holy Virgin Mary has deigned to enlighten our minds in the choice of a lawyer, that we might convict you, and lead you into the way of truth, by expelling from you the evil spirits which hold you captive. Lend your ear to the evidence brought against you. Swear to speak the truth."

"I swear it."

"What is your name?"

"Francesco Urgos."

"Of what country are you?"

"Of Nice."

"Have you studied with the design of entering the priesthood?"

"Yes."

"What is the name of your father and of your mother?"

"My father's name is Francesco; my mother's, Fortunata."

"Have you any brothers?"

"Yes."

"What is the name of the eldest?"

"Edward."

"What is his occupation?"

"He is a priest."

"Have you any uncles?"

"Yes."

"Are there any ecclesiastics among your uncles?"

"Yes; two."

"Will you tell me their names?"

"Angelo Lanza, a canon; Matteo Lanza, an arch-priest."

"Very well," said the president. "You have studied the ecclesiastical regulations. Who gave you a copy of the Gospel while you were a student?"

I made no reply to this question.

"You refuse to answer?"

"It does not suit me to answer," I replied.

"You are accused of having taken arms against the Austrians."

"Yes."

"Why did you take arms?"

"Because it is the right of every Italian to resist our oppressors."

"You are accused of having entered Rome, and of having scandalized and seduced the citizens, by taking up arms against his Holiness, Pius IX. You are accused of having vehemently blasphemed our holy church. You have also penetrated into some peaceful habitations, and pretended to find some vestiges of cruelty, thus calumniating the priesthood of your holy mother. You arrested an innocent priest at the gate of St. John, clad in civic garb from fear of being insulted by the Garibaldian banditti. You accused him of being a spy, and caused him to be shot. You are accused of having taken up arms against our protectors, the French, who wished to re-establish order by reseating upon the throne of St. Peter our very dear Pius IX. You are accused of belonging to the society of the Carbonari, directed by Giuseppe Mazzini. You are accused of having in this city several confederates of a very lofty rank, who have given you money and garments to facilitate your flight. Lastly, you are accused of having offered resistance to the agents of the Holy Office. Have you any reply to make to these accusations?"

"Yes. 1. I did study for the priesthood; but I

did not wish to belong to a church that has been a curse to millions on account of its errors and its atrocities. 2. Yes; a Bible was given to me. That is my business, and I thank God for having opened my eyes through his Holy Gospel, and for having enabled me to escape from the horrors of Antichrist. 3. I took up arms against Pius IX.; because Rome belongs to the Italians. 4. All those things that I witnessed in the convents, catacombs, in the Palace of the Inquisition, and in the private residence of the ecclesiastics, I have divulged, and I even swear to publish those things in every country of the world, if God spares my life. 5. Yes; I caused a spy to be arrested, a bearer of documents containing plans of our forces and of our positions. 6. Yes; I took up arms against the French. 7. No; I do not belong to the Society of Carbonari; that is a falsehood. 8. Yes; I have friends, who have furnished me with clothes and money, which you have taken from me. I have also confederates in the whole of Italy, who are laboring, and will labor, until the papal throne shall be reduced to dust."

"You have replied affirmatively, and have confessed that you are guilty of all the crimes alleged against you."

"I have replied like a man of honor, like a soldier of the State, and like a soldier of Christ. I do not see any crime in either my public or re-

ligious conduct, unless a Jesuit, like you, should find me criminal."

"Silence, enthusiastic fool! It is the holy tribunal that condemns you."

"Where is this holy tribunal?"

"It is this," pointing to the assemblage.

"It is thus that a holy tribunal is formed! Band of assassins, you conspire in darkness, almost under the ground, to destroy liberty, to plunge the human race into degradation, and to take away from it even the liberty of thought! Vile assassins! You tear children from their parents, the husband from his wife, and the wife from the husband! You remove the young girl from the bosom of her family, in order to satisfy your shameful passions, and then you immure husband, wife, and daughter, in your subterranean cells, in order to hide your atrocities from the eyes of the world! Diabolical race! God sees you in your caverns! His justice will visit you speedily!"

The tribunal cast upon me a diabolical look, and the president said sarcastically, "Bravo! We knew, indeed, that you were a soldier and a prophet, but we did not know that you were a Doctor of Law! Doctor, henceforward you will reply simply to our questions. We wish to free you from your delusions. You will be immediately liberated if you reveal to us those who have conducted you into so bad a road. Our

mother, the church, and also your own mother, will bless you, if you put the representatives of the church in the way of those who conspire against her. Then you shall throw yourself into the arms of your dear mother, who has shed so many tears for your delusion, the Virgin will smile upon you, and will open her arms to you; all that you have done will be pardoned and buried in oblivion."

"Yes! you will then consume me in your furnace! Yes," said I, spitting in the face of the grand judge, "I know you, ye vipers!"

"You will be forced to confess! The tribunal will be merciless to you!"

He made a signal to the executioners to seize me. I made no resistance. I was conducted to the "*Colonna di Flaggelazione.*" I observed that the priest of whom I have already spoken grew pale. My executioners passed a chain around my body, and fastened me to a ring fixed in the pillar. They bound my hands, and prepared to take off my shirt. I was indignant at this shameful treatment. In my rage, I gave a blow to one of the ruffians and knocked him to the ground. He arose with his face full of blood, and exclaimed, making the sign of the cross, "Jesus! Joseph! Mary! It is the hoof of the devil that knocked me down!"

His eyes glared upon me with wild terror.

"Cowards!" said the president, "perform your duty!"

"I am afraid of that devil there!" replied each of the two other guards.

"Miserable tremblers! Do you not know that she is here?" pointing to the picture of the Virgin. They made the sign of the cross, and rushing upon me, tore off my shirt, made me embrace the column, and bound my hands.

"Confess immediately, Satan!"

I spat in his face the second time. A guard took a vessel that contained salt, poured some vinegar upon it, filled a sponge with the mixture, and washed my back with it. The president addressed Buffalo,

"You have already exhibited your skill and strength in castigation. Let this miserable wretch experience your dexterity."

Buffalo, behind me, described several circles in the air with a heavy thong of bull's hide, and then brought it down upon my back with all his strength. The blood gushed from my lacerated body. The second tormentor came with a vessel of salt and vinegar, and applied some of the irritating solution to my wounds. At every blow, this operation was repeated, in order to increase my sufferings. At the sixth blow, it seemed to me that I was descending into a pit; everything appeared to turn around me. The forms of my tormentors appeared to be tripled. My sight became dim, but I uttered no complaint. I merely said, "My God! sustain and strengthen me!"

At the seventh blow, I saw fire. I then lost all consciousness. On the evening of the 12th, at 9 o'clock, I regained my senses. Opening my eyes, I beheld a light near me. At my feet a priest was kneeling. Near the door I perceived Buffalo. A violent fever was consuming me. My body was racked with pain. I was burning with thirst. I was without a shirt; and my tormentors, to enhance my agony, had placed me upon this bed without even dressing my wounds. I wished to rise and get some water, but I was prevented by my weakness. At last, after many efforts, I succeeded in attaining an erect posture. By employing my feet, I drew the jug of water toward me; but I could not grasp it with my hands, because the chain had been shortened, and I could only convey the water to my mouth by pouring it into the hollow of my hand. Buffalo laughed loudly upon seeing me struggle so hard to obtain a few drops of water to quench my raging thirst, and said,

"Ha! ha! The prophet is more docile. Another such a basting will restore him to reason."

The good priest cast upon this monster a look of indignation, and said to him, impatiently, "Go out and leave us alone!"

The minister of God cast a glance along the corridor; then he came to me, and gave me a kiss, saying,

"Brother, you suffer. But forgive your tor-

mentors, imitating the example of Christ. My dear child, how noble was your aspect while they were torturing you! Courage, my brother! The God of the prophet Elijah is our God also, and is able to send one of his angels to deliver you from this sepulcher! Let us pray to him!"

We prayed fervently. His prayer was sweetly encouraging. It affected me deeply. I shed tears, and they seemed to alleviate my agony.

"Soldier of Christ," said he to me, "you are in the way of life. Never renounce the Lord Jesus!"

"Reverend father, I pray you, tell me how many times they struck me."

"Ten times, my dear child. At the seventh blow you were insensible; at the tenth I stopped the flagellation. As these gentlemen are suspicious, I was obliged to use strategy.

"'What confession can a dead body utter?' said I. 'You must defer the flagellation till another day when he will have recovered. Perhaps you will then extort some confession.'

"The president said to me, 'He is not dead, then?'

"'No; but a few more blows and all will be over with him; for he is of a very delicate constitution. He cannot possibly support another castigation.' Then they unbound you, and you fell to the floor unconscious. One of the tormentors turned your breast toward the pavement. They then made several incisions in your back and

washed you with vinegar and salt, after which you were brought here, and I was intrusted with the care of your soul. I am, my dear friend, your brother in Christ. Pray to him constantly. He has never forsaken his people. Be prudent. Should they suspect that it is my intention to protect you, I should suffer like you, dear child, the torture and death! I trust it may not be so. I should no longer be able to solace the unfortunate brothers who fall into the hands of these sanguinary monsters. Can you swim, my friend."

"Yes, reverend father."

"Here, eat this orange to assuage your thirst. Eat it all. Do not leave a single piece of it; for that might compromise me. You have been a soldier, I know. I suppose you are fond of tobacco. Take this. Above all, do not speak in the presence of those poor wretches, your guards. Do not reply to any question."

On the morning of the 13th of October, the secretary came to read to me my condemnation, a portion of which I here quote:—

"The holy tribunal, enlightened by the holy Virgin Mary, has taken into consideration the honor of your family, the honor of your very orthodox mother, and also that through juvenile infatuation you have made this good mother drink the bitter chalice of your heresy. The holy tribunal has condemned you to twenty years of close confinement, and to receive fifty lashes.

But, for the above-mentioned considerations, your punishment will be commuted to ten years of incarceration, with dry bread and water for your sustenance, and ten blows, which have already been inflicted upon you."

CHAPTER X.

THE CHAMBER OF PROOF.

AS soon as the secretary had departed, the two guards came to me and unchained me, saying, "Prophet, you are not very strong to-day. Get up, and follow us."

I endeavored to rise, but I had not sufficient strength.

"Lazy rascal," said Buffalo, "we shall have to lift you, then! You are no longer able to hit anybody with your fist. You must remember having inflicted an admirable blow on me. But your back has paid for it. Comrade, help me to raise him."

Ah, how much they made me suffer in that moment! We left the room, but they supported me in walking. We ascended to the highest floor, where I was put into a cell called "The Chamber of Proof." It was a small room, situated directly under the roof. A little dormer-window, facing

the south, admitted the light. Iron bars prevented egress by the window. The heat was like that of a furnace. Even after the sun had set it was intolerable. The horrible oppression of the atmosphere was augmented by the vapors emitted from a vessel of foul water which my jailor had been ordered to empty only once in three days.

In addition to this, I had no longer as much water as I wanted, which had been allowed me in the other prison. Only one small glass of water was brought to me each day, and this I swallowed eagerly. I should have preferred the torture of the cord to this horrible and prolonged agony of hunger, thirst, heat, and miasma. Feelings of rage and hatred sprang up in my heart against my infamous persecutors, and I almost determined to dash out my brains against the wall. But God preserved me from this extremity of despair. I no longer prayed; I no longer believed. My agonies had exhausted my religious constancy. I was reduced to such a degree of organic debility that the four walls of the prison appeared to turn around. I no longer knew where I was. In my hallucinations gloomy images arose in my soul. Sometimes it appeared to me that a revolution was about to break out, and that I would be again restored to liberty.

On the evening of the 16th, I was nearly well. I suffered but little. The fever had departed; thanks to the medicines that the good priest had

given me. I had scarcely fallen asleep when I was awakened by the noise of a key turning in the lock of my chamber door. Buffalo entered, and threw me a package, saying,

"Chevalier Urgos, arise and dress yourself as quickly as possible!"

I opened my eyes. I believed that I was dreaming when I heard these words from a man who had never ceased to abuse me.

"Take this, and read it! Time presses!"

I opened the paper and hastily read these words:—

"DEAR FRIEND: Destroy this paper when you have read it. Follow this man; he is at your service. In a moment, liberty! In case of an encounter with a patrol, defend yourself with the dagger inclosed in this package. Flee! Throw yourself into the Tiber and direct your course toward the sea. Those who love you.[1]

"* *"

I crushed this paper in my hand, thrust it into my mouth, masticated it, and swallowed the pulp. Unhesitatingly, I took the articles that Buffalo handed me. In the twinkling of an eye I was dressed. I grasped the stiletto. I felt no more pain!

[1]The above letter was sent by a noble Italian princess, whose name, and that of her kind husband, I solemnly pledged to them before God that I would never divulge.

CHAPTER XI.

ESCAPE FROM THE HOLY OFFICE.

I FOLLOWED Buffalo. He opened a door that was well known to him; we descended a spiral staircase, and found ourselves in the street. There I breathed eagerly the atmosphere of freedom. I pressed convulsively the handle of my dagger. "Woe to any one who shall dare to obstruct the way!" I said to myself. I looked to the right, to the left, before, and behind me.

We passed through some narrow streets. Afar, in other streets, we heard the measured pace of the patrol. We walked nearly a quarter of an hour, at the end of which time we were in a little street about six feet wide, flanked by lofty dwellings. Buffalo whistled a mysterious air. At a distance we heard a similar whistle. Having traversed about three-fourths of this gloomy street, I saw a man's figure stand out from the wall, and I heard these words spoken to Buffalo, who was before me: "Where is he?"

"Here."

"Mr. Urgos, is it you?"

Giving me his hand, the person drew me into an aperture. Buffalo followed us. The door was closed. Then a light shed its rays upon our path. Buffalo was called into one room, and I into

another. Here I beheld with joy the friends of whom I have already spoken. My noble friends, the prince and princess, who had sworn to protect me, Dr. Benignetti and Mr. Belloni and their wives, and several others, were present. The princess was dressed in the prevalent fashion. They gave me a place at the table. I ate voraciously. Mr. B. commenced to give me some instructions that would facilitate my flight from Rome.

"The gates of the city," said he, "are all well guarded. We, your real friends, have decided that you must swim across the Tiber. As soon as you pass the walls, you will find liberty on the other side. Everything is ready to receive you. You must keep all the time in the middle of the stream, and make no noise. We know that you can swim, but we do not know whether you are a good swimmer."

"Yes. I challenge any rival!"

"Very well!"

As soon as I had finished my repast, the ladies left the room. I then took off all my garments, and, with a sponge saturated with black paint, I blackened myself from head to foot, that I might not be perceived in the water.

"Take this bottle, Mr. Urgos," said Dr. Benignetti, "and drink some of its contents from time to time, during the perilous voyage which you are about to undertake."

I secured this bottle in my shoulder belt, and also my dagger. They fastened my clothing tightly upon my neck.

"The night is favorable, but cold," said my friends; "let us start!"

A man had gone in advance, to explore the road that I was about to take. We started, our guide, Buffalo, and myself, and in a few moments we were beside the river. Mr. Belloni gave me his hand, saying, "Courage and fortitude! God is with you!"

We entered the river. The cold water of the Tiber reached our necks. We swam rapidly, but without noise, out to the middle of the stream. From the spot at which we entered the river to the termination of the walls of Rome, by the sinuous course of the Tiber, the distance is five or six miles. These windings we were obliged to follow. I commenced to shiver, but Buffalo did not exhibit the least symptom of chilliness. Thanks to the forethought of my friends, the liquor which they had given me revived my impaired strength. I swam a few more strokes, but my strength commenced to fail again. Buffalo, perceiving it, came to me, and said, "Courage! One mile more and we are saved!"

I was almost exhausted; but the encouraging words of Buffalo redoubled my ardor, and in a short time we were beyond the limits of the city. It was a critical moment. I had resolved to per-

ish in the waves, rather than fall again into the power of the Jesuits. Buffalo whistled. Another whistle responded instantly. I followed my companion, and in a few minutes we touched the earth. There some friends awaited us with woolen clothing. I could scarcely walk or speak I was so fatigued and paralyzed by cold. They wrapped me in warm clothing, and I was carried into a large *parterre* adjoining the river. While Buffalo was conducted in the opposite direction, I was conveyed through an avenue bordered with cypress trees and deposited upon the earth. At the expiration of a few seconds, I heard, issuing from beneath my feet, a voice which said, "Here! here!" I perceived a man, his head projecting from the ground, extending his arms to receive me. I descended. A stone suddenly closed the orifice by which I had entered. I was carried into a well-lighted chamber, and laid upon a good bed. Here I received all possible attention. I remained in this strange abode until the 29th day of October, without receiving a visit from any one except the servants.

At about eight o'clock on the evening of the 30th, the prince and princess came to see me. Joy was depicted on their countenances. They declared that they were happy to see that I had been able to endure for so long a time the icy water of the Tiber. The prince said,

"You have overcome many obstacles, but you

must expect to encounter dangers of a still more terrible nature. Confide in God! He protects you!" The princess said, "I, too, have had many difficulties to overcome. I wished to come to your assistance, but all my applications to the higher clergy proved ineffectual. I presented myself to his Eminence, the Cardinal Antonelli. I represented your situation to him, the distinguished rank of your family, and your youth. He replied coldly that persons had already spoken to him on your account, but that all supplications for mercy were useless. After a pause of a few minutes, the cardinal addressed me thus:—

"'Madame, it seems to me that you are well informed concerning this unfortunate heretic. Who told you that this Garibaldian dog was in the Holy Office? I see, Madame, that you act the spy over the police themselves!'

"'Your Eminence, I do not act the spy at all. But all Rome is aware of the incarceration of Mr. Urgos.'

"'Does he belong to your family?'

"'No, your Eminence.'

"'Why, then, do you feel so much interest in a stranger?'

"'Again I say, Monseigneur, it is on account of his family, on account of his youth, and on account of his inexperience, which led him to participate in the revolt.'

"'Madame, your presence is charming, but I do not like to hear you speak of these Garibaldian miscreants. Rest in peace, pretty lady, and permit the divine justice to take its course. After a few slight punishments, he will be more prudent in the future. On account of you, madame, and out of respect for your illustrious family, I shall be able to reduce his punishment to a trifle, that is, to imprisonment for ten years.'

"'The clemency of your Eminence, is worthy of a panegyric.' I was about to say, 'Worthy of hell,' but I checked myself from fear of being arraigned before the tribunal of the Holy Office. 'So, your Eminence, I cannot obtain the pardon of my protege?'

"The cardinal regarded me with libidinous eyes. I understood. After a short interval of silence, he said to me boldly,

"'Madame, if you are so desirous of procuring the liberation of this young man, a single word from you is enough.'

"I comprehended the purport of his words. I indignantly arose, saluted him haughtily, and, grasping the door, I said in a defiant tone,

"'He will escape!'

"'What do you say, madame?' demanded His Eminence, angrily.

"'Monseigneur, I never repeat that which I have said.'

"'Madame, remember that you are in my house, and at Rome!'

"'I know it, your Eminence. I know also your power.'

"'Begone!' he vociferated in a paroxysm of rage. I walked haughtily from the apartment. I have fulfilled, Mr. Urgos, my promise to protect you at the peril of my life. I have endured insult for you. I corrupted your tormentor with gold. You are free, but you are still in peril."

Mr. Belloni then said,

"We have a vessel twelve feet in length. It is provided with oars, sails, food for a voyage of six weeks, two muskets, a suit of civilian's clothing, and the habiliments of a fisherman, which you must assume when you reach the mouth of the Tiber. Be very cautious to avoid observation whenever you perceive any strange vessel. Preserve a considerable distance between your bark and the Italian shore; for on the south are the Neapolitans, and on the north the Austrians. If you fall into the hands of either, we shall all be ruined. The whole clergy has its eyes fastened upon us."

"I swear, upon the honor of a Garibaldian soldier, that if I am captured I will blow out my brains!"

"Mr. Urgos, what is your intention? Do you propose to sail to Corfu, or to Africa?"

"I should hesitate to undertake a voyage to Corfu in a frail bark, on the tempestuous bosom of the Mediterranean. It would be safer to nav-

igate along the Italian, French, and Spanish coasts, cross the Strait of Gibraltar, and proceed to Algiers."

"Very well!" said my deliverers. "Courage! God will direct you. We solicit a favor of you. We entreat you to be merciful to your tormentor. His life is in your hands. He has inflicted many tortures upon you, but you must forgive him, according to the precept of our divine Master. Fanaticism alone incited him to such cruelty."

Mrs. B., at a signal from her husband, retired into another room. Mr. B. presented me with the fisherman's disguise, consisting of a red bonnet, white shirt, black cravat, and white drawers descending to the knees.

"Take this," said Mr. Benignetti, handing me a purse of money, "and put it into your girdle. You will need it as soon as you have disembarked."

Turning to his faithful servant, he said,

"Go to the boat, and see if everything is ready and in proper order."

Some minutes after, the servant returned and said,

"All is ready and in good order. They signaled to me from the opposite side of the river that all was well. On this side, too, all our arrangements are perfected. Buffalo has already embarked."

"Go, then, Mr. Urgos, we wish you a prosperous voyage. God be with you! Pray to him to

protect you Write to us. Address your letters to Mr. Belloni. Write nothing which could compromise us; for the letters are intercepted and read, before they are sent to their destinations."

We embraced fraternally. I issued from the labyrinth, and hastened to the bank, where my little bark awaited my coming.

CHAPTER XII.

FLIGHT ACROSS THE WATER.

ANTONIO BUFFALO sat in the bark, awaiting my arrival. I leaped into it, thanked my deliverers, and, having bidden them farewell for the last time, rowed off into the center of the stream. The moon had not yet risen, and I took advantage of the darkness.

After two hours of rowing, we arrived at the mouth of the Tiber, and entered the Mediterranean Sea. The moon began to illuminate the scene, and I deemed it prudent to leave the coast. My watch indicated one hour past midnight. We had sailed five miles from the shore. The deep, bright blue of the sky was spangled with thousands of glistening stars. The moon cast a brilliant light over the calm sea, which resembled an immense mirror. From time to time a gentle

breeze cooled our brows, burning with the monotonous exercise of rowing. The surpassing loveliness of nature, and the solemn stillness of the hour, brought to mind thoughts of the power and overruling care of the omnipotent One, and reminded me that it was my duty to express my gratitude to him for my deliverance from the power of the priests of Rome. I requested my companion to join me in giving thanks to the Divine Father for the benefits which he had bestowed upon us; Antonio complied, and, having kneeled upon the boat's bottom, I prayed aloud.

Antonio was not a skillful rower, and I was obliged to teach him. He rowed with two oars, and I managed the tiller and lateen-sail. Occasionally I plied the oars, that he might rest.

At midday we were before Cività Vecchia. In the anchorage lay three men of war belonging to the French Republic.

At that period the Italian peninsula was guarded closely by various fleets belonging to the protectors of the vicar of Christ; navigation, therefore, was perilous. Whenever a large or small vessel was suspected, it was invariably arrested by the vessels which watched the coast. Our being disguised as fishermen enabled us to pass without molestation. The wind now blew more strongly, so that we were not obliged to use the oars. That day we had a prosperous voyage, and sailed a great distance.

On the morning of the 3d of November, we were near the limits of the Papal States. The sky was spotted with white clouds, and the wind was stronger. In the south the horizon was dark, and from time to time the firmament was covered with dense clouds threatening a dreadful storm. At noon we were about four miles from a village. The fishermen in their skiffs were hastening toward the shore, fearing to be overtaken by the tempest on the deep sea.

I caused the sail to be furled, that the impetuous wind might not upset our boat. The sun withdrew his warm rays. The thunder rumbled in the distance, and soon rolled with deafening noise over our heads. The sea raged with indescribable fury. The foaming billows were as high as hills. Antonio, my former tormentor, trembled, and his countenance was pallid as that of a corpse. I was not afraid; for I cast myself into the arms of the Lord. Two perils menaced our lives at the same time: that of falling into the power of the satellites of the vicar of Christ, and that of being overwhelmed by the elements. Antonio wished to approach the shore, but I preferred to perish by the elements rather than by the fanaticism of men. At length the terrible tempest burst upon us. Our frail bark danced upon the waves like a nut-shell. The rain descended in torrents. We were drenched from head to foot. Antonio threw himself upon his

knees, and raising his hands toward Heaven, exclaimed,

"O holy Virgin, pardon me, if I have betrayed you! I thought I was doing well when I assisted this young man to escape. O holy Virgin, have mercy on me! Save me from this horrible tempest!"

At this prayer I pitied my unhappy tormentor, and said to him calmly, "Antonio, poor fool! you pray to Mary. You do not know that she does not hear you. Jesus Christ only hears you. He is in every place, and he alone is our intercessor. Miserable fellow! do you dare to utter, in my presence, words of repentance for having assisted me to escape from the power of the priests of Antichrist? Wretch! are you not afraid that the Lord will hurl upon your head a thunderbolt and send you to the bottom of the sea?"

We struggled against the elements for three hours, and then the tempest subsided. But the sea was in a state of violent commotion; for the wind had been furious. I noticed a headland projecting into the sea, and around it I saw no habitation. I approached, and resolved to pass the night behind this promontory, for protection from the violence of the sea.

I advanced toward the little cove formed by the cape, but when I had arrived within a short distance, a great difficulty presented itself. The

waves dashed against this barrier with terrible violence, dividing into masses of foam; the flux and reflux of the sea caused the boat to advance and retreat, so that we could not enter the haven where I wished to spend the night. At last I advanced cautiously, and waited for a wave that would carry me into the little bay. Informing Antonio of my intention, I fastened the rudder and took up an oar. The wave favored us. We rowed vigorously, and, after a brief interval of vacillation, our boat passed the dangerous reef. I thanked the Lord for having saved me from so many dangers, and for having brought me to a place of security. The bay was surrounded by a steep hill, sterile and uninhabited. No human being would venture to explore that wild spot, either on foot or in boats.

After eating our supper, and offering our accustomed prayers, we lay down and slept without fear of being molested. We passed one day and two nights in this place; for the sea continued to be tempestuous. On the morning of the 6th of November, the sea was calm, the wind blew gently, and the sky was free from clouds. We issued from our little harbor, and rowed into the open sea. The wind came from the south-west. I unfurled the sail, and, with the aid of the oars, we advanced gradually toward our destination. We continued our course all that day and night; and on the morning of the 7th we saw, against the horizon, the city of Leghorn.

That day the sky was covered with white clouds. The sun was obscured, and we saw it only at intervals. The chain of the Apennines was hidden by a thick fog. About one o'clock P. M., the wind changed around to the north. It was cold, violent, and adverse to our progress, so that we insensibly diverged from our course. At four o'clock, we were five miles from Leghorn. I tacked, during the rest of the day, and all night until seven the next morning. We were in front of Leghorn, and the sea was violently agitated by the wind, which continued to blow from the north.

CHAPTER XIII.

ENCOUNTER WITH THE MARITIME AUTHORITIES OF TUSCANY.

DEAR READERS, I wish to remark that the Grand Duke of Tuscany was at that time one of the allies of the pope. The Grand Duke persecuted by sea and by land those who had attempted to subvert the authority of the holy father, Cino Mastai, Pious IX.

I was, therefore, in a critical position. I could not venture out upon the vast deep in my frail bark, and I could not advance, because the wind

was adverse. I had employed the nautical maneuver of tacking during part of the preceding day, all the previous night, and that morning, on a turbulent sea. Doubtless, my little bark was suspected by the marine authorities. I was under much apprehension, and reflected carefully upon my difficult situation.

While my mind wandered inextricably in a labyrinth of gloomy thoughts, a wave broke over the boat, drenching me thoroughly, and arousing me from my revery. By repeated tacks I advanced as far as ten miles from Leghorn. My gaze was fastened upon the coast. I perceived a sail issuing from the harbor. I took the telescope and pointed it toward the sail, to ascertain whether it was a fishing vessel, or a government barge. I quickly perceived that it was a sloop of war. The distance prevented me from seeing how many pieces of artillery, and how many men were aboard, and also whether she was coming toward me.

By making another tack, I approached near enough to see her more distinctly. She had one gun, manipulated by three men armed with sabers and carbines in belts. One of the three men was in the center behind the cannon. In the aft part of the cutter were sixteen robust rowers, a helmsman, and an officer. All were armed with a carbine, saber, and pistol, except the officer, who had a sword and two pistols for arms. The

sloop advanced rapidly, and signaled me to stop whenever I changed my course by taking another tack. I pretended not to notice their signal. The sloop gained rapidly, my bark making but little progress. When she was about one hundred yards from my boat, the marines called to me to go no farther, and threatened to fire upon me.

I was lost! I knew not what to do. A thousand thoughts presented themselves to my mind. At length I determined to provoke the enemy to kill me by resistance, rather than to be arrested and brought into the hands of the papal authorities. By a few words of encouragement, I endeavored to excite Antonio to defend our bark; but he replied that he would not defend himself.

I took his carbine and pistol and placed them near me. Antonio refused to row, and obeyed the command from the sloop, to furl sail. I took the carbine, cocked it, and presented my breast to my adversaries. As I did this, the sloop was only a few rods distant, and eighteen carbines were aimed at me. Antonio threw himself on the boat's bottom, exclaiming, "Holy Mary, have mercy!" I aimed my carbine at the officer, who gave the command: "Fire!" A loud explosion followed, and the bullets screamed on every side, but the sailors evidently did not wish to kill us, preferring to take us alive. My piece did not go off; the cap only exploded. I stooped to take the

other carbine, but the marines leaped into my bark and pushed me down. I struck my head against a hard body and bruised it severely. One man placed his knee upon my stomach, and held my throat with one hand, threatening to blow out my brains with a pistol which he held in the other hand, and aimed at my forehead. Two others held my arms.

The officer commanded his men to do me no injury, and to raise me to a sitting posture. They took away my weapons, and suffered me to rise and seat myself on the gunwale of the boat. Antonio's face was ghastly pale. The officer ordered his soldiers to transfer Antonio to the sloop, and to keep guard over me, while he should interrogate my fellow-prisoner. The officer descended into the hold of the sloop, and, after an interval of ten minutes, returned to me, saying, "Friend, tell me the truth, and reply to my interrogatories."

I replied that I would obey him.

He then asked, "What is your name?"

"F. Urgos."

"Whence do you come?"

"From Rome."

"Of what State are you a native?"

"Of the Province of Nice."

"Why did you not arrest the course of your boat when I signaled you?"

"Because my situation did not permit."

"What prevents you from complying with the regulations of the maritime authorities?"

"I am a sergeant major of the former Roman Republic."

"Very well! I now understand why you could not obey our signal. Tell me, have you a passport?"

"No, sir."

"How is that?"

"I am a fugitive from the ecclesiastical authorities."

"Enough, enough! You are a gentleman, a man of honor. I have acted in accordance with the orders of my sovereign. Do not fear; you shall have your liberty. But I have a particular favor to ask of you, which I am sure I shall obtain. First of all, I wish you to remember, that, although I am in the service of the Grand Duke, yet I am an Italian, and I entertain the same sentiments and aspirations as yourself; namely, I desire to see Italy free, independent, and united into one commonwealth; but the time is not yet come. Courage! Let us hope that it may soon arrive! This is the favor I request of you. You see that promontory?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well! There is a heroic woman there who merits assistance. This noble lady is the wife of an innkeeper who took part in the revolt, and who is in great danger. On the 2d of November,

an Austrian patrol entered his abode to arrest him. Signor Cavardini put himself on his guard, and sought an opening by which he might escape. The officer advanced toward him. Signor Cavardini retreated, and stumbled over some obstacle. The officers threatened him with the point of his sword, directing the weapon toward his heart. Signora Cavardini, without losing a moment, blew out the brains of her husband's antagonist. The Austrian fell upon the floor, and Cavardini, profiting by the stupefaction of the soldiers, escaped.

"Signora Cavardini then attempted to flee, but the corporal advanced, and barred her passage. Without hesitation, she discharged the contents of another pistol in his face, and he fell to the floor. The soldiers, with frantic rage, threw themselves upon the heroic woman, who discharged a two-barreled pistol among them, and killed two. She then opened the door and passing from the room made her escape. She proceeded toward the harbor hoping to join her husband; but she did not find him, and seeing that she was pursued, she leaped into a boat, and entreated the boatman to save her. The boatman with the aid of another robust man, rowed the boat out of the harbor, and behind that promontory which you see.

"You will give her this letter, and present her my compliments. Assure her that her husband is

safe in Genoa. Be prudent; for a single indiscretion might ruin you. Conduct Signora Cavardini to her husband. Before parting, I entreat you to be indulgent toward me. Although we are apparently adversaries, in heart we are united for the common cause. Therefore, do not entertain any animosity toward me."

"No!" I returned, "on the contrary I entertain great esteem for you. I understand very well the circumstances. The discontent, the murmurs, and the frequent insurrections, of the conquered people render the tyrants vigilant, and with inexorable rancor they inflict upon innocent people the most cruel and absurd vengeance, which provokes the oppressed to revolt and lawless acts. Your position renders you responsible for the performance of all that the laws of your State require."

"Mr. Urgos, I am glad that you appreciate justly my embarrassing situation. You are free. I wish you a prosperous voyage. By the way, I must give you the prescribed verbal formula, that Signora Cavardini may know that you are a friend. You will give her this branch of cypress with the thumb and fore finger, saying, '*Viva l'Italia!*' She will respond, 'Now and forever!' You will then say, 'Although Italy groans, she is not crushed!' She will reply, 'The voice of Heaven will resound in every place! Italians, to arms! Make the tyrants tremble,

and drive them back over the Alps!' Farewell!"

I unfurled the sail, and resumed my voyage. It was four P. M. when I reached the entrance of the cove. In that place the water was tranquil. Slowly and carefully I advanced, inspecting the rocks which surrounded this narrow arm of the sea. All was arid and barren.

At the foot of the cliffs there was a little herbage. At the extremity, I perceived a little grotto formed by nature. I thought the heroic woman was asleep in this grotto. I advanced, avoiding the submerged rocks which rendered the navigation dangerous. When I was about fifty paces from the shore, I noticed that Signora Cavardini was concealed in the grass. I called aloud, "Hail to the heroine of Italy!"

"At these words the lady arose, and with a haughty look exclaimed, "Who are you? What do you wish?"

I saw that she was agitated and trembling from surprise and alarm. I re-assured her, showing her the cypress-branch according to the prescribed method.

After exchanging the sentences of recognition, the lady requested me to approach. I at once disembarked, and informed her that her husband was in Genoa. I gave her the letter, which she read eagerly. Her countenance was radiant with heavenly light, she warmly pressed my hand, saying, "So you are my angel, my preserver! God be praised."

I replied that gratitude was not due to me, but to our Lord Jesus Christ, for her deliverance from that place.

She asked my name. In a few words I told her my history. At my narration, her face was suffused with tears. She exclaimed,

"O poor Italy! Must you groan forever? No! The day will come when the terrible judgments of God will descend upon the heads of the impious oppressors! The tyrants are drinking the blood of the Italians, making us suffer tortures, humiliations, and ignominies. They fortify themselves with the stupid and idolatrous religion of the Antichrist, and with foreign bayonets.

"Their satellites profit by such absolute despotism. They are rewarded for the provocations, insults, and calumnies which they inflict upon the wretched people. They are arrogant and haughty, like their masters. They are immoral; they employ violence and adultery. If my hands are stained with blood, I am not ashamed of it, because I am justified by the circumstances. The officer has told you why I am here; but he has not told you all, because he does not know all. Listen to me a few moments:—

"The savage Croat, whose life I took, one day had the audacity to cast himself at my feet, and to strain from his jackal eyes a few hypocritical tears, uttering some impassioned words, to make me understand that he loved me, and

would be my slave. I understood, and replied indignantly,

"'Wicked and profligate Croat! Would you make me disgrace myself? I am a woman of honor!'

"The infamous Austrian executed another stratagem, thinking that I would yield to his desires. He opened his uniform and took out a dagger. He brandished the weapon, and, placing the glittering point over his heart, he declared that he would end his existence if I spurned his love, adding that he would fall dead at my feet, and his ghost would follow me everywhere. I laughed, and said that I had frequently assisted at the opera, and in certain acts the comedians had gesticulated as he did.

"The terrible Croat, at these words, sprang upon his feet, and with a diabolical countenance, said, 'I do not love you; on the contrary, I detest you. Willing or unwilling you shall be mine!'

"His voice resembled the roar of a lion. I was without a protector, and dreaded his furious wrath. I strove to appease his rage by argument. I told him that I was a Christian, and that I had promised at the altar, before God and men, to be during my life a faithful and virtuous wife. The ignoble Croat lifted his hand. I said to him,

"'Wretch! would you strike a woman?'

"He looked me in the face, and said, 'Will you consent?'

"'No! no! never!'

"'Woman,' said he, 'in twenty-four hours, if you do not yield, I will accuse your husband before the Grand Duke, as a conspirator, and will have him shot!'

"I shuddered with horror, when I heard the words of the Croat. I could not utter a single syllable. The eyes of the villain glittered. He believed me conquered on account of my embarrassment. I recovered my composure, and replied, 'No! never! vile Austrian! Leave this house!'

"The savage Croat said ferociously, 'If you do not consent in twenty-four hours, I will provoke your husband to insult me, and will kill him before your eyes! And I will be able to justify the act! Afterward, if you are still obstinate, I will imprison you!'

"He spat in my face, and left, saying, 'Farewell till to-morrow!'

"The officer has made you acquainted with the rest of my story. Now tell me whether I did right in employing so violent a method to defend my honor, my liberty, and the life of my husband."

We ate supper, and, after invoking Omnipotent protection, I brought her into the the tent, and showed her the bed which Antonio had prepared for her. Antonio and myself lay down at the foot of the cliff.

On the morning of the following day, we left

this place, cheered by the rays of a brilliant sun. The sky was blue, the atmosphere transparent. The wind was moderate and propitious to our voyage. The sea was not much agitated. I placed the lady at the rudder, which she knew how to manage. Antonio and myself rowed vigorously, and, with the aid of the sail, on the evening of the tenth of November, we arrived at San Pietro Arena, a small town near the city of Genoa.

I told the lady to disembark, remarking that she was safe, and could throw herself into the arms of her beloved husband. Weeping she said to me, "May God bless you, and be your guide in every place where you go!" I leaped into the boat and set sail. We sailed all day with a favorable wind. Toward evening the wind grew stronger. I was quite familiar with the coast, and desiring a little rest I turned my boat toward the shore.

We anchored in a small bay, which afforded shelter from the open sea, and went ashore, where we found other sailors, who had landed before us. It is customary among Italian fishermen on first meeting to salute one another with a hearty grip of the hand; that over, all other ceremonies are dispensed with. Being a fisherman myself, I made the acquaintance of about twenty of these brave fellows. They were not old, yet the hair upon several heads was as white as the surges at their

feet. These men from their infancy had faced the fury of the elements upon the sea; hundreds of times their lives had been in danger.

My provisions were exhausted; and wishing to obtain a new stock, I asked four of the men to go to the city of Savona, which was near, and purchase a new supply. They consented, and three hours after I received what I had ordered.

Night found us gathered around a blazing bonfire, where we sat until the morning. To beguile the tedious hours, each man gave a history of the most interesting portions of his life. I listened with interest, and in turn related what I thought would be most interesting to my companions. They seemed, however, to regard me with curiosity and suspicion. One of them, not quite as discreet as the rest, asked, rather abruptly,

"Sir, are you really a mariner? I would sooner take you to be a scribe."

I answered, "Yes, I am a sailor, a fisherman, a carpenter, or a scribe; anything that comes to hand. I have some knowledge of each occupation."

Among all the dialects which the mariners spoke I thought to hear the Roman Rusticum. My curiosity led me to ask their native tongue. One of them answered, "I came from Nice, maritime." Oh, how fortunate! thought I. Now I will learn the whereabouts of my family.

"Do you know the Urgos family?" I asked.

"Yes," said he, "who is there in Nice that does not know them? Every body loves them, and all their friends mourn with them their misfortune."

These words made me shudder; for I feared some accident had befallen them. Hiding my emotions, however, I inquired what the great misfortune was.

"Give me time," said he, "and I will tell you. Signor Urgos had a son, a young man of worth and goodness, who was studying for the priesthood. This unfortunate boy refused to study theology longer. They learned that some Protestant had given him a Bible, and therein was found the reason of the change. You all know, my dear comrades, that whoever reads that book is cursed. The devil communicates with those persons, and when they die their spirits are borne away into the body of some animal.

"His mother, having learned that her dear child had denied the religion of his parents for one infernal, knelt before him and with tears in her eyes besought him to return. These entreaties availing nothing, she called the holy father to entreat him in the name of the Virgin Mary to come back to the bosom of the holy Catholic Church. All was in vain. The ungrateful creature defended himself with the words written in that Book, and cut short those good clergymen and his parents.

"That wretched mother was obliged to curse her child, and abandon him to the miseries of the cold world. Not satisfied with causing so much trouble at home, he must also drag a young and innocent girl into her grave."

"Why? for what reason?" asked a dozen voices.

"Have patience, and I will tell you word for word as I heard it. Signorina Linda Graziotti was a beautiful maiden. She thought he loved her, and she returned his affection. From the time of his separation from the church, her life was wretched, and soon after his departure she fell into a decline, and died."

At the close of this short story the sailors each made the sign of the cross, saying, "The good St. Mary have pity on us, and save us from the snares of the devil." One of them, however, said with a smile, "You are yet of the olden time; you still believe that the Protestants are a cursed people? I do not think this, for I have traveled three years in an English vessel where all the sailors but myself were Protestants. The priests make the ignorant believe these things, my dear friends. I do not believe them; on the contrary, I believe the Protestants are right. They believe in Christ, in spirit and truth; they believe that he is the Advocate and Mediator, and that we can go to God only through him who is the way, the truth, and the life. I could

neither read nor write; therefore, I could comprehend but little of what they said. However, I found that all that was written in that Book was really beautiful. I never heard the Protestants swear like the Roman Catholics. Those people pray night and day. If I could read I would have the Book."

The mariners listened with eyes and mouth wide open, and cried out, "Mercy on us! You talk like a heretic, dear Father Brunal."

"No," replied the old man, "I am no more one than yourselves, but I can say this: Priests have no power over me; I am a Catholic, but that is not saying that I will remain one."

While listening to this dialogue, it seemed to me that my poor heart would break. The death of Linda entirely overcame me. Oh! I was being severely punished for my deceit to Signorina Cavardo. I prayed for relief, but none came. I was awakened from my sad revery by a harsh voice, which said,

"I know better than you about the death of Signorina Linda Graziotti, because my sister is a chamber-maid in her father's house. Here is the truth: Signorina Linda loved Signor Urgos, who had before his departure told her that he would serve his country, which was in danger, and attain a rank which she would be proud of, and when the war was ended would, if God spared his life, return to her. She received letters from

him from time to time; but after the siege of Rome she could get no tidings of him. Some time after, three or four soldiers of the same regiment had the good fortune to escape from Rome. Arriving at Nice they related some incidents of the war, among which they spread the news that Signor Urgos fell in a battle in which they also fought. From that time Signorina Linda knew no joy. She cried night and day, ate no more, and soon drooped and died. So you see, Father Andrea, that she was not bewitched."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CEMETERY.

ON the 11th, I resumed my course with a fair wind; and, after sailing a day and a night, at half past seven A. M., of the 12th of November, I was about a mile and a half from Nice. I stopped my boat. My heart was filled with sadness. In a quarter of an hour I could throw myself into the arms of my parents, brothers, sisters, and friends. My mind wandered in a labyrinth of thought. I saw those who were dear to me. I saw the friends of my infancy, and of my school-life. I remembered my youth, and the innocent amusements which I once enjoyed.

I saw the specters of my noble ancestors, illustrious warriors, who lived in a turbulent period in the history of my country, and who rested in the bosom of the earth, near the spot where they had first beheld the light.

What was the origin of my misery? Rome, always Rome. Thou hast envenomed my youth! Rome! Thou hast made me drink to the dregs the bitter cup of poison! Impostor of the Vatican! Thou separatest husband and wife, brother from brother, sister from sister, the child from its parents! Parents curse their sons, and sons curse their parents! Infamy! Antichrist, thou dethronest Christ, and placest thyself upon his throne! Is not Christ the divine Mediator? Art thou the only mediator? Oh, most audacious sacrilege!

O poor, deluded mother! The men in black robes have made thee a fanatic. Though thou hast cursed me, and driven me from the natal roof, thou art not to be blamed. The Vatican alone is responsible for those dreadful infamies. Poor, degenerate mother! Thou hast forgotten that I was nourished with the milk of thy bosom. How often hast thou wept when I suffered and could not tell the cause of my pain. My innocent gaze fastened itself upon thine; thou only couldst alleviate my sufferings.

Dost thou not remember that I loved thee to adoration? I was always willing to go where

thou didst desire. I would have thrown myself into the flames, if it had been thy wish. I have always obeyed thee. I have never rebelled against thy maternal authority. Mother! mother! why dost thou persecute me? Thy persecution only fortifies me. Though I have lost those who were dear to me, Jesus Christ is my comforter, my refuge, and my faithful friend! I have no faith in men. They seek their own interests. Jesus alone consoles and strengthens us in adversity. God does not seek to destroy his children, but to save them.

While I was absorbed in these painful reflections, the boat had moved from her course, obeying the impulse of the waves. I allowed her to advance, keeping my eyes constantly rivited upon the city of my nativity. Antonio aroused me from my reverie with the question,

"Are you going to disembark?"

"Yes," I replied, "but alone."

"And I?" he asked.

"You will keep the bark at a short distance from the shore."

I steered the boat toward a point of land which extended into the sea, and with which I was well acquainted. Having reached this, I jumped upon the shore, and chose an unfrequented street, that I might visit the cemetery without being recognized by any one. After a circuitous walk of an hour, I found myself in front of the cemetery, which was surrounded by a lofty, white wall.

I entered this last abode of mortals. Silence reigned, broken only by the songs of the innocent birds, that flitted about from twig to twig upon the venerable cypress trees shading this melancholy spot. The dew of the morning glistened like diamonds on every leaf and every blade of grass. The melodious warblings of the feathered songsters, the white monuments and tombstones, the epitaphs, the beauty of the trees and fragrant shrubs which adorned these superb sepulchers, awakened in my mind sad meditations.

In this place of death, as in life, opulence and poverty are separated by an impassable barrier. The grounds through which I was passing were very beautiful; but the other section bore the traces of indigence and humility. Its only ornament was a gigantic black cross fixed in the earth. In the interior were hundreds of small crosses, without inscriptions.

I repaired to the residence of the warden, whom I found sitting before the gate. I saluted him, and requested him to open the vault belonging to the Graziotti family, that I might visit it. He refused my request, saying it would be a violation of the regulations. But I knew the wonderful power of gold, and placed a coin in his hand. Upon this his manner changed. Smiling, and with an infinity of apologies, he unlocked the vault, and permitted me to descend alone. The aspect of the sepulcher affected me.

A dim light faintly illumed the wan countenances of the dead, which were inclosed in marble coffins with covers of glass. At the feet of each corpse was a vase of withered flowers. Some of the coffins contained skeletons, others decaying remains, and in others the bodies were not yet in a state of putrefaction. In this retreat reigned perfect silence and cadaverous pallor. I turned my gaze toward a lower vault, and read these words inscribed upon a piece of marble at the top of the coffin:—

"Here rests forever Linda Graziotti. When she closed her charming eyes, she had not reached the age of twenty. She was beautiful and virtuous, and beloved by her friends. Love and grief brought her into this tomb. Her pure spirit fled to the celestial regions, leaving her relatives and friends overwhelmed with sorrow. She separated from her corruptible envelope on the 15th day of October, 1849."

When I read these words, I shed bitter tears. I sobbed. I thought my heart would break. I reeled from side to side, and could not keep on my feet. I leaned against the damp wall of the sepulcher for some minutes. At length, making a determined effort, I advanced with unsteady feet toward the case which enveloped my lost treasure. My senses wandered. I was delirious. A thousand dreadful ideas presented themselves to my mind. I saw avenging phantoms destroy-

ing those who had made me groan with anguish, and who had caused the death of my beloved Linda. I was kneeling, my head inclining toward the sarcophagus where lay the maiden. I wiped away my tears.. "O God!" I said, "how merciful and omnipotent thou art! To thee nothing is impossible. Thou canst do all things. Thou dost not speak to men, but thou makest all men speak of thy wisdom, thy love for thy children, and thy divine power. I knew not that my beloved Linda was dead. Thou didst command the elements to move, that I might be forced to retire before the tempest, and take refuge on the coast of Savona, where thou hadst prepared a man to convey to me the melancholy tidings!

"O dearest Linda! The liars have killed thee. They told thee that I fell upon the ramparts of Rome. Poor Linda! Thou didst pine away and die from love and grief. Alas! I have no other friend! Thou art at rest! Thou art forever free from the disappointments, the turmoil, and anguish of this life. I am a disconsolate wanderer. I have no one left but God. I am beginning another life, a life of misery. I am scarcely eighteen years of age, and I have already suffered indescribable torments."

CHAPTER XV.

THE STORM.

I AROSE, and with vacillating steps emerged from the sepulcher. Full of poignant grief, I returned to the shore, where Antonio impatiently awaited my arrival. I leaped into the boat, and, spreading the sail, resumed my voyage.

The sun was not visible. The sky was covered with thick clouds, laden with rain. The wind was violent and cold. The sea was very turbulent, and navigation was attended with great danger. Toward evening a heavy fog, accompanied with a fine rain, thoroughly chilled us. The fog completely obscured the face of the earth, the sky, and the water. So intense was the darkness that we could not discern objects at a very short distance. Occasionally a wave, impelled by the wind, rolled over the boat, and drenched us from head to foot. The boat was half full of water, which Antonio bailed out with a leathern bucket. The watch indicated half past nine P. M. The fury of the tempest increased. The air was very cold. Antonio cried, "Mr. Urgos, I can neither speak nor move. I am dying." He threw himself across a seat. I was in the same condition; the cold had paralyzed my very jaws; I looked around, and saw nothing. I knew not where I

was. I knew not whether we were near the shore, or far from it. Our position was critical in the extreme. A wave would have been sufficient to put an end to our sufferings. I awaited death with composure, commending my soul to Him who rules the tempest.

Just then I recollected that I had on board six bottles of excellent old cognac. I took the lantern, and went to the locker which contained the bottles of exhilarating liquor. I took out one of them, filled a glass, placed it to the lips of the miserable Antonio, and raised his head. He was almost unconscious. After drinking the contents of the glass, he commenced to move. At length he sat up, and asked me for another drink. I gave him the bottle, and seized the rudder; for the boat was in imminent danger of upsetting. I turned the stern toward the waves, and remained motionless at the tiller. Antonio arose, invigorated, and came to me to offer assistance in his turn. He handed me a bottle of cognac, and I drank half of its contents at a single draught, and a few moments after emptied it. Under other circumstances, one-twentieth of the quantity which I drank, would have intoxicated me. But, on the present occasion, I merely felt reanimated; I recovered my warmth and the faculty of using my limbs.

The boat flew over the waves with swelling sail. We knew not where we were going. I

thought I saw a white object in the distance. I took the speaking trumpet, and shouted: "Aid, for the love of God!" Immediately came back the reply, "Approach!" I directed the bow of the boat toward the place whence the voice came, and in about a minute was a few yards from a fishing sloop. The two boats were advancing side by side in the same direction. A man asked,

"What do you want?"

"I want aid," I replied.

"You are bold, venturing out on a tempestuous sea, and at this hour. Tell me! who are you, and whence do you come?"

I replied, "I come from Rome, and am going to Barbary."

"Now I comprehend! What do you desire?"

"I would like to know where I am, and at what distance from the coast."

"You are about a mile and a half from the coast of Frejus."

"Could I approach the coast without danger?"

"So you wish to find a place of shelter?"

"Yes, sir!" I answered.

"Well, follow my sloop, without losing sight of her, and, in about an hour, you will be in a sheltered spot on the coast of the Department du Var!" I obeyed, and in about an hour we reached the land, and I returned thanks to God for having preserved me from the dangers of that awful night.

The French fishermen kindled a rousing fire, in order to dry our garments, which were wet through. We slept soundly, and on the morning of the 13th of November I was aroused by an imperious voice, which said, "Ha! ha! The captain of the sloop is deaf!" I put my head out of the canvas awning of the boat, and, to my great surprise, saw two policemen. Their presence alarmed me. I asked, "What do you wish?" They requested me to step on shore. I complied. The chief interrogated me,

"Are you French?"

"No; we are Italians."

"What is your occupation?"

"I am an amanuensis," I replied.

He laughed, and said, "It is a singular thing that a literary man should clothe himself in the garb of a fisherman! Tell me the reason of this disguise. The carnival has not yet arrived. Of what province are you a native?"

"Of Nice."

"I perceived it by your pronunciation. Another question. From what place do you come?"

"From Rome."

"*Diavolo!* What brought you here?"

"The wind."

"Are you a merchant?"

"No."

"If you come from Rome, you should be provided with a passport."

"I have no papers by which I can justify myself."

"Well, you must vindicate yourself before the authorities."

He uttered a few words in the ear of his subordinate, who immediately departed, and, after an interval of a few minutes, returned with a citizen. The two policemen entered my boat and commenced a minute perquisition. They found no compromising document. They discovered two carbines, and four double-barreled pistols, weapons which were interdicted at that period. The chief, seeing those arms, exclaimed, "Ha! ha! ha! This is, to me, a new method of fishing! I rather believe that you capture men in your nets!"

I blushed at these insulting expressions of the chief and answered haughtily, "If you have found some articles interdicted by the law, it is not your business to insult the violator of the law. It is your duty to bring me before the judge, who has the right to interrogate and to sentence me. Know that I am a man of honor, who has fled from the tyranny of your pope, and whom the elements have cast upon your soil. I will not argue with a ruffian; therefore do your duty!"

The chief was silent. He commanded the citizen to take the boat and its contents into his custody. They handcuffed Antonio and myself, and conducted us to the prison of Draguignan, capital of the Department du Var. The procurator in-

terrogated Antonio and afterward myself. It is unnecessary to mention the interrogatories and replies. It is enough to state that the procurator informed me that I would be taken to Rome, and these words were accompanied with an expression of regret.

He said, "Mr. Urgos, I am acquainted with the name of your noble father, and also with that of your mother's family. Fear not! I am compelled to send you to Rome, but you will be sent by sea. Tell me, have you any friends here who could protect you?"

"Yes, sir. Two prominent and opulent persons, intimate friends of my parents, live in this place."

"Well, write to them immediately!"

He made me sit down and placed writing materials before me. After I had finished my letter, I gave it to him for examination. He took it, but would not read it. He said, "I will cause it to be carried to its destination." He said a few words to the turnkey, and then dismissed me. The turnkey put me into a cell apart from Antonio.

At four P. M., of the same day, the door of the cell in which I was confined was opened and the turnkey appeared, saying, "Mr. Urgos, I bring you the intelligence that you are at liberty." He preceded me into the vestibule of the prison, where Messrs. Fricher and Lobrune awaited my coming. Seeing me, they exclaimed, "Poor Mr.

Urgos!" Mr. Fricher took me to his home. We ate supper, and afterward conversed about the condition of political affairs. I related my story. They shed tears at this narration. Mr. Fricher informed me that the French authorities permitted me to remain four days upon French soil. He then asked what I wished to do. I replied that I wished to go to Brazil, or to the Orient; and that I would not return to Italy, nor subject myself to the orders of my mother, who had cursed me and driven me from the family, denying that I was her son. At these words they warmly entreated me not to put in execution such extreme measures, unless I should be compelled by circumstances. They added the following expressions:—

"Mr. Urgos, we are the intimate friends of your illustrious father, and will exert ourselves to procure you a permanent situation, worthy of a member of the noble family of Urgos. We have some eminent friends in the city of Marseilles, who, upon our recommendation, will do for you all that you desire. We will furnish you with letters of recommendation to our influential friends, who reside in that city. They will receive you into their families with extreme pleasure, and will endeavor to secure you a remunerative employment. We will start immediately for Frejus, to sell the articles left there by you when you were arrested."

While we were collecting the articles necessary for my future journey a servant came to tell Mr. Fricher that Antonio wished to speak with me. Mr. Fricher ordered his servant to admit him. Antonio timidly entered the room, made an awkward bow, and remained standing. I approached him and asked him what he wished. He replied that he was anxious to know what was his destination. I told him that from that moment he would be free to do what he pleased, provided he quitted French soil within forty-eight hours. The poor fellow, quite disconcerted by the conditions which the French authorities demanded, replied, "Signor Urgos, what can I do, and where can I go? I entreat you to advise me, for I am ignorant of the country and the language." I told him that I would endeavor to assist him. At these words, Mr. Fricher took part in our colloquy, and requested me to say to Antonio that he thought it would be most prudent for him to enlist in the Foreign Legion stationed in Algiers, or to go to Switzerland. Antonio was reanimated by the advice given him by Mr. Fricher, and thanked him heartily.

The servant announced that the carriage was before the entrance of the palace. My two protectors quickly prepared for the journey. They invited Antonio and myself to follow them. We descended and took our places in the vehicle. Antonio took a seat at the back of the carriage

as a domestic. The diligence, drawn by four fleet horses, sped over the ground with great rapidity. Toward the close of the day we arrived at Frejus. I sold, for a small sum, the boat and the other useless articles. My protectors wished me happiness and success. I expressed the profoundest gratitude to them, and bade them farewell.

I will here make a few passing remarks in regard to Antonio Buffalo. After he became my companion, his feelings grew more and more tender, till at last he fully embraced Protestant Christianity, and denounced the Roman Catholic system of religion as the faith of Satan. Antonio had been turnkey in the Prison of the Inquisition fourteen years, and the accounts which he frequently gave me of the infernal treatment inflicted upon prisoners there, were enough to chill the warm currents of life in the veins. And the awful abominations practiced by the holy fathers upon female captives, are too vile, too dark, too brutal, to be recorded here. Poor Antonio! How he often prayed in my hearing for pardon for having inflicted such tortures on the followers of Jesus. He was of athletic form, over six feet in hight, and of great form. He enlisted in the Foreign Legion, and went to Africa to serve in the French army there. We shall probably never meet again till the Great Day.

I departed in another diligence for Marseilles. The day was beautiful. The warm rays of the

sun illuminated the mountains, covered with verdant olive trees, pines, vineyards despoiled of their foliage, and other plants which grow in that region. The aspect of the country which I was traversing was very picturesque. Villages, towns, and hamlets appeared and vanished, as if by magic, as the vehicle swiftly rolled over the road. Baronial castles reposed majestically in the center of gardens thickly planted with orange and lemon trees, and a profusion of odoriferous shrubs emitted a delightful, balmy perfume. On the horizon, at my left, the Mediterranean, blue and resplendent, in a frame of fertile hills, lordly castles, vast meadows, mountains and forests, presented to the traveler's eye a most lovely picture. On my right, the endless chain of mountains, covered with snow, glistening under the solar beams, dazzled my sight and fled with magic swiftness past me. Towns rose in the midst of olive groves, and seemed to be pendent from the mountain sides. Hamlets and villages nestled in the bosom of fertile valleys. The diligence swiftly traversed the populous villages which lay on my road. My soul had never been so elevated as on that journey. I was grateful to my Creator, and heartily thanked him for the benefits which he had bestowed upon me.

I arrived at Marseilles the following day, and went to my new protectors, Messrs. Dupuius, Anastasie, and Gravereau, who received me with

cordiality, and offered me the hospitality of their houses, with all that would be necessary for my comfort during my sojourn in that city.

I was received at the residence of Mr. Gravereau, who, after placing at my disposition an apartment, some servants, and his valuable library, and requesting his lovely and intelligent wife to see that I should want nothing, left me to myself. The residence of Mr. Gravereau was spacious, and richly furnished in the fashion then prevalent. Venetian mirrors, in broad, gilt frames adorned with artistic carving, extended from floor to ceiling. Between these interstices hung rare paintings. The tables were overlaid with alabaster, and spread with richly woven coverings. Chandeliers, and vases of silver, gold, and porcelain, filled with fragrant flowers, decorated these tables. The floor of every room was covered with a Damascene carpet. The sofas and chairs were covered with green silk velvet, a costly oriental fabric. Perfumes, emanating from gold vases, rendered the atmosphere deliciously fragrant.

A piano, inlaid with flowers in mother of pearl adorned the principal parlor. In a case were numerous books of music, filled with the compositions of illustrious Italian musicians. The library was filled with the works of celebrated authors, ancient and modern. I visited a vast saloon, in which was a trophy, composed of weap-

ons of every variety, polished and glistening. This saloon was used for the exercise of fencing with foils or sabers.

It was four P. M. when the voice of the butler aroused me from the intense admiration with which I was regarding the above-mentioned trophy. He came to inform me that dinner was ready. I followed him, and entered a spacious dining room, where the family of my protector awaited me, not having yet taken their places. They greeted me, and after the customary compliments, invited me to be seated. Everything was perfect. The table was well served, and bountifully provided with the most delicate viands and a profusion of old, foaming wine. We arose and passed to the desert table, drank some coffee and repaired to an adjoining room, as the clock struck six P. M. The footman announced the arrival of the proprietor, who entered, and politely excused himself for not having been present at dinner. He informed me of the complete success of his efforts in my behalf.

"Signor Urgos," said he, "after much search, I have found a fine opportunity for you, one which I prefer to any other which at present offers itself. An English lord, named Arnold, with his wife and little girl, is about to start for the East. He intends to travel across the north of Africa, and through Arabia, Syria, and Palestine. He wishes to have an interpreter. I have im-

proved the opportunity for your advantage. I represented to Lord Arnold your circumstances, your capacity, the family to which you belong, and the languages which you speak, which are very useful to the traveler in the countries which he is about to visit. He declared that he was very glad of so fine an opportunity. He is desirous of seeing you, in order to conclude the engagement, and place under your care all that is necessary for the journey. I have agreed to take you to him to-morrow, at nine o'clock A. M. Are you pleased with the arrangement?"

"I am delighted," replied I. "I am very grateful to you for the benefits which you have conferred upon me. Be sure that the memory of your kindness will remain graven upon my heart during my existence here below."

He interposed, and forbade my mentioning what he had done for me, or thanking him for it, adding that he had merely performed a sacred duty.

We conversed till midnight. Messrs. Dupuius and Anastasie and their wives, besides a number of distinguished persons of that city, were present. Politics, especially the affairs of Italy, formed the principal topic of discourse. We then separated for the night; and after a refreshing slumber, I arose and descended to breakfast. At nine o'clock, the carriage of Mr. Gravereau awaited us. We entered it, and were driven to the ho-

tel where Lord Arnold resided. We were ushered into the parlor of the English nobleman, who was anxiously awaiting our arrival. I saluted him and his lady, and with a few words we concluded the engagement. My protectors bade me adieu, wishing me prosperity and a pleasant voyage.

Lord Arnold was a handsome man of lofty stature and dignified carriage. His hair was of a golden hue, his brow was high and intellectual, and his deportment was noble and sedate. His wife was very beautiful. Her countenance expressed nobility and dignity, generosity and affability. The little girl was an exact picture of her mother. She was curious, and wished to know and to see everything. She was also quite heedless and imprudent, and these last traits exposed her to many dangers in traveling.

Lord Arnold committed to me a large sum of money, for the purchase of gold and silver watches, and gold *zecchini*, with which the Arabian women adorn their heads and garments, and of which they make various ornaments, according to their taste. I was also instructed to purchase daggers, pistols of all calibers and prices, guns and carbines, and many other things. Lord A. intended to bestow these articles upon the chiefs of the settled and nomadic Arab tribes, that he might conciliate their favor.

On the 19th day of November, after a rapid voyage across the Mediterranean on a French steam-ship, we disembarked at the city of Algiers.

CHAPTER XVI.

ALGIERS, TUNIS, AND TRIPOLI.

ALGIERS is the capital of the French province of Algeria. It is built in the form of an amphitheater, on the west side of the Bay of Algiers. The city, situated on a slope facing the sea, and crowned by a citadel, is two miles in circumference, and is strongly walled. At the time of which I write, the French had been actively engaged since 1830 in extending its defenses and improving its port. The streets had been widened, and it resembled a European town. It is a bishop's see, the seat of a royal court, a tribunal of primary jurisdiction, and of a royal college and other French schools. Several forts and outworks protect it on the land side; in front, two rocky islands are connected with the mainland by a mole; this and another mole, both furnished with batteries, inclose the harbor.

Algiers has, in its environs, two suburbs and numerous villas, of great beauty. It is the seat of the Governor-General of Algeria and of many

foreign consuls; and it has regular steam communication with Toulon and Cette in France, and Oran and Bona in Africa. The French colony of Algeria embraces the ancient Numidia, the kingdom of Massinissa, Syphax, and Jugurtha; and the Mauritanian kingdoms of Bocchus and Juba.

Algiers has been successfully conquered by the Romans, the Vandals, the Byzantine Greeks, and the Arabs, who, in the beginning of the eighth century, invaded Northern Africa, and established the religion of Mohammed. The Spaniards, who were for a short time masters of the country at the beginning of the sixteenth century, were driven out by the famous corsairs, Barbarossa I. and II., the successor of whom obtained in 1520, from Sultan Selim, the title of Dey. Since that time, Algeria has been engaged in almost incessant warfare against the Christian governments, capturing their vessels and reducing their subjects to slavery. In 1541 the Emperor Charles V. made an unsuccessful attempt against Algiers. In 1815 the Americans captured an Algerine frigate, and the Dey condescended to renounce all claims to tribute from them, and to pay them $60,000, as an indemnification for their losses. In 1816 Algiers was bombarded by the British under Lord Exmouth; and in June, 1830, in consequence of an insult to the French consul, a large fleet and army were

dispatched by Charles X., and the Algerians fell under the power of that nation. From that time, the invaders gradually extended their conquests, though not without much bloodshed. The commander of the French forces in Algeria is Governor-General, and responsible to the cabinet.

Lord Arnold repaired to the French authorities to procure an escort of troops, which, at that period, was necessary to the security of travelers in those regions. He obtained all that he desired. I purchased some camels and horses, and procured a supply of provisions. I also hired a number of camel-drivers.

On the 22d of November, we left Algiers, escorted by a detachment of cavalry, and directed our course toward Bugia, situated one hundred and twenty-two miles east of Algiers. The weather was warm and pleasant. We traveled thirteen hours, and encamped toward evening. On the 23d, we marched till eight o'clock P. M., without any occurrence worthy of note. On the 24th, we arrived at Bugia. This is a town of Algeria, at the mouth of the river Adus. There is good anchorage off the town in eight or ten fathoms of water, but north-east winds threw in a heavy sea. Bugia was bombarded by the English in 1671, and was captured by the French in 1833. Lord A. was received with courtesy by the civil and military authorities of Bugia,

who granted us an armed escort to Constantina. On the 25th, we visited all the interesting localities of Bugia, together with the ruins of the ancient Roman colonial city of Saldae, in the immediate neighborhood of the modern town.

On the 26th, the caravan started for the city of Constantina, where we arrived on the 28th. On the 29th, we visited the antiquities. This city was anciently called Cirta, and was founded by the Phœnicians. It is situated in the ancient Numidia, forty-eight miles from the sea, in a district of great beauty and fertility. It stands on a steep rock, almost surrounded by the *Wady-el-Kebir*, a tributary of the ancient river Ampsaga. It was the residence of the kings of the Massylii, whose palace appears to have been a splendid edifice.

Micipsa enlarged and beautified the city, and settled Greek colonists in it. Under him it could send forth an army of ten thousand cavalry and twenty thousand infantry. It is frequently mentioned in the history of the Punic, Jugurthine, and civil wars, as the strongest fortress in the country, a reputation which it has maintained in our own day, during the French conquest of Algeria. It was the central point for all the Roman roads throughout Numidia. Having fallen into decay in process of time, Cirta was restored by Constantine, and called Constantina, the name which it still retains. Among the ruins of

the ancient city, the finest is a triumphal arch, which has been removed to Paris. The stream which flows around the foot of the lofty rock upon which the city stands, is traversed by an ancient bridge one hundred and fourteen yards above the water, and one hundred and thirteen yards long.

Constantina is one hundred and ninety miles east by south-east of Algiers, and is the capital of the eastern province of Algeria. It is strongly fortified as well by art as by nature, having walls on the landward side, casemated and five feet thick. It has four gates; and on the northern or more elevated side of the rock is the citadel. The town contains many mosques and a fine palace, other than these, there are few buildings of any architectural beauty or importance. Saddles, boots, and coarse blankets are manufactured here. An extensive trade is carried on with the South, corn, saddles, and European goods being exchanged for gold-dust, ostrich feathers, and slaves. In 1836, Constantina was attacked by the French, who then sustained a repulse; but in the following year they took it by storm, after a vigorous resistance. It has since remained a French dependency.

I procured a supply of provisions for the caravan, and on the morning of the 30th of November we commenced our march toward the city of Bona, escorted by a company of hussars. At eight

P. M., we encamped in a delightful spot, near the bank of a limpid stream. The country through which we passed was fertile and picturesque.

On the 1st of December, we were assailed by a tremendous tempest of wind, accompanied with lightning and thunder. We encamped in a spot four leagues distant from Bona, in order to dry our garments which had been drenched by the rain. At nine A. M., on the 2d of December, when we were a few hundred paces from Bona, we observed a company of horsemen advancing toward the caravan. They proved to be French and Arabians, and were coming to meet Lord Arnold's company. We entered the city, and proceeded to visit the interesting localities.

The ruins of the ancient city Hippo Regius are situated a short distance south of the present city of Bona. It was included within the limits of the kingdom of Numidia, and received its surname, *Regius*, from being the place of residence of the Numidian kings, but it is of higher fame as the see of St. Augustine. It was a colony of Tyre, and stood on the west side of a large bay to which it gave its name (Gulf of Bona). It grew into great importance under the Romans, by whom it was made a colony; and it continued to be one of the most flourishing cities of Northern Africa till it was destroyed by the Vandals, A. D. 430. It was during the progress of this siege that the great Augustine died.

The modern town of Bona is within the limits of Algeria, a short distance from the Gulf of Bona, in an unhealthy country. It has been much improved since its capture by the French in 1832. The streets are narrow and crooked, but there are several good public buildings. Saddles, tapestry, and burnoses are manufactured. The burnos is a woolen mantle, with a hood which is thrown over the head in wet weather. It is worn in all parts of Northern Africa. It is worn over the rest of the attire, and is colored according to the wearer's taste. White, however, is the principal color. Bona exports corn, wool, ox-hides, and wax. It is also the principal seat of the coral fishery on this coast.

On the 3d of December, we left Bona, and advanced as far as the frontier of Algeria, where one hundred and fifty soldiers belonging to the Bey of Tunis awaited our arrival. On the 4th, we suffered much from the hot wind called sirocco, which blows from the Great Desert Sahara, and destroys every green thing in its course. The sirocco ceased on the 5th. This country was very beautiful, but the heat was intense and travel dangerous on account of the wild beasts and predatory Arabs which infest the locality.

During our long journey, the monotonous pace of my dromedary rendered me somnolent and meditative. The plain trodden by my beast had

been the theater of great events. It had witnessed the subjection of the haughty republic of Carthage by the indomitable courage and fortitude of the Romans; the gradual decline of Roman prosperity under the influence of luxury and effeminating superstitions; the incursions of barbarous hordes of Vandals; and, finally, the conquest of the country by the followers of the Arabian prophet.

The kingdom of Tunis is a nominal dependency of the Turkish Empire. The northern portion of the country is mountainous, but all the southern part is level, and is still (as in the time of the Romans, when it formed one of their granaries) extremely fertile. The minerals are silver, copper, lead, mercury, and salt. The vegetable products are wheat, maize, barley, millet, olives, dates, grapes, tobacco, hemp, indigo, cotton, senna, and opium. Buffaloes, sheep, camels, horses, and oxen are the chief domestic animals; while the lion, panther, ounce, lynx, wild boar, wolf, and bison comprise the principal wild ones. The commerce of Tunis is larger than that of all the other States of Barbary. The exports and manufactures consist of soap, morocco leather, shawls, red skull-caps, wheat, wax, olives, dates, hides, and feathers. The Bey of Tunis, though nominally the viceroy of the Sultan, is virtually the sovereign of the country, and the authority with whom all European States directly treat in their

commercial relations with Tunis. His power is despotic, the Divan merely confirming what he decides to propose. The religion of the people is Mohammedanism, though the Tunisians are very tolerant in matters of faith.

This region, which in antiquity was the center of the Carthaginian dominions, remained in the possession of the Romans from the destruction of Carthage to the beginning of the fifth century, when the Vandals settled in Africa. In A. D. 690, it became subject to the Caliphs. It was conquered by Barbarossa in 1534, and by the Emperor Charles V. in 1537. It was recaptured in 1570 by the Turks, and it has only recovered its independence by the gradual decline of that empire.

We arrived at the city of Tunis at four o'clock P. M. of December 7, and reposed, after our fatiguing journey, under the hot beams of an African sun.

Tunis is the capital of the kingdom of the same name, and one of the chief cities in Northern Africa. It is located on the western side of the Gulf of Tunis, about three miles south-west of the ruins of the ancient city of Carthage. The city is inclosed by a high wall, and on all the eminences without the walls forts are erected. The citadel, the Bey's summer palace, the bazäars, mosques, and the Italian theater, are the chief objects of interest. Cotton and woolen fabrics,

red caps, embroidery, and gold lace are manufactured.

On the 8th we visited the ruins of Carthage, which belong to the Roman colony, no remains of the Punic city, except the cisterns and aqueduct, being at present in existence. Carthage was built along the coast of the peninsula northeast of Tunis, from the *goletta*, or entrance to the lagoon of Tunis, to Cape Carthage, and then around to Cape Quamart. It was defended on the land side, where it was most penetrable, by a triple line of walls of great hight and thickness, flanked by towers that stretched across the peninsula from the lagoon of Tunis to the sea on the north. The harbor was entered from the lagoon of Tunis.

At the time of its greatest prosperity, Carthage was one of the richest and finest cities of the ancient world. It consisted of three divisions. 1. The *Byrsa*, or citadel, built on an eminence, on the summit of which was the magnificent temple of Esculapius; it also contained the famous temple of Astarte. 2. The *Megara*, or town, properly speaking, which lay to the the west of the Byrsa, along the triple wall. 3. The *Cothon*, or port, which consisted of two great basins, one for merchantmen, the other for ships of war. Carthage also possessed, among its public buildings, a famous temple in honor of its tutelar deity, *Melcarth*, or Saturn; a magnificent forum, a

circus, and a theater. The population of Carthage, in the acme of its prosperity, was seven hundred thousand.

Carthage is supposed to have been founded by a colony of emigrants from Tyre, about 1260 B. C. In the zenith of its power, Carthage possessed the greater portion of North Africa, Spain, Sardinia, Malta, etc. The commercial operations of the Carthaginians embraced the whole ancient world. Carthage was long the rival of Rome, with which she waged a protracted, doubtful, and desperate contest for the empire of the world. She was at length forced to succumb to the superior valor and strategy of her antagonist, and was destroyed by the Romans, B. C. 146. About thirty years after, Caius Gracchus, by order of the senate, transported a colony thither. Julius Cæsar settled some of his troops in Carthage, and a number of colonists assembled from the adjacent country. During the early ages of the Christian era, Carthage was the metropolis of Africa. In A. D. 439 it was taken by the Vandals under Genseric; it was retaken by Belisarius in A. D. 533; and, lastly, it was taken and destroyed by the Saracens in A. D. 698.

On the 9th of December, we resumed our journey. We arrived at the city of Susa on the evening of the 10th. This is a sea-port of Tunis. It has manufactories of woolen and linen goods, and shoes.

On the 11th, we started upon our route to the city of Cabes, where we arrived upon the evening of the 14th, after a pleasant march along the shores of the Mediterranean. Cabes is a fortified sea-port and city of Tunis, at the foot of the gulf of Cabes.

On the 15th, we lelt Cabes, escorted by a detachment of Arab soldiers belonging to the Pasha of Tripoli. We encamped at night in the deep valleys by which the country is intersected. We kindled large fires to frighten away the wild beasts which howled around our camp after nightfall. We were now in the Pashalic of Tripoli.

Tripoli is the most eastern of the Barbary States. The sea-board of Tripoli is one thousand miles in length. For fifteen or eighteen miles inland the country is a perfect garden of fertility, but the region beyond is mostly a desert of sand. The products are cotton, silk, corn, tobacco, dates, figs, grapes, saffron, madder, castor-oil, senna, galls, etc. Among the domestic animals are horses, cattle, sheep, goats, camels, and dogs. Among the carnivora, are wolves, foxes, hyenas, and jackals. The gazelle, hare, ostrich, and antelope, are also found. Salt is the only mineral of importance. The manufactures are woolen and cotton fabrics, such as carpets, camlets, burnoses, and sacking, leather nets, earthenware, and potash. The principal trade is by caravans with Central Africa, or by sea with Malta, Tunis, and the Levant.

Tripoli is nominally subject to the Ottoman Porte, and is governed by a Pasha. Mohammedanism is the religion of the inhabitants. The Knights of St. John at Jerusalem, to whom Tripoli had been ceded by the Emperor Charles V., were expelled by Sultan Solyman, in 1551. The corsair Dragut, who was the first governor, instituted a system of piracy, which was continued for centuries. The capital was bombarded by a French fleet in 1683, and in 1804, by an American squadron under Commodore Preble. In 1806, a British force visited Tripoli and compelled the Bey to renounce piracy.

On the 21st of December, after a monotonous march of seven days, we reached the city of Tripoli.

This city was anciently called Oea. Oea, Leptis Magna, and Sabrata, formed the African Tripolis. It is supposed to have been founded about the middle of the first century after Christ. It flourished until the fourth century, when it was greatly injured by an incursion of the Libyans. At the time of the Saracen invasion, a new town sprung up on the ruins of Oea, which assumed the Roman name of the district, whence the modern name of Tripoli. We saw, among the ruins of Oea, a very perfect marble triumphal arch, dedicated to M. Aurelius Antoninus and L. Aurelius Verus. Lord Arnold found some antique Roman urns, which he sent to England. Tripoli

is built on a low, rocky peninsula extending into the Mediterranean. The harbor is naturally and artificially protected. The modern town has little to distinguish it from Mohammedan cities in general.

On the 23d of December, we left Tripoli, and after a two days' march reached the remains of the ancient city Leptis Magna. These ruins are very extensive, and indicate the existence, at some time, of a flourishing city. Leptis was one of the most ancient Phœnician colonies on this coast, having been founded by the Sidonians, and its site is one of the most favorable that can be imagined for a city of the first class. It is built on one of those parts of the coast where the table-land of the Great Desert falls off to the sea by a succession of mountain-ridges. These mountain-ridges inclose valleys, which are thus sheltered from the encroachments of the sand which covers the shore where no such protection exists, while they lie open to the breezes of the Mediterranean. The country has excited the admiration of both ancient and modern writers on account of its great beauty and fertility.

In its site, sea-walls, quays, harbor, and defenses on the land-side, Leptis bears a striking general resemblance to Carthage. It was built on an elevated point of land, jutting out from the west bank of a little river, the mouth of which formed its port having been artificially enlarged for that

purpose. The bank of the river, and the seaward face of the promontory, are lined with walls of massive masonry, which serve as sea-walls and quays, and contain some curious vaulted chambers, supposed to have been docks for ships which were kept as a last resource in case the citadel should be taken by an enemy. These structures are of a harder stone than the other buildings of the city; the latter, being of a light sandstone, give the place an appearance of glittering whiteness to the voyager approaching it from the sea.

On the land side the isthmus was defended by three lines of massive stone walls, the position of each being admirably adapted to the nature of the ground; and in a depression of the ground, between the outmost and the middle line, there was a canal connecting the harbor in the mouth of the river with the roadstead west of the city. Opposite this point of land, on the east side of the river, is a much lower, less projecting, and more rounded promontory.

We found here, besides the quays and vaults in them which served for warehouses, a remarkable building which seems to have been a fort. It was built of brick. This is the only example of the use of brick in the ruins of Leptis, with the exception of the walls which surmount the sea defenses. From this eastern, as well as from the western point of land, an artificial mole was built out, to give additional shelter to the port on

either side; but, as they did not permit a free egress to the sand which is washed upon that coast in vast quantities with every tide, these moles have been the chief cause of the destruction, first of the port, and afterward of the city. The old city became gradually the citadel of a much more extensive new city (Neapolis), which grew up beyond its limits, on the west bank of the river, where its magnificent buildings now lie hidden beneath the sand.

Leptis, like the neighboring Tripoli, which, with a vastly inferior site, has succeeded to its position, was the great emporium for the trade with the Garamantes and Phazania. The remains of the new city belong to the period of the Roman Empire, and especially to the reign of Septimius Severus, who restored and beautified this his native city. It had before acquired considerable importance under the Romans, whose cause it espoused in the war with Jugurtha. It was still a flourishing and populous fortified city in the fourth century, when it was greatly injured by the assults of the Libyans. Its ruin was completed during the Arab conquest. Its splendid site is now occupied by the insignificant village of Legatah, and the hamlet of El-Hush which comprises only four houses.

On the morning of the 26th of December we quitted the ruins of Leptis, and journeyed along the shores of the ancient Syrtis Major (Gulf of

Sidra). Our road lay between the sea and a chain of lofty mountains. We traveled for fifteen days, without accident, and without finding any modern city or town of importance. We passed a number of Arab villages, and Lord Arnold gained the friendship of the chiefs by giving them presents.

On the 9th of January, 1850, we reached the ruins of the city of Hesperides or Berenice. This, the westernmost city of the Cyrenaic Pentapolis, stood just outside the eastern extremity of the Great Syrtis, on a promontory, and near the river Lathon. Its historical importance dates from the reign of Ptolemy Euergetes, who named it Berenice, after the name of his wife. It had a large population of Jews. Having been greatly reduced by that decline of commercial importance and those ravages of the barbarians which were so severely felt by all the cities of the Pentapolis, it was fortified anew by Justinian, who also adorned it with baths.

At three P. M. of the 10th of January, we arrived at the ruins of the city of Taucheira, which was built by a colony founded by Cyrene. Under the Ptolemies, it obtained the name of Arsinoë. At a latter period it became a Roman colony, and was fortified by Justinian. Taucheira was anciently famous for the worship of the goddess Cybélé, in honor of whom an annual festival was celebrated. The Arabs call it Tochira.

Twenty-five miles distant from Taucheira are situated the ruins of the ancient Barca, called by the Arabs El-Medinah. Barca was founded by seceders from Cyrene, under Perseus, Zacynthus, Aristomedon and Lycus, who were driven by the unkind treatment of their brother Arcesilaus II., king of Cyrene, to renounce their allegiance to him, and to establish this new city, B. C. 554. At the same time, they induced the Libyans of the interior to join in their revolt, and from this cause the city had from the first a Greco-Libyan character, which it always retained. Arcesilaus attempted to chastise his revolted subjects. They fled for refuge to the kindred tribes in the deserts on the east, and, as Arcesilaus pursued them, they turned upon him and utterly defeated him, killing seven thousand of his soldiers; soon after he was strangled by his own brother Learchus.

The intestine troubles of Cyrene now gave the Barcaeans an opportunity of extending their power over the whole of the western part of Cyrenaica. The terror inspired by the Persian conquest of Egypt induced the princes of Barca and those of Cyrene to send presents to Cambyses, and to promise an annual tribute. In the conflicts of faction at Cyrene, Arcesilaus III. fled to his father-in-law, Alazir, king of Barca; but certain exiles from Cyrene, uniting with a party of the Barcaeans, attacked both kings in the market-

place, and killed them. Upon this, Pheretima, the mother of Arcesilaus, applied for aid to Aryandes, satrap of Egypt. Aryandes dispatched a powerful army and fleet against Barca. After a fruitless siege of nine months, during which the Barcaeans displayed skill equal to their courage, they were out-witted by a perfidious stratagem; the Persians obtained possession of the city, and gave over the inhabitants to the brutal revenge of Pheretima. Those of the citizens who were supposed to have had most to do in causing her son's death she impaled all around the circuit of the walls, on which she fixed as bosses the breasts of their wives.

We hear little more of Barca, till its political extinction was completed, under the Ptolemies, by the removal of its inhabitants to the new city of Ptolemais, erected on the site of the former port of Barca. Barca long survived its more powerful rival, Cyrene. Under the later empire, it was an episcopal see, and, under the Arabs, it rose to renewed importance, on account of its position on the route from Egypt to the western provinces of North Africa. Its name has survived to the present day in that of the district of which it was the capital, the Province of Barca, in the regency of Tripoli. The ruins of Barca are very inconsiderable, which is accounted for by the fact that the city was built of brick. Eastward of the valley in which the city stands,

the route to Cyrene lies across the desert, and through a narrow defile, the difficulty of which may have been one cause of the ease with which the power of Barca was established.

At noon, on the 12th of January, we arrived at the ruins of Cyrene, called by the Arabs, Ghrennah.

Cyrene was the most important Greek colony of Africa. It was founded B. C. 631, by Battus and a body of Dorian colonists from the island of Thera. The colonists, sailing to the then shores of Libya, took possession, first, of the island of Platea, which they mistook for the mainland. Two years afterward they removed to the opposite shore, and resided in the wooded district of Aziris for six years, at the end of which time some of the native Libyans persuaded them to leave it for a better locality, and conducted them to the actual site of Cyrene, a spot scarcely inferior in beauty and fertility to any on the surface of the globe. In the very middle of the projecting bosom of the African coast, on the edge of the upper of two terraces by which the table-land sinks down to the Mediterranean, in a spot backed by the mountains on the south, and in full view of the sea toward the north, and thus sheltered from the fiery blasts of the desert, while open to the cool sea-breezes, at the distance of ten miles from the shore, and at the hight of eighteen hundred feet, an inexhaustible spring bursts forth in

the midst of luxuriant vegetation, and pours its waters down to the Mediterranean through a most beautiful ravine. Over this spring, which they consecrated to Apollo, the tutelar deity of their race, the colonists built their new city.

The city of Cyrene was in the territory of the Libyans; and with them the Greek settlers seem from the first to have been on terms of friendship very similar to those which existed between the Carthaginians and their Libyan neighbors. The Greeks had the immense advantage of commanding the abundant springs and fertile meadows to which the Libyans were compelled to resort when the supplies of the less favored regions further inland began to fail. A close connection soon grew up between the settlers and the natives; and the latter not only imitated the customs of the Greeks, but the two races coalesced to a much greater extent than was usual in such cases. The population of Cyrene had a very large admixture of Libyan blood on account of the marriage of the early settlers with Libyan wives. An invitation was extended to all Greeks, without distinction of race, to come and settle at Cyrene with the promise of an allotment of lands. The lands promised to the new settlers had to be taken from the natives, whose general position also was naturally altered for the worse by the growing power of the city. The Libyans revolted, and transferred their allegiance to Apri-

es, king of Egypt, who sent an army to their aid. But the Egyptians were almost entirely cut to pieces by the Cyrenians.

In the year 450 B. C., the monarchy was overthrown, and a republican form of government established. Cyrene subsequently became a Roman colony. It possessed an extensive commerce with Greece and Egypt. It holds a distinguished place in the records of Grecian literature. It was celebrated for its physicians; it gave its name to a philosophic sect founded by one of its sons, Aristippus; another, Carneades, was the founder of the third or new academy at Athens; and it was also the birthplace of the poet Callimachus, who boasted a descent from the royal house of Battus. The ruins of Cyrene, though terribly defaced, are very extensive. We saw remains of streets, aqueducts, temples, theaters, and tombs, with inscriptions, fragments of sculpture, and traces of paintings. In tne face of the terrace on which the city stands, is a vast subterranean necropolis; and the road connecting Cyrene with its port, Apollonia, still exists.

On the morning of the 13th of January, we resumed our march. We could not advance rapidly, the road being narrow and leading across precipitous mountains. We frequently proceeded in single file along a narrow, rocky path, at the foot of which, many hundred feet below us, sparkled the waters of the Mediterranean. In

some places these mountains were barren, in others, a luxuriant vegetation flourished. We crossed several torrents and valleys. On the mountains the temperature was cool; in the valleys the heat was excessive.

On the evening of the 30th of January, we arrived at the city of Alexandria.

There were many Europeans in Alexandria. On the 31st, we explored the antiquities of this remarkable city. A brief description of ancient and modern Alexandria will be interesting to many of my readers.

CHAPTER XVII.

ALEXANDRIA TO JAFFA.

ALEXANDRIA, the Greek capital of Egypt. was founded by Alexander the Great, B. C. 332. His architect, Deinocrates, was instructed to survey the harbor, and to draw a plan of a military and commercial metropolis of the first rank. The ground-plan was traced by Alexander himself. The work of building was begun immediately, but the city was not completed until the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus. It was embellished and extended by every monarch of the Lagid dynasty. Ancient writers compare the general form of Alex-

andria to the cloak worn by the Macedonian cavalry. It was of an oblong figure, rounded at the south-eastern and south-western extremities. Its circumference was about fifteen miles. The interior was laid out in parallelograms; the streets crossed one another at right angles, and were all wide enough for both carriages and pedestrians. Two grand thoroughfares nearly bisected the city. They ran in straight lines to its four principal gates, and each was two hundred feet wide. The longer, five miles in length, ran from the Canobic gate to that of the necropolis. The shorter, one mile long, extended from the Gate of the Sun to the Gate of the Moon.

On the north, Alexandria was bounded by the sea; on the south, by Lake Mareotis; on the west were the necropolis and its numerous gardens; on the east were the Eleusinian road and the Hippodrome. The tongue of land upon which Alexandria stood, was singularly adapted to a commercial city. The island of Pharos broke the force of the north wind and of the occasional high floods of the Mediterranean. The headland Lochias sheltered its harbors to the east; the Lake Mareotis was both a wet-dock and the general haven of the inland navigation of Egypt. An aqueduct conveyed the waters of the Nile into the southern section of the city, and tanks, many of which are still in use, distributed fresh water to both public and private edifices.

The soil, partly sandy and partly calcareous, rendered drainage nearly superfluous. The fogs which periodically linger on the shores of Cyrene and Egypt were dispersed by the north winds, which, in the summer season ventilate the delta; while the salubrious atmosphere for which Alexandria was celebrated was directly favored by Lake Mareotis, whose bed was annually replenished from the Nile, and the miasma incident to lagoons was dissipated by the regular influx of its purifying floods.

Nor were its military less striking than its commercial advantages. Its harbors were sufficiently capacious to admit large fleets, and sufficiently contracted at their entrance to be defended by booms and chains. Several small islands around Pharos and the harbors were occupied with forts, and the approach from the north was further secured by the difficulty of navigating among the limestone reefs and mud banks which front the debouchure of the Nile. The harbor-line commenced from the east with the peninsula Lochias, which terminated seaward in a fort called Acrolochias, the modern Pharillon. The Lochias formed with the islet Antirhodos, the Royal Port, which was kept exclusively for the king's gallies. West of the Royal Port was the temple of Neptune, where embarking and returning mariners registered and performed their vows. Between Lochias and the Great Mole was the

Greater Harbor, and on the western side of the mole was the Haven of Happy Return, connected by the basin with the canal that led to Lake Mareotis and the Nile. The Haven of Happy Return is now called the Old Port.

From the temple of Neptune to the mole the shore was lined with dockyards and warehouses, upon whose broad granite quays ships discharged their lading without the intervention of boats. On the shores of the Haven of Happy Return were public granaries. Fronting the city, and sheltering both its harbors, lay the long, narrow island of Pharos. It was a white calcareous rock about a mile from Alexandria, and three miles long. At its eastern point stood the famous lighthouse, the work of Sostratus of Cnidus. It consisted of several stories, and was four hundred feet in hight. The old lighthouse of Alexandria still occupies the site of its ancient predecessor. A deep bay on the northern side of the island was called "Pirates' Haven," from its having been an early refuge of corsairs. Pharos was connected with the mainland by an artificial mound or causeway. The temple of Vulcan stood at one extremity of the mole, and the Gate of the Moon at the other. The modern city is principally erected upon this mole, and upon the earth which has accumulated about its piers.

Alexandria was divided into three regions; namely the Jewish Quarter, the Greek Quarter,

and the Egyptian Quarter. This division corresponded to the three original constituents of the Alexandrian population. The Jewish Quarter occupied the north-east angle of the city. It had walls and gates of its own, which were at times highly necessary for the security of its inhabitants; since between the Alexandrian Greeks and Jews frequent hostilities raged, inflamed both by political jealousy and religious animosity. Augustus Cæsar granted to the Alexandrian Jews equal privileges with their Greek fellow-citizens.

The Greek Quarter was bounded on the south and east by the city walls, on the north by the Greater Harbor, and west by the Egyptian Quarter. It was bisected by High Street, and was supplied with water from the Nile by an aqueduct, which entered the city on the south. This was the quarter of the Alexandrians proper, or Greek citizens. It contained the royal residence and the most conspicuous of the public buildings. On the Lochias was the palace of the the Ptolemies, containing the far-famed library and museum, with its theater for lectures and public assemblies. The library contained seven hundred thousand volumes, but part of this collection was lodged in the temple of Serapis. Here were deposited the two hundred thousand volumes collected by the kings of Pergamus, and presented by Marcus Antoninus to Cleopatra.

The library of the museum was destroyed during the blockade of Julius Cæsar in this quarter; that of the temple of Serapis was frequently injured by the civil broils of Alexandria, and especially in that in which the temple was wantonly destroyed, A. D. 390, by the Christian patriarch Theophilus, whose name is detestable to all lovers of literature, as in this destruction the most valuable portion of the library perished. The collection was begun by Ptolemy Soter, and augmented by his successors and by the Cæsars.

The museum contained a great hall or banqueting room where the professors dined in common, an exterior peristyle for exercise and ambulatory lectures, a theater where public disputations and scholastic festivals were held, and chambers for the professors. It also possessed a botanical garden and a menagerie. It enrolled among its professors or pupils the illustrious names of Euclid, Callimachus, Aratus, Aristophanes and Aristarchus the critics and grammarians, Hero, Theon, and his celebrated daughter, Hypatia, with many others.

The following episode of Alexandrian history will be appreciated by those of my readers who may desire to learn some instances of the humanity, clemency, and toleration of primitive Christianity. Hypatia, the daughter of Theon the mathematician, was initiated into her father's studies; her erudite comments elucidated the

geometry of Apollonius and Diophantus, and she publicly taught, both at Athens and Alexandria, the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle.

In the bloom of beauty and the maturity of wisdom, the modest maid refused her lovers and instructed her disciples. Those most illustrious for rank or merit were impatient to visit the female philosopher; and the Christian patriarch Cyril, a brilliant luminary in the church, beheld with a jealous eye the gorgeous train of horses and slaves that crowded the entrance to her academy. On a fatal day in the holy season of lent, A. D. 415, Hypatia was torn from her chariot, stripped naked, dragged to the church, and inhumanly butchered by the hands of the preacher Peter and a troop of savage and merciless fanatics; her flesh was scraped from her bones with sharp oyster shells, and her quivering limbs were delivered to the flames. The just progress of inquiry and punishment was stopped by seasonable gifts, but the murder of Hypatia has imprinted an indelible stain on the character and religion of the *saintly* Cyril.

Amid the turbulent factions and frequent calamities of Alexandria, the museum retained its reputation, until the Saracen invasion, A. D. 640. In the Greek Quarter stood also the temple of the Cæsars, where divine honors were paid to the emperors. Its site is still marked by the two granite obelisks called "Cleopatra's Needles,"

near which is a tower called the "Tower of the Romans." Proceeding westward, we come to the Mausoleum of the Ptolemies, which contained the body of Alexander the Great. The remains of the Macedonian hero were originally inclosed in a coffin of gold. In this quarter also were the High Court of Justice, a stadium, a gymnasium, a palæstra, and an amphitheater. In the center of the quarter was a spacious square; this was the Alexandrian Exchange.

Alexandria inherited the commerce of Tyre and Carthage, and collected in this area the traffic and speculation of three continents. The Romans admitted that Alexandria was the second city of the world; but the quays of the Tiber presented no such busy spectacle as the emporium of Alexandria.

The principal buildings of the Egyptian Quarter were granaries along the harbor, a stadium, and the temple of Serapis. The Coptic population of this quarter were not properly Alexandrian citizens, but possessed a franchise inferior to that of the Greeks.

Of the remarkable beauty of Alexandria, we have the testimony of many writers who saw it in its prime. Its dry atmosphere preserved, for centuries after their erection, the sharp outline and gay colors of its buildings. It suffered much from the intestine feuds of the Jews and Greeks; but the zeal of its Christian population was

more destructive; and the Saracens only completed their previous work of demolition.

The population of Alexandria was, in the first century before Christ, about six hundred thousand. Besides Jews, Greeks, and Egyptians, the population consisted of Italians, Syrians, Libyans, Cilicians, Ethiopians, Arabians, Bactrians, Persians, Scythians, and Indians. The Alexandrians were very industrious. Besides their export trade, the city was full of manufactories of paper, linen goods, glass, and muslin. For their rulers they invented nicknames. The better Ptolemies and Cæsars smiled at these affronts, while Physcon and Caracalla repaid them by a general massacre.

The "Old Town" is surrounded by a double wall, with lofty towers and five gates. The space inclosed is about ten thousand feet in length, and in breadth varies from sixteen hundred to thirty-two hundred feet. It contains shapeless masses of ruins, consisting of shattered columns and capitals, cisterns choked with rubbish, and fragments of pottery and glass. Some of the mounds are covered by the villas and gardens of the wealthier inhabitants of Alexandria. Excavations in the old town occasionally bring to light parts of statues, large columns, and fragments of masonry; but the ground plan of Alexandria is irretrievably lost, as the ruins have been converted into building materials, without

note being taken at the time of the site or character of the remnant removed. Vestiges of baths and other buildings may be traced along the inner and outer bay; and numerous tanks are still in use, which formed part of the cisterns that supplied the city with Nile-water. These cisterns were often of considerable size; they were built under the houses, and, being arched and coated with a thick, red plaster, have in many cases remained perfect to this day. The descent into these reservoirs was either by steps in the side or by an opening in the roof, through which the water was drawn up by ropes and buckets.

The most striking remains of ancient Alexandria are the obelisks and Pompey's pillar. The former are known by the name of "Cleopatra's Needles." Cleopatra's fame has preserved her memory among the illiterate Arabs, who regard her as a kind of enchantress, and ascribe to her many of the great works of her capital. The two columns, which bear this appellation, are red granite obelisks which were brought by one of the Cæsars from Heliopolis, and set up in front of the Cæsareum. They are about fifty-seven paces apart; one is still vertical, the other has been thrown down. They stood each on two steps of white limestone. The vertical obelisk is seventy-three feet high, and eight feet in diameter at the base. Pompey's pillar is ninety-

nine feet in hight. The shaft, capital, and pedestal, are apparently of different ages. If Arabian traditions may be trusted, this now solitary pillar once stood in a portico with four hundred others, and formed part of the peristyle of the temple of Serapis.

Next in interest are the catacombs, beyond the western gate. The approach to this cemetery was through vineyards and gardens. The extent of the catacombs is remarkable. They are cut partly in a sandy ridge, and partly in the calcareous rock that faces the sea. Their style of decoration is purely Greek, and in one ot the chambers are a Doric entablature and mouldings, which evince no decline in art at the period of their erection. Several tombs at the water's edge, and and some even below its level, are called "Cleopatra's Baths."

The modern city is built on the ancient island of Pharos, and on the isthmus that now connects it with the main-land. A castle called Pharillon, and serving as a landmark to sailors, replaces the famous Pharos of antiquity, which was considered one of the seven wonders of the world. Alexandria exports corn, cotton, wool, gum, soda, rice, dates, senna, feathers, and hides. It imports cotton, woolen, and silk goods, hardware, timber, coal, and drugs. It is an important station in the overland route to India, and is connected by railway with Suez. Consuls of the chief European countries reside here.

After falling before the armies of the Romans, Alexandria continued to be the channel by which the commodities of India, Arabia, and Eastern Africa were transported to Europe, but when conquered by the caliphs, and subjected to the Saracen yoke, it declined, till the discovery of a passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope, in 1497, gave the last blow to its trade. But Mehemet Ali, being anxious to acquire a navy, perceived the importance of Alexandria, both as a station for his fleet and a center of commerce. He greatly improved the city, and restored the ancient communication with the Nile by means of the Mahmoudieh Canal, opened in 1817.

On the morning of the 2d of February we embarked upon the canal, and commenced our monotonous and wearisome voyage toward Cairo. The banks of the canal presented a refreshing spectacle. On the right and left were fertile gardens, covered with fruit trees. Here dates, figs, oranges, lemons, almonds, vines, and many other varieties of fruit flourished. On the afternoon of the 7th we came in sight of the pyramids. We disembarked and proceeded toward these remarkable monuments. We arrived at the great pyramid, or pyramid of Cheops, the following morning, and ascended to its summit. The pyramids are symmetrical mounds placed over the sepulchers of the monarchs of the earliest Egyptian dynasties. They are situated in

the vast plain, or cemetery, which extends along the Nile past Memphis to thirty degrees north latitude. They are supposed to be sixty-nine in number. One hundred thousand men labored, for twenty years, without interruption, in building the pyramid of Cheops. It occupies a space of more than thirteen acres. Its hight is four hundred and eighty feet. This huge fabric consists of successive tiers of vast stones, rising one above another in the form of steps. The breadth of the steps is about one foot nine inches. The number of steps is two hundred and three. The bodies of the monarchs who constructed the pyramids, are contained in sarcophagi, inclosed in chambers in the interior of the edifices.

From the pyramids we proceeded to the ruins of Memphis, about ten miles south-east. We spent the night in the Arabic village of Mitranieh. On the morning of the 9th, we crossed the Nile and entered the city of Cairo.

Cairo is the modern capital of Egypt, and the second city of the Mohammedan world. It is the chief residence of the viceroy and the seat of his government. It lies on the east or right bank of the Nile, about twelve miles above the apex of the delta, one hundred and twelve miles south-east of Alexandria, and seventy-five west of Suez. Viewed from a distance, Cairo has a magnificent appearance, but, like most oriental cities, the charm departs upon a closer inspection. A great

part of it is squalid and unhealthy. The city is surrounded by a strong wall, and has a citadel built by Saladin in 1176 A. D. It is entered by four gates of considerable size and magnificence. The streets, though crooked, badly paved, and narrow, are rendered cool by the projection of the upper stories of the houses over them. The principal square is surrounded by many fine palaces and public buildings, and its center is laid out as a garden. Within the citadel are the palace and harem of the Pasha, the mint, divan, State mosque, and arsenal. Cairo is the seat of the best schools for Arabic literature and Mohammedan theology. It is the seat of the patriarch of the Coptic church. Cairo has manufactures of arms, accouterments, gunpowder, clothing, paper, etc.

On the 12th of February we left Cairo, and directed our course toward Suez, at the head of the Gulf of Suez, the western arm of the Red Sea. We reached Suez on the evening of the 14th, and pitched our tents on the shore of the Red Sea.

On the 15th we resumed our journey across the desert. I cannot give an adequate idea of the sufferings we experienced during that terrible journey. We advanced slowly and painfully over the burning sand. Occasionally we came to an oasis. These oases are the haunts of wild beasts, poisonous serpents, and inhospitable Bed-

ouins. The greater part of the inhabitants of the desert are robbers, who plunder and murder the unprotected traveler without compunction. We were well armed, and had a vigilant escort of cavalry, which the viceroy of Egypt had placed at the service of Lord Arnold. We encamped upon the hot sand of the desert.

On the 6th day of our march the southern horizon was covered with clouds of a fiery color, and the air assumed a roseate hue. The atmosphere was insupportably hot. Our guide appeared pensive, and regarded the horizon apprehensively. Lord Arnold said to me, "What is the matter with our guide? He seems to be in perplexity or anxiety. Ask him the cause of his perturbation."

The guide spoke Italian very fluently. I asked him why he was so thoughtful and troubled.

He answered, "I anticipate a dreadful day. Look at the horizon! Whenever the sky has that appearance, it forbodes a terrible hurricane which is fatal to caravans traversing these regions. The hyenas, lions, and other ferocious beasts are fleeing before the tempest. Even the camels and horses are restless; they refuse to advance, and seem to be seeking a shelter from the storm. Animals interpret nature's phenomena better than men!"

He then galloped toward the head of the car-

avan, and returned, urging the camel drivers to advance more rapidly.

I told Lord A. what the guide had said to me. He begged me not to inform his wife of the danger that threatened us. The guide placed the caravan on the north side of an oasis, imitating the conduct of the natives on such occasions. We entered our tents, and lay down upon the ground with our faces turned toward the earth. At our heads was a vessel of water. The camels thrust their heads into the sand and turned their backs toward the quarter from which the wind blew. The heat was intense. The wind blew furiously. Fortunately its fury was not so great in the spot where we were as further east. In two hours everything was calm, and we resumed our march.

On the 22d we arrived at Refah. This is the ancient Raphia, and was the first city in Syria. Two ancient granite columns mark the site of a temple of considerable magnitude.

On the 23d we started toward Gaza. Our route lay along the Mediterranean. I desired our guide, who told me he had frequently crossed the Egyptian and Syrian deserts, to tell me some of his adventures. He related the following:—

"I was crossing this desert in the year 1842, when a terrible tempest of wind and rain, accompanied with lightning and thunder, surprised our caravan. We could not take refuge behind an oasis, as there was none near us. What could

we do? The wind seemed to drive the whole desert before it. Clouds of sand obscured the vision. The heat was insupportable. The camels stretched themselves upon the ground. Wild beasts fled before the storm, and rushed through the caravan without perceiving us. At length the tempest burst upon us in all its violence. It did not abate for four hours. I neither saw nor heard anything during this time. With great difficulty I extricated myself from the load of sand which oppressed me. My companions, less fortunate than myself, had been overwhelmed and entombed by the suffocating sand. I never saw any of them again. My face was cut and burned by the sand. I directed my course toward Cairo. Fortunately I was overtaken by a caravan, which ministered to my necessities, and brought me safely to that city."

About four o'clock on the afternoon of the 23d of February, we arrived at Gaza, the ancient capital of the Philistines. The modern town is situated on a low, round hill not more than fifty or sixty feet above the plain. This hill may be regarded as the nucleus of the city, although only its southern half is now covered with houses. The greater part of the modern city has sprung up on the plain below—a sort of suburbs, stretching far out on the eastern and northern sides. The ancient city lay on the hill. The present town has no gates, yet the places of the former ones remain,

and are pointed out around the hill. The modern town contains about ten thousand inhabitants. It is three miles from the coast, which is here an open beach, with difficult landing, except in very calm weather. It is surrounded by gardens which produce fruit in abundance.

On the following morning we resumed our march. At noon we reached the city of Askelon. The ruins are very extensive. In the fourth century Askelon was a bishop's see, and it remained so till the middle of the seventh century, when it fell into the hands of the Saracens. It became one of their famous strongholds, and they called it the Bride of Syria. The coast is sandy and difficult of access. The situation is very strong. Thick walls, flanked with towers, were built on the top of a ridge of rock that encircles the town and terminates at each end in the sea. The ground within sinks in the manner of an amphitheater. Askelon is frequently mentioned in the history of the crusades. In early times Askelon was the seat of the worship of the goddess Derceto. This goddess, representing the passive principle of nature, was worshiped under the form of a fish with a woman's head.

On the morning of the 25th we left the ruins of Askelon, and proceeded toward Jaffa. At night we encamped on the shore of the Mediterranean. The gentle breeze that blew from the sea rendered our encampment delightful after the heat of the

day. On the following morning we took a refreshing bath in the sea, and resumed our march. About noon, some friends of Lord Arnold, who had been informed of his approach, met us in the vicinity of the city, and we entered the gate together.

Jaffa is situated on an eminence on the coast of Palestine. The ancients asserted that it existed before the deluge, and according to legend it was on this shore that Andromeda was rescued by Perseus from the monster whose skeleton was exhibited at Rome by M. Æmilius Scaurus. It was the only port possessed by the Jews, till Herod made the harbor at Cæsarea. Jaffa was annexed by Pompeius to the Roman province of Syria. During the Jewish war, this place, which had become a refuge for pirates, was taken by Cestius, and eight thousand four hundred of the inhabitants were put to the sword. Vespasian afterward utterly demolished the city. In the time of Constantine, Jaffa was the seat of a bishop, as well as when taken by the Arabians under Omar, A. D. 636. At the time of the Crusades, it was alternately in the hands of the Christians and Moslems. After its capture by Saladin, it fell into the hands of Richard. It was at length captured by Sultan Bibars.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FROM JAFFA TO JERUSALEM.

ON the summit of Jaffa, we lodged in a house belonging to a very rich Italian named Tavelli. He was born in Naples, and was brought to Jaffa at the age of three years. He was about sixty-five years of age, of noble deportment and ingenuous countenance. The hospitality with which he received us affected my heart, and is indelibly fixed in my memory.

From his house we could see the vessels which traversed the Mediterranean in different directions. The water of this sea is as blue as the vault of heaven. The atmosphere of Jaffa is fragrant with the delicious perfume of a thousand flowers. The sea-breeze is laden with the odor of blossoms of the orange, citron, palm, fig, and lemon, and of numerous plants, whose fragrance far surpasses that of occidental flowers.

Lord Arnold received many visits from the most eminent people of Jaffa. The governor, a very affable man, placed at our disposal all the articles necessary for our journey to Jerusalem. He sent in advance of us recommendations to the sheiks of the tribes through which we would pass.

On the 1st of March the weather was clear,

though warm. We issued from the southern gate of the city, by which we had entered. We were escorted by a body of sixty Egyptian foot-soldiers and fifty Turkish horsemen, all well armed. We were accompanied also by a number of the prominent citizens of Jaffa.

Lord Arnold placed in the center the camels that carried our baggage and provisions. On the right and left he placed a file of infantry. Fity paces in advance of the camels rode twenty-five horsemen. Fifty paces in the rear of the baggage were Lord Arnold and his family, myself, the dragoman, and the escort of citizens. The remainder of the Turkish cavalry followed at a short distance. We were all mounted on strong Arabian horses. Lord Arnold gave the command, and the caravan immediately started. The Egyptian and Turkish soldiers were well disciplined, courteous, and affable. The gait and look of the Egpytian soldiers show them to be the descendants of a martial people. Our escort marched in good order, and executed all the commands given by Lord Arnold. A few leagues from Jaffa there is a magnificent spring shaded by sycamores and palms. At this spot the escort discharged their pistols as a token of respect.

It is impossible to describe the novelty and magnificence of the vegetation that extends along the road leading from Jaffa. On the right and left there is a dense forest of oriental trees and

shrubs. This forest, divided into compartments by hedges of myrtles, jasmines, and pomegranates, is watered by rivulets gushing from the springs with which the country abounds. In each of these inclosures is a pavilion, or tent, under which the family that owns the ground passes a few weeks in spring or autumn. Three poles and a piece of linen form a rustic residence for these happy families. The women recline upon mats and cushions under the tents; the men stretch themselves upon the sward under the canopy of citron and pomegranate trees. The melons and thirty-two species of the fig supply the humble repast. Occasionally, upon holy days, a lamb raised by the children is sacrificed, as in biblical times.

Jaffa is the place which a lover of nature and solitude should select for a winter residence. The climate is a most pleasant medium between the scorching atmosphere of the desert and the humidity of the Syrian coast in autumn. If I were permitted to select my place of abode, I would dwell at the foot of Mount Lebanon in the spring and fall; I would take refuge from the heat of summer upon its summit, refreshed by the sea-breeze, the perfume of the cedars, and the eternal snow; and the winter I would pass in the gardens of Jaffa. Jaffa has something in its sky and soil indescribably grand, solemn, and imposing. The eye rests upon a boundless sea,

blue as the firmament; upon the vastness of the Syrian desert, whose horizon is occasionally interrupted by the profile of a camel advancing slowly over the sand; and upon the green and gold tops of countless orange trees which surround the city.

The costumes of the residents and travelers who enliven the roads are picturesque and curious. One sees Bedouins from the desert clad in immense white woolen cloaks; Armenians in long robes with blue and white stripes; and Jews from every country in the world, and in all costumes, distinguished from the other inhabitants by their long beards and the nobility and majesty of their countenances. The Jews are a royal people, ill fitted for slavery. In their physiognomy is stamped the recollection and assurance of great destinies, notwithstanding the apparent humility of their deportment, and the actual subversion of their fortune.

There are also Egyptian soldiers in red jackets who are quite like French troops in the vivacity of their eye and the rapidity of their movements. You feel that the genius and energy of their invincible ruler, the austere Mehemet Ali, has reinspired this ancient people, and presses them toward a grand destiny. There are also Turkish agas, riding proudly along the road, mounted on steeds of the desert, and followed by a retinue of Arabs and black slaves. Families of Greek pil-

grims, seated at the side of the road around a wooden bowl, eat boiled rice or barley, which they must economize in order to make it hold out until they arrive at the Holy City. Poor, half-clad Jewish women, bending under the weight of an enormous bag of rags, drive before them asses, whose panniers are filled with infants of every age.

Our march was agreeably diversified by an amicable rivalry between ourselves and the Arabian and Turkish soldiers who composed our escort. Frequent trials of speed occurred between our horses and the steeds belonging to our convoy. Soon we began to perceive the towers and minarets of Ramlah, rising from the midst of a grove of olive trees, whose trunks are as large as those of our oldest oaks.

Ramlah, the Arimathæa of the New Testament, contains about two thousand families. Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, founded a Latin convent there, which still exists. The Armenians and Greeks also have convents there for the succor of pilgrims of those nations, who are traveling to the Holy Land. The ancient churches have been converted into mosques. In one of these mosques is the white marble tomb of the Mameluke Ayud Bey, who fled from Egypt upon the entry of the French, and died at Ramlah. Our new friends of Jaffa conducted us to their residence, situated in the middle of the city. An

excellent repast awaited us. We found at this house chairs, beds, tables, and other articles of European manufacture. Our kind host furnished us with some fresh bread.

On the morning of the 2d of March we bade farewell to our friends of Jaffa and Ramlah. Our escort now consisted only of the Egyptian and Turkish soldiers. Lord Arnold placed two horsemen in front of the caravan to repel the Arabs and Jewish pilgrims from our baggage and horses. Upon the appearance of a party of nomadic Arabs, the caravan was to halt and form in order of battle, while myself, the dragoman, and Lord Arnold advanced to the front to ascertain the character of the band. By the observance of this plan we avoided the danger of being treacherously attacked and murdered by the ferocious and crafty denizens of the desert. To these precautions we frequently owed our lives.

Shortly after sunset we arrived at the end of the plain of Ramlah. A spring of clear, cold water gushed from the rock at this spot. We were at the foot of the mountains of Judea. A little valley opened at our right. We entered this defile. The dominion of the Arab robber chiefs commences here. As darkness was approaching, we decided that it was prudent to pitch our camp in this valley. We encamped about two hundred paces from the spring. We placed a guard upon an eminence which com-

manded the road to Jerusalem. While the cooks were preparing supper, we went to hunt partridges on the hills about our encampment. We succeeded in shooting a few of these birds. From the summit of a hill I enjoyed the spectacle afforded by our camp below. Our horses, mules, and camels were tethered around the tents; the attendants, seated upon the ground, were occupied in cleaning the arms and harness; the light of our fire gleamed through the aperture of the tent; Lord Arnold and his wife were walking about the encampment; their little daughter was joyously gathering flowers upon the green sward of the land of promise. We were on the borders of the tribes of Ephraim and Benjamin. The well near which our tents were pitched is still called "Job's Well."

We broke up our camp before day and resumed our march. Our road lay through a narrow, sterile, and rocky valley, famous for the depredations of the Arabs. This valley is very much exposed to their incursions. They approach surreptitiously through small, sinuous ravines, lie in wait behind the rocks and shrubs, and rush suddenly upon the unfortunate traveler. The chief of these mountain robbers lived at Jeremie. We expected every instant to see his horsemen defile before us. We, however, met nobody, except a company of well-armed and richly attired horsemen, coming from Jerusalem. They saluted us politely, and

made way for us to pass. At about an hour's journey from Jeremie, the valley is more contracted, and trees shade the road with their branches. Here is an old spring, and some remains of a pavilion for the accommodation of travelers.

We ascended a steep and rugged path over the mountain and through the forest. Suddenly we perceived the village and church of Jeremie at our feet, upon the other side of the hill. The church, at present a mosque, seems to have been built at the the time of the kingdom of Jerusalem. The village consists of forty or fifty houses, on the declivities of the hills which surround the valley. A few fig-trees and vineyards evince a sort of culture. We saw some flocks around the houses. Some Arabs, clad in splendid caftans, smoked their pipes upon the terrace of the principal house, a hundred paces from the hill which we were descending. Several horses, saddled and bridled, were tied in the yard of the house. As soon as the Arabs saw us they quitted the terrace, mounted their horses, and advanced slowly toward us. We met upon a broad, uncultivated spot near the village, shaded by several fig-trees. They were the chiefs of the tribes. The principal chief advanced toward us; his retinue remained behind. Lord Arnold also immediately stopped his own. We approached each other. After the usual salutations and interminable

compliments which precede every conversation with the Arabs, the chief descended from his horse, and earnestly entreated Lord Arnold to take a little repose under the shade of the fig-trees. Lord Arnold descended from his horse, and ordered the rest of the caravan to dismount also. The chief commanded his followers to bring some mats, carpets, and cushions. These were spread under the shade of a large fig-tree on the terrace where we were; the chief then requested us to sit upon this rustic divan. We could not refuse his polite solicitations. The chief, with his family, sat opposite to the family of Lord A.; I formed the apex of the triangle. Coffee and sherbet were brought us, and were followed by pipes and tobacco. We had a long general conversation. The chief then introduced his brothers and friends.

"Is my name known in Europe?" the chief asked.

"Yes," replied Lord Arnold. "Some say that you are a valiant and generous prince, that you restrain brigandage among the Arab mountaineers, that you assure the safety of travel, that you protect caravans, and that you are the friend of all the Franks who are worthy of your friendship."

"And what would you say of me?" said the chief to Lord Arnold.

"I should say that which I have seen," replied

Lord Arnold, "that you are as powerful and hospitable as a prince of the Franks, and that you deserve to have the friendship of all the Europeans, who, as I, have experienced your benevolence and the protection of your saber."

The chief seemed to be enchanted. He and his brothers asked a great number of questions about the customs of Europe, about our garments, and about our arms, which they admired greatly. Lord Arnold gave the chief a splendid pair of pistols for the saddle, a silver watch, and a handful of gold spangles. When we parted, the chief ordered one of his nephews and some horsemen to place themselves at the head of our caravan, and not to leave us so long as we remained within that region. Lord Arnold thanked him, and we bade him farewell.

This chief ruled about forty thousand Arabs of the mountains of Judea. His dominion extended from Ramlah to Jerusalem, and from Hebron to Jericho. His nephew conducted us along a rocky path, which traverses a mountain covered with myrtles and turpentine-trees. Lord Arnold resolved to visit first the desert of St. John the Baptist, about two leagues from Jerusalem, and to request hospitality from the convent of Latin monks, which is located there. The chief's nephew took the road which leads thither. After two hours' march over a rugged path and under a scorching sun, we found, on

the other side of the mountain, a little spring and a grove of olive trees. We halted at this spot. The site was superb. We gazed down into the deep, dark Valley of Turpentines, where David, with his sling, killed the Philistine giant. The position of the two armies is clearly described in the familiar story, and the situation of the valley between sloping mountains is exactly depicted. The stream upon whose banks David picked up the stone is now dry. This rivulet formed the boundary between the Jewish and the Philistine camp. I had neither a Bible nor a book of travels in my hand, no one gave me the key to the locality, no one told me the ancient name of the valley and mountains, but my boyish imagination had so vividly and so accurately impressed upon my mind the form of the places, the physical aspect of the scenes of the Old and the New Testament, that I recognized at once the Valley of Turpentines and the field of Saul's battle.

I was very meditative. Lord Arnold addressed me, and I did not hear him. He then said to me in a loud voice, "Mr. Urgos, are you asleep, or are your thoughts in the celestial regions?"

"Neither, my lord, but my mind was in the past. I was pondering biblical times, to assure myself whether this is the place where the youthful David slew Goliath."

"Mr. Urgos, we both have the same thoughts. I was meditating the same subject. I believe this is the spot. The position confirms our opinion; but the brethren at the convent will decide the question for us."

When we arrived at the convent, the fathers informed us that our supposition was correct. We descended the steep declivity into the Valley of Turpentines, crossed the dry bed of the rivulet, and ascended a staircase cut in the rock to the village of St. John the Baptist. Some Arabs of ferocious physiognomy stared at us from their terraces. The women and children crowded around us in the narrow streets of the village to see a Frank prince and two Frank princesses. The ecclesiastics opened the iron gates of their convent, and accorded us hospitality for several days. The superior asked me who were the personages accompanying me. I told him that they were Lord Arnold, his wife, and daughter. It seemed that this reply did not please him.

"Protestants come to lodge in a convent of orthodox Christians!" said he, "My God! it is terrible to shelter infidels and heretics! No, no! I cannot consent. Tell Lord Arnold to seek another asylum. I cannot assume the responsibility of lodging infidels."

I replied in the Spanish language, the only one which he understood, "It is not charitable to refuse us shelter for a few days."

As I was going to report to Lord Arnold the reception he had given me, he called me back, and entreated me not to say anything to my employer and his wife, lest they should be offended.

"Unload your baggage in the court," said he, "and tell Lord Arnold that we will furnish him with an apartment."

Lord Arnold followed the superior along the corridor of the monastery. Each of us was lodged in a little cell, provided with a bed and table, and decorated with several Spanish engravings of saints who are adored by Roman Catholics. Our soldiers, our Arabs, and the camels and horses encamped in an uncultivated inclosure belonging to the convent. Barley and straw were distributed to them in abundance. Some sheep and a calf were killed for us, which had been sent as a present by the sheik of Jeremie.

While our Arab cook and the brethren of the convent prepared our repast in the kitchen, each of us went to take a moment's repose in his cell, cooled by the breeze from the mountains, or to contemplate the strange scenery around the monastery. The convent of St. John in the Desert is a branch of the Latin convent at Jerusalem. Age, infirmity, or a propensity for solitary meditation, induces many ecclesiastics to seclude themselves from the world, and to become ceno-

bites. The convent of St. John is large, beautiful, and surrounded with gardens, vineyards, and presses for the manufacture of the excellent wine of Jerusalem. It contained thirty-five monks when we were there. The most of them were aged Spaniards, who had passed the greater part of their lives in the exercise of the functions of the priesthood, either at Jerusalem, or Bethlehem, or in other cities of Palestine. Some were novices, who had come there quite recently from convents in Spain. The eight days which we spent with them have left the best impression of their austere character and their good faith. The monasteries of the Holy Land are useful to the world on account of the asylum which they furnish to pilgrims from the West.

Toward evening the fathers invited us into the refectory, where the servants had prepared our repast. After supper we ascended with the monks to the terrace of the convent. This is their habitual promenade. The village of St. John the Baptist is situated upon a round eminence, surrounded on all sides by deep, somber valleys, whose bottom is not visible. The rocky mountains which surround these valleys are pierced by deep caverns, hollowed by the hand of nature. In these caverns the hermits of ancient times led the lives of eagles or doves. Here and there, upon the less steep acclivities, are plantations of vines, which twine around the

trunks of fig-trees, and fall back, creeping over the rocks. This is the aspect of these solitudes. A grayness, tinged with greenish yellow, covers the whole country. From the roof of the convent you peer down into bottomless abysses. Some wretched Arab hovels are grouped under the shade of the monastery. These Arabs are the most fierce and perfidious of all men. They recognize the authority of the sheik.

We re-entered the convent when night came, and passed the evening in the corridor, in pleasant conversation with the excellent superior and the good Spanish brethren. They lived without communication with Europe. No news ever crossed those inaccessible mountains. With much interest, they listened to our account of the revolutions which had just taken place in France, in Italy, and in Hungary, and we informed them with much pleasure of these events and their consequences. They cursed Garibaldi, his soldiers, and all the Italian republicans, when we informed them that the pope had been forced to quit Rome, and to take refuge at Gaeta under the protection of the king of Naples. I feared lest Lord Arnold should let some word escape that would reveal the fact that I had been a Garibaldian officer in the service of the Roman republic. But he told me in my ear that I might be tranquil, and that he knew too well the fanaticism and the faith of these good people to

permit a careless expression to reveal my past political career. We assured these good fathers that the pope had returned to Rome, upon which they thanked the holy Virgin Mary for having restored the temporal and spiritual power of the holy see. The superior, who was a well-educated man, requested us to tell him frankly whether a reaction was to be apprehended, and what was our opinion of the political status of France and Italy.

"Good father," replied Lord Arnold, "I believe that before the expiration of fifteen years the temporal power of the pope will have vanished, and Rome will have become the capital of Italy."

"I do not think so," returned the superior. "Man cannot destroy that which God has established."

"Although I am a Christian," rejoined Lord Arnold, "I do not believe that Jesus Christ established the spiritual and temporal power of the popes, and the hierarchy of the church."

"You scandalize me," said the father; "let us speak of other things."

"Very well," replied Lord Arnold.

And I think we did well in stopping our conversation; for, far from help as we were, a single word from these fathers to the ferocious Arabs who inhabit the village of St. John the Baptist, would have sufficed to destroy us. Educated people know to what a degree Roman Cath-

olics carry their fanaticism. As for myself, I had already suffered enough, and was therefore very anxious to terminate this conversation, as were also Lady Arnold and her daughter.

At half past four, on the morning of the 12th of March, we left the desert of St. John the Baptist. We awaited the arrival of day on horseback. At half past five we commenced our march toward Jerusalem. We ascended a mountain covered with enormous gray rocks. Some vines twined around trees in little fields between the rocks. Enormous rock-towers, like those spoken of in the Psalms of David, rose in the midst of these vines. There were a few fig-trees laden with immature fruit. On our right, the desert of St. John, where the voice of the precursor of Christ resounded—*vox clamavit in deserto*—descends, like an immense abyss, between five or six high, dark mountains. On our left, and quite near us, are the ruins of an ancient tower or castle, the stronghold and sepulcher of the Maccabees, the last heroes of sacred history. It stands upon the summit of a very high, rounded rock. The rising and the setting of the sun are beautiful phenomena in the mountain regions of Judea and Galilee.

Further to the left, about a league from us, was Jerusalem, spread over the slope of a hill. It was the most elevated side of the city which presented itself to our view, and which stood out

in relief upon the blue background of the firmament and upon the dark slope of the mountain. We stopped our horses to contemplate the spectacle. Every step that we took in descending into the deep and somber valley which lay beneath our feet, concealed the city from our sight. Behind the lofty walls and domes of Jerusalem a high hill arose, more gloomy than that which supports the city. This was the Mount of Olives. Here stood the same olive trees which were the ancient witnesses of so many days whose record is written upon earth and in Heaven, which were watered with divine tears and bloody sweat, and which have drank so many human tears and so much blood since the night which has rendered them sacred.

Directly under our eyes was the Desert of Stone, which is the avenue to the city of Stone. These enormous rocks extended from the place where we were to the gates of the city. They rise to the hight of ten feet above the traveler's head, who sees only that portion of the sky which is immediately over him. We were in this lugubrious avenue. We had been marching there a quarter of an hour, when the rocks parting suddenly, we were in front of the walls of Jerusalem before suspecting their proximity. Only a vacant space a few hundred paces wide lay between ourselves and the Bethlehem gate.

The gate of Bethlehem, commanded by two

towers surmounted by Gothic battlements, but abandoned and silent like the gates of old, forsaken castles, was open before us. We stopped a few minutes to look at it. We burned with desire to pass it, but we resolved to explore first the exterior of the city, and afterward the city itself. We turned to the left, and proceeded slowly along the high walls, built on the bank of a deep ravine or trench, in which we perceived, from time to time, the foundation stones of the ancient wall of Herod. At every step we encountered Turkish cemeteries, white with funereal monuments crowned with turbans. Some of these cemeteries contained groups of Turkish and Arabian women, who had come to bewail their relatives. Some tents were erected upon the tombs, and seven or eight women, kneeling, and holding fine children to their breasts, uttered, at intervals, well-modulated lamentations, or prayers, whose melancholy cadences accorded well with the desolate scene before our eyes. These women were not vailed; some were young and beautiful. They had beside them baskets filled with gaily-colored artificial flowers, which they planted around the graves and sprinkled with their tears. From time to time they inclined toward the ground recently piled around the grave, and chanted to the deceased some verses of a dirge, and seemed to whisper some words to him; then remaining silent, their ears pressed

against the monument, they appeared to await the response. During our march around the walls, we saw no signs of life or human habitation save these groups of women and children, sitting there to weep all day. No noise, no smoke greeted us. Some doves upon the banks of the pools fluttered about and uttered their plaintive cries.

We arrived at length before the gate of Damascus, which is a charming monument of Arab taste, flanked by two towers. We turned to the right at the angle of the city walls. Upon our left was the deep, dark Valley of Gethsemane, through which once flowed the brook Kidron whose bed is now dry. We followed a narrow path, on which we found two fine pools, at one of which Christ healed the paralytic. This path leads to the gate of St. Stephen, whence one sees the precipitous terrace upon which stood the temple of Solomon, and upon which stands today the mosque of Omar. We descended a steep declivity on the left, and passed a bridge which crosses the Kidron, and leads into Gethsemane and the garden of Olives.

At a short distance from this bridge, we halted to admire a charming edifice, of antique architecture, situated at the bottom of the valley of Gethsemane. It is the pretended tomb of the Virgin, mother of Christ. It belongs to the Armenian brethren. We did not enter the sanctuary of the sepulcher. At a short distance, I per-

ceived a little stone wall, without cement. It incloses a little field containing eight olive trees, thirty or forty feet apart. These olive trees are the largest I ever saw. Tradition says these trees were living at the time of the agony of the Son of God, who chose them to conceal his divine suffering. They have very long, thick roots; the pilgrim may sit or kneel upon these roots to collect the pious thoughts which descend from their silent tops. The hatchet has a hundred times lopped the branches from these venerable trees for the purpose of rejuvenating them.

While Lord Arnold and his party admired the tomb of the Virgin, I separated from the caravan. I kneeled behind a root of the oldest olive tree. Jerusalem was hidden from my eyes by its trunk. I was not observed by any one. My breast heaved with emotion. At length a flood of tears came to my relief. I covered my face with my hands, inclined my brow to the earth, and reflected upon that night, the eve of the redemption of the human race, when the divine Messenger drank to the dregs the cup of agony. I prayed that I might share in the salvation which had been purchased for the world at so high a price. I reflected upon the anguish of the Son of man, when he contemplated at once all the miseries, all the darkness, all the bitterness, all the vanities, all the iniquities, of man; when he took upon himself

this burden of crimes and suffering, under which humanity bends and groans in this narrow vale of tears; when he perceived that no truth, no consolation, could be brought to man, but at the sacrifice of his life; when, recoiling before the shadow of death, which he already felt upon him, he said to his Father, "Let this cup pass from me."

I arose and admired the divine selection and predestination of this spot for the most dolorous episode in the passion of the Son of God. I heard some one call me. Lord Arnold was seeking me. I went to him. He was with his wife and daughter, who were coming to visit the garden of Olives. This devout family had also been weeping, as was manifest by the redness of their eyes.

Lord Arnold said to me, "Mr. Urgos, this place, the field, and the venerable trees were witnesses of the presence and of the last prayer of the Son of God, who gave himself willing for the sins of man. Mr. Urgos, join with us in praying to this divine Saviour to grant us the happiness of eternal life."

He prayed in a subdued voice. His eyes were full of a celestial light. His prayer touched our hearts, and we all wept together.

I was a young man, and did not fully appreciate the interest attaching to these places, where so many events of thrilling interest have transpired during the last three thousand years. Lord Ar-

nold, a man of mature age, much experience, and great erudition, placed the highest value upon every object that met his sight. He let nothing pass without investigating it. He took very accurate notes of the localities which have been the scenes of the events recorded in history.

We mounted our horses, and ascended to the summit of the Mount of Olives. The mountain is crowned by a ruined mosque, which marks the spot where Christ ascended to Heaven after his resurrection. We deviated a little to the right of this mosque, to visit two shattered columns at the foot of some olive trees, upon a plateau commanding a view of Jerusalem, Zion, and the valley of St. Saba, which leads to the Dead Sea. On the far distant horizon the Dead Sea glistened under the sun's rays between lofty mountains. The Mount of Olives, upon whose summit we stood, descends abruptly into the deep chasm which separates it from Jerusalem, and which is called the Valley of Jehoshaphat. From the bottom of this narrow, gloomy valley, whose sides are dotted with black and white stones, monuments of the dead who are there buried, rises a tall, spacious hill, whose sides are steep and destitute of vegetation. In the center of this hill, or natural bulwark, towers a high and strong fortress, built of huge stones, uncut upon their external face. The foundation of the stronghold is not visible from the valley. In some

parts, the walls are fifty, in others, one hundred, and in others, three hundred, feet high. There are three gates, two of which are at present choked with rubbish, and the third affords entrance to a scene of desolation.

In the rear of this ancient fortress is a vast terrace, one thousand feet long and six hundred broad. It is perfectly level. This magnificent plateau, formed by nature, but evidently elaborated by the hand of man, was once the site of the famous temple of Solomon. At present, it supports two mosques; one, that of El Sakara, is in the center of the platform, on the very site of the temple; the other is at the south-eastern extremity of the terrace.

El Sakara, or the mosque of Omar, is a beautiful specimen of Arabic architecture. It is built of enormous blocks of marble. It is of octagonal form. Each façade consists of seven arches. Each octagonal system of arches recedes from the plane of the one on which it is imposed.

The edifice is surmounted by an elegant dome covered with copper, once with gold. The façades are incrusted with blue enamel. A strong wall surrounds the building. Eight avenues of airy moresque columns extend from the eight gates of the inclosure to the opposite arches of the mosque. The platform extends to the north and south of this wall.

Lofty cypress and olive trees, planted around

the mosque, relieve its graceful architecture and the brilliant color of its façades, with their pyramidal outlines and somber verdure. On the other side of the plateau, Jerusalem, like a miniature city exposed to view by an artist, lies extended before us.

This city is not, as it has been represented, an unsightly mass of ruins and ashes, the site of a few Arab huts or Bedouin tents. It is a city radiant with light and color. It presents superbly to the view its intact and crenelated walls; its azure mosque with avenues of snowy columns; its innumerable domes refulgent under the rays of a vernal sun; its mansions, to which time has imparted the yellow tint of the edifices of Paestum and Rome; its ancient towers, guardians of its walls, which have not lost one stone—not one battlement; and, lastly, in the midst of this ocean of houses and domes, is a black surbased dome, overlooked by another—a white one. These last are the holy sepulcher and Calvary. They are confused and almost invisible among the immense labyrinth of domes, houses, and streets, and it is difficult to account for the interior situation of Calvary and the holy sepulcher, which, according to the circumstances of the evangelical narrative, should be upon a hill outside of the walls, and not in the center, of Jerusalem. The city, narrower on the side of Zion, no doubt, has extended itself toward the north, so that it now includes

within its limits the two places which form its shame and its glory, the place of the suffering of the Just One, and that of the resurrection of the Redeemer.

Such is the city from the summit of the Mount of Olives. The wall and towers, the spires of the minarets, the hemispheres of its domes, outline themselves nakedly and rudely upon the azure of the oriental sky. It is a beautiful city, but it is not the ancient Jerusalem, it is no longer the splendid city of David and Solomon. No noise arises from its streets; all is gloomy and silent. You meet from time to time some half-naked Arabs, some merchants of Damascus, or some women of Bethlehem or Jericho. We completed the circuit of the walls, passing all the other gates of the city. About two hundred paces from the Zion Gate, we met a caravan not so numerous as our own. It belonged to the Rev. O. Shipley of the United States and the Rev. A. Richardson of England. Lord Arnold exchanged a few compliments with these gentlemen, who joined with him in selecting a spot for a camp.

On the left of the platform of the temple, a few hundred paces from the city, one sees a mosque and a cluster of Turkish edifices. This is Zion—the palace and the tomb of David. It is the place of his inspiration and of his joy, of his life and of his repose, a place thrice sacred to me, whose heart that psalmist has so often touched,

and whose soul he has so often thrilled with his divine melodies. The landscape is graven upon my memory.

The valley of Jehoshaphat is celebrated in the traditions of three religions. The Jews, Christians, and Mohammedans agree in locating there the terrible scene of the last Judgment. It has already seen the grandest event of the sacred drama. The prophets have passed through it, one after another, uttering a cry of sadness and horror which seems to resound there yet.

After a day of serious thoughts and deep emotions, we halted at a spot three or four hundred paces from the wall of Jerusalem, near the road leading to Bethlehem. It was toward evening. Lord Arnold gave me some orders for the caravan, which I caused to be executed. Nothing was wanting in the spot chosen for our camp. We had plenty of wood with which to cook our food, and water for ourselves and our beasts. After supper, Lord Arnold, his family, the two ministers, and myself conversed until one o'clock. Our conversation was upon the antiquities of the country, upon the religious events past and to come, upon the different peoples who had inhabited Palestine, and upon the New Jerusalem with Jesus as king.

At eight o'clock on the morning of the 13th of March, the pasha of Jerusalem sent to Lord Arnold and his suite, by a Turkish officer, an invitation to enter the city.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE HOLY CITY.

WE left the caravans outside of the walls. Lord Arnold, his family, the ministers, and myself entered Jerusalem by the Bethlehem gate. Immediately after passing the dark vault of the gate, we found ourselves in a narrow street. On the right and left were wretched little houses, and a few neglected gardens. We entered another narrower street, dark and dirty. We passed several venders of bread and fruit, who cried the names of their wares. Vailed women, with an infant on one arm and another clinging to the hand, were buying bread. The streets are everywhere obstructed with rubbish, accumulated filth, and especially with heaps of woolen and cotton rags of all colors, which the wind drives like dead leaves. We perceived no sign of opulence, of activity, or of life. We did not hear the commotion which greets the ear upon entering a European city. We met only some Bedouin horsemen, of savage aspect and the looks of vultures, who, to complete the repulsiveness of their appearance, were clad like brigands.

After having traversed a multitude of streets, the interpreter or guide, who was an Italian, but spoke the Arabic language fluently, pointed to

an old, ruined Turkish house, with a worm-eaten door, and dilapidated window. "There," he said, "is the house of Veronica, the door of the wandering Jew, and the window of the tribunal of Pilate." We did not believe it, but the lie is not the fault of the guides. The house is old, and the legend had its origin at a very early period.

We entered the Latin convent, and were received by the brethren with great cordiality. They offered us the hospitality of the convent, and all that we might require. These monks were all old men, of mild, venerable, and happy physiognomy. None of them spoke the French language. The only languages which they spoke, were the Italian and Spanish. We gave them news of Europe. They gave us some medals and rosaries. Lord Arnold and his lady smiled, and politely returned the gifts of the pious fathers. To recompense their generosity, Lord Arnold presented them with a sum of money. After having procured bread and meat for the camp, we thanked the fathers, and left the convent.

Passing through a few streets, we arrived before the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. This church is a vast and beautiful monument of the Byzantine period. The architecture is severe and imposing, sublime and magnificent, for the time of its construction. It is a superb pavilion, erected by the piety of man over the tomb of the Son of man. The Church of the Holy Sep-

ulcher is in the power of the Turks, and I think it is very well that they have the control of it, since, otherwise, the papists, Greeks, and all the other Christian sects, would contend for its possession. At the entrance of the church were five or six venerable Turks, with long, white beards, who permit each Christian in his turn to approach, to admire, and to perform his devotions at the place of interment. There is no confusion, nothing but respect and veneration for this spot which once inclosed the holy Saviour. We entered the church accompanied by an usher, who conducted us around the building, and then led us to Calvary, the spot where the three crosses were erected, the place of execution. Calvary, the sepulcher, and several other places which have witnessed scenes in the drama of redemption, are accumulated under the roof of a single edifice of moderate size. This is not in conformity with the narrative of the gospel, and one would hardly expect to find the tomb of Joseph here also, which is said to have been cut in the rock outside the walls of Zion. But upon such a spot, the soul does not contend for a few points of difference between historical probabilities and popular traditions. Whether the tomb was here or there, it was certainly not far from the spot designated to us.

After a moment of profound meditation, granted to the visitor at these sacred places, we de-

scended by a staircase cut in the rock. The usher brought us to the tomb. It is divided into two small compartments. In the first is the stone upon which the angels sat when they told the holy women, "He is not here; he has arisen." In the second is the holy sepulcher. Each of us, in turn, entered this sanctuary, to meditate in silence, and not one came out with dry eyes.

I entered the sepulcher last, and, with a contrite heart, I prayed for my father, my brothers, my sisters, and for my poor mother, who had persecuted me, and expelled me from my natal roof. I prayed, too, for my oppressed country, which for fourteen centuries had groaned under the yoke of foreign despots. I prayed that Antichrist might be confounded and lose his power which weighs so heavily upon the poor Italian people, so long the victims of the scandalous caprices of men who have audaciously elevated themselves to the position of divinities. They have made this unfortunate country the theater of intestine and internecine wars, subjecting it to devastation, conflagration, violation, and to all the unutterable horrors and atrocities of war. They have caused Italian soil to be watered with the tears and crimsoned with the blood of the innocent. And all this has been done to prevent this once pre-eminent people from opening their eyes to the light of the gospel of Christ.

After praying for my country, I prayed fer-

vently for myself. I asked for courage and truth before the tomb of Him who died with the greatest devotion for that truth of which God had made him the messenger. Perhaps I was heard. A bright light of reason and conviction illuminated my mind, and made me see more clearly truth and error.

I passed from the temple of the holy sepulcher into the vestibule, where Lord Arnold and the two clergymen were discussing the possession of this sacred place by unbelievers. The clergymen and Lord Arnold could not agree. My employer's countenance showed that he was by no means convinced by the arguments of Mr. Richardson. I was standing near Lady Arnold and her daughter a few paces from the group of speakers. I understood the sense of their remarks. Lord Arnold from time to time fixed upon me his fine large eyes, as blue as the sky of Jaffa. He seemed to appeal to me for aid. At length he said to me with a pleasant smile,

"Mr. Urgos, have you heard the whole of our discussion?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then will you give me your opinion?"

"My lord, I fear that my opinion will offend these gentlemen."

"No, no," he replied; "you have the right to express yourself freely, according to the light of your reason."

"I have read many works written by different authors," I answered, "and I have heard the narratives of many travelers, and still I have not been able to form any conclusion; because one contradicts another. This day I am an ocular witness, and can decide. I call extravagant fanatics all those persons who calumniate the Mohammedans who guard the holy sepulcher, as rude and irreverent infidels. You know how politely they have treated us. They do not even enter the temple, from fear of profaning the sacred place of the Christians. The Mohammedans are the most tolerant of peoples. They admit all religious sects. Syria, Palestine, and Armenia contain a number of Christians, papists, and Greek schismatics, and their worship is not disturbed. Behold the proofs;—this church, these convents, synagogues, and mosques. This should convince us of the mendacity of the travelers and of the exaggeration of the book-makers.

"If certain Christian sects had gained possession of Mecca and Medina, they would not have preserved the Mohammedan sanctuaries; they would have destroyed them, and scattered their ashes before the wind. They would have ploughed and sown the soil whereon those sanctuaries stand. The papists tolerate no evangelical church in Catholic countries, while they themselves erect churches in Protestant countries without molestation. The papists everywhere con-

spire in the dark, sow the seeds of hatred and insurrection among the nations, and incite the brutal mob to riot and bloodshed. My lord, you have certainly read of the sanguinary riot which occurred at Philadelphia a few years ago. The commander of the Irish militia ordered his satellites to fire upon American citizens, who were defending their rights and liberties when outraged by the insolence of the Irish Catholics. A young man, aged eighteen, with seven other American citizens, had been killed for expressing their opinions. These martyrs were intelligent and eloquent men, belonging to the upper class of society. This savage act irritated the Protestants against the papists."

"You are correct, Mr. Urgos, I remember this affair at Philadelphia, which I believe occurred either in 1842 or 1843."

After having visited the different quarters of the city, all as miserable and dilapidated as that which we had entered, we descended past the famous mosque which stands on the side of the temple of Solomon. The harem of the governor is contiguous to the gardens of the mosque. The court of the harem is surrounded by cells, with iron gratings, through which we perceived some incarcerated brigands. Lord Arnold and myself ascended to the apartment of the Pasha to thank him for the favors which he had bestowed upon us.

The Pasha was a handsome man. He advanced and received us courteously. He had a gracious smile, and an exquisite kindness of manner. He took Lord Arnold's hand and conducted him to the divan, praying him to be seated. He then asked,

"Who is this young man?"

Lord Arnold replied, "He is a young Italian, and belongs to a noble family. He fought valiantly against the Austrians, the merciless oppressors of his country, and against the king of Naples. He also fought in the glorious campaign against the French. He was wounded, and after having been discharged from the hospital, he was clandestinely imprisoned by the Roman clergy. Providence favored his flight, which was attended with much peril. This soldier was recommended to me by several rich Frenchmen. I have received him into my family, not as an interpreter, but as a friend."

The Pasha listened attentively to this narrative. At its conclusion he invited me to take a seat on his left.

He then said, "Courage, my young friend. In our life we sometimes encounter terrible disasters, but we should meet them with fortitude and resignation, for it is Heaven that places them in our path."

Lord Arnold and the Pasha conversed a long time about European politics; he then ordered

coffee, pipes and tobacco to be brought. Having partaken of these refreshments, we arose and withdrew. We descended into the court, which was full of janizaries, chieftains of the desert, and Arabs of Nablous. At the foot of the stairs we saw four men bound. These wretches were brigands awaiting their fate, which was liberty, prison, or the Pasha's sword.

I do not give a complete description of the Holy City, since it has been already described by many authors. We quitted Jerusalem by the Bethlehem gate, near which our tents were pitched. We visited during the same day the other remarkable places around the walls, among which I may mention the garden of Gethsemane, the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and the tomb of David. These are the only spots in the environs of Jerusalem which possess any vegetation.

At sunset we sat down to contemplate the scenes around us. The Valley of Jehoshaphat was at our feet. The lofty walls of the terraces of the temple were just beneath us, on the left. We saw the summits of the beautiful cypresses which elevate their symmetrical heads under the porticoes of the mosque El Aksa. The appearance of the Valley of Jehoshaphat harmonizes with the destiny which Christian ideas assign to it. It resembles a vast tomb, too narrow, however, for the multitudes which it is supposed are to be gathered there. It is surrounded on all

sides by sepulchral monuments, is bounded at its southern extremity by the rock of Siloa, which is pierced with innumerable tombs, and contains those of Jehoshaphat and Absalom, pyramidal in form, and hewn from the solid rock. The valley was naturally endowed with solemn horror, and was destined to become the necropolis of a great city. Here the imagination of the prophets located the scenes of the resurrection and the Judgment. The Valley of Jehoshaphat is only a natural trench between two small mountains. The Kidron is merely a winter torrent, formed by the rains, and is crossed by a bridge which faces one of the gates of the city.

We returned to our encampment. We formed some plans for the route which we were to pursue on the morrow, and having eaten supper, we retired to our couches.

CHAPTER XX.

JERICHO AND LAKE ASPHALTITES.

WE left Jerusalem with Messrs. Shipley and Richardson, and made the circuit of the city. We ascended the Mount of Olives, and having crossed another chain of mountains, we arrived at Bethulia, a village inhabited by a few Arab

families. We watered our animals at a spring and replenished our water-jars. We descended by a broad road down the slope of the mountain. This is the only road which I saw in the East. It was flanked by fertile plains irrigated by the Jordan. It passed through the possessions of the tribes of Israel, who divided among themselves the whole valley of the Jordan, and the plain of Tiberias as far as Mount Lebanon. It led through Arabia, Mesopotamia, Persia, and India, countries with which Solomon established extensive commercial relations. Doubtless Solomon constructed this highway.

After leaving Bethulia the traveler sees neither houses nor cultivation. On the right and left are deep, somber valleys. These mountains were once active volcanoes. At a distance they present a sulphurous hue like that of Vesuvius and Etna. It is impossible to resist the impression of gloom and horror which this region makes upon the observer. It is an oppression of the heart, and an affliction of the eyes. From the summit of a lofty mountain, you see in the distance an endless number of mountains, burned and calcined, bottomless valleys and waterless torrents, but not a sign of vegetation. In short, the country is a labyrinth of interminable avenues and multiform mountains, rent asunder in gigantic masses.

The caravan advanced slowly. Men and beasts

were oppressed with thirst. We did not hope to find water. The dusk was approaching. Lord Arnold was disheartened, but he permitted no one but his wife and daughter to perceive his depression. From time to time, he touched his horse and came to me. He said, "Mr. Urgos, I presage a horrible night in these uneven roads, flanked by bottomless abysses upon the right and left. I commit my dear daughter to your care. Her life is in your power. Do not abandon her, and remain constantly near her. I will take charge of my wife's safety. It will be very dark in these deep ravines, and we must take every precaution in order to prevent accidents and risks."

He ordered me to fire my pistol. I did so, and immediately the van and rear of our caravan responded in the same manner. The company halted. Lord Arnold gave me some orders which I communicated to the caravan, and particularly to the men in front and in rear. He then acquainted Messrs. Shipley and Richardson with the measures which he had taken for our security. They thanked him, and said that he had acted prudently. The two pastors were serious and thoughtful; for they also presaged a terrible night.

During my life I shall never forget that awful night. The darkness was impenetrable. The road was narrow and rough. A false step would have precipitated any of us into a bottomless abyss. We could not see the heads of our horses.

Five of them were dashed to pieces on the rocky sides of the valley. Three Arabs were killed, and two were seriously wounded. Lord Arnold decided to halt and await the coming of day. Occasionally we heard the dreadful roar of the lion and the howl of the jackal. After two hours of painful anxiety we heard loud shouts and the reports of guns. We thought that the brigands had attacked our van. I advanced to the front to ascertain the cause of the tumult. I learned that the Arabs were firing volleys in token of their joy and gratitude for having been safely conducted by Providence past the dangerous places. I awaited the arrival of Lord Arnold to inform him that we had passed all peril. He rejoiced at this news, and exclaimed: "Blessed be God!"

After a half-hour's march, we arrived at the bank of a shallow brook. We pitched our tents and reposed the rest of the night. We awoke to the melodious warbling of birds flying among the trees, and to the murmur of the stream in its pebbly bed. We left our tents and viewed the spot where the night had overtaken us. The mountains of Judea, which we had just crossed, were about a league distant, on our right. Masses of vapor were rising over lake Asphaltites. On the west, a wide desert of sand divided us from the Jordan.

After breakfast we mounted our horses and rode

toward Jericho, which was three miles distant. We could see its dark walls. A company of forty horsemen advanced toward us. They were mounted on glossy Arabian steeds. They were the sheik and the principal citizens of Jericho, who, informed of our approach by the Pasha of Jerusalem, were coming to escort us into the city.

After an hour's ride we reached the walls of Jericho, which are twenty feet high and from fifteen to twenty feet thick, constructed of bundles of thorn branches. This rampart of thorns has two or three large gates, always open, and guarded by sentinels. We entered the city, and our presence brought all the women out of the houses. Their arms and legs were naked. Their only garment was a piece of blue cotton cloth, fastened around the waist with a leathern girdle. Their arms and ankles were encircled with gold and silver bracelets. Some wore the hair in long curls, others in braids covered with gold and silver coins. Some were very pretty. They have not that air of sweetness and modesty which the women of Syria usually possess. They have in the eye and the carriage the same fire, the same audacity, and the same ferocity as the Bedouins. These viragoes yelled and laughed at us as we passed. Their husbands, however, rebuked their insolent curiosity, and treated us with gravity and respect. We stopped a few moments near the sheik's mud palace. This chieftain of-

fered us water, coffee, pipes and tobacco, and ordered three calves and twenty sheep to be killed for our caravan. He gave us also some grain for our horses, some figs, dates, water-melons, chickens, and fried cakes. The houses in Jericho are built of mud, and have flat roofs, on which the families pass the whole day.

We left Jericho on the same day (March 17th), accompanied by the sheik and his band. We found some corn fields near Jericho, after passing through which we again struck into the desert. This is an immense plain, consisting of several terraces. The soil is a white sand covered with an incrustation of salt. After riding six hours, we beheld the Jordan at our feet. Its banks are verdant and cool, and the perfume of a thousand flowers greets the sense. We galloped toward a blooming oasis, but were admonished by the Arabs not to approach too near, as the lion, tiger, jackal, and hyena lurk in the shade of these oases, whither they repair to quench their thirst and to repose. Poplar and willow trees occur in greatest abundance, and there are many flowering shrubs. Climbing plants reach from one tree to another, in such profusion that we were obliged to dismount and clear a path down to the river. We advanced with difficulty, now through a thicket of shrubs, now through the long grass, now through the tall stems of the reeds, until we arrived at the

turf which forms the bank of the stream. The river is about a hundred feet wide. It is very deep, and the current is very swift. The water is blue, but discolored by the admixture of the gray soil which crumbles down from the banks.

We discovered a pleasant spot for our encampment, and having pitched our tents and eaten supper we retired to our beds. At about two o'clock we were aroused by terrible cries coming from the extremity of the encampment. I arose, seized my gun and pistols, and hastened toward the place whence the uproar proceeded. I met an Italian who told me that a man had been carried off by lions. I would have gone to rescue him, but the Arabs restrained me, saying that the poor wretch had already been devoured, and that I would merely go to my own destruction. Two Arabs had been commanded to keep up a fire the whole night, but they had neglected their duty, and had been overpowered by sleep. The fire had died out, and the wild beasts had come up to the tents and seized one poor fellow who was sleeping soundly. The sheik of Jericho would have decapitated the two sentinels, but Lord Arnold prayed him to pardon them. He complied, but warned them to avoid a similar offense.

On the 18th we resumed our march, directing our course toward the Dead Sea. The ground became more level, and the sand softer. We dis-

mounted and walked to the shore of the sea. Its eastern and western shores are flat. On the north and south it is inclosed by the mountains of Judea and Arabia. Its shores are completely desert. The air is infected with malaria. We experienced its effects ourselves. A dullness and febrile symptoms attacked us all, and did not leave us till we quitted the locality. There is no island in this sea. I think it is about forty miles long. Its surface reflects the light and the sky, like an immense silver mirror. No fish swim in its waters, no birds visit its shores. We did not perceive those ruins of ingulfed cities, which some pretend they have seen beneath its surface.

This sea presents everywhere the same aspect. Blue, brilliant, coruscating, motionless, it is indeed a *dead* sea. How was it formed? A vast chain of volcanic mountains extends from Jerusalem into Mesopotamia, another from Libanus into Idumea. A crater opened in the center of these chains, at the point of intersection, at a time when seven cities adorned the plain. The cities were swallowed up. The Jordan, which, in all probability, then flowed over this plain and emptied into the Red Sea, arrested in its course by rocky masses vomited from the earth, and falling into the yawning crater, extinguished the volcanic fires, and formed this sea, saturated with salts, and corrupted with sulphur and bitu-

men, the aliments or products of volcanoes. This is my opinion, and it detracts nothing from the agency of that sovereign and eternal Will, which some call miracle, and others, nature. Are not the phenomena of nature all miracles? Is the universe anything but a perpetual miracle?

We left the Dead Sea and returned to Jericho. Lord Arnold had decided to follow the course of the Jordan to the Sea of Galilee. The sheik furnished us with provisions for the journey, and with an escort of fifty men.

CHAPTER XXI.

GALILEE.

ON the 19th of March we resumed our journey. I shall not give an itinerary of it. It was quite devoid of incidents. We procured good water from the Jordan. After traveling six days, we arrived at the point where the river issues from the Sea of Galilee. The sea contracts at the southern end, and emits the river of the prophets and of the gospel, the Jordan.

The Jordan meanders from the lake through the low and marshy plain. At about fifty paces from the lake it ripples under the ruined arches

of a bridge of Roman architecture. To this we directed our steps, descending a steep and rocky declivity to salute the waters hallowed in the souvenirs of two religions. In a few minutes we reached the banks. We dismounted. We laved our heads, hands, and feet in the soft, tepid, and azure tide. The Jordan would not be worthy of the name of river, were it in a larger country. It is only a torrent, though at the time of our visit it flowed smoothly in its channel. It is about three feet deep at this spot. The water is transparent and blue. In the rainy season it attains a width of one hundred and twenty feet, and a depth of seven or eight. Further down it is narrower and deeper. We drank the water of the Jordan—that water of which so many inspired poets had drank in a remote antiquity.

We saw two villages on the banks of the Sea of Galilee. We knew that the inhabitants of these villages did not permit strangers to traverse their fields and their river. Lord Arnold fore took the necessary means to guard against an attack. Either because we were numerous and well armed, or because they thought that we were protected by other forces not far from us, they did not molest us.

We passed a pleasant night, soothed by the soft murmur of the waves dashing against the shore, by the wind which sighed through the cords of our tent, and by the pious thoughts and

sacred recollections which these sounds stirred within us. We took our breakfast, and commenced a tour of the lake. The caravan advanced in silence along its western shore, over a soil of sand and pebbles. A chain of steep, black, and barren hills extended far out into the sea, and hid the city of Tiberias and the northern end of the lake. Not one of us spoke. These sacred mementoes spoke eloquently to the soul of each one. No other place upon the earth ever spoke so sweetly to my heart. These hills, these rocks, these waves saw the divine Saviour, who a hundred times trod this road on which we were so reverently walking. His feet stirred this dust which flew away from under our own. He sailed in the fishing-boats over the Sea of Galilee. He appeased its tempests. He walked on the waves and gave his hand to his apostle, who, like myself, had little faith—that celestial hand, of which I have more need than he in the fiercer tempests of thought and opinion.

The grand and mysterious drama of the gospel passed almost entirely upon this lake, on its shores, and among the mountains which surround it. Here is Tiberias, where Jesus appeared to Peter and established by three words his eternal church; here is Capernaum; here is the mountain where he preached the beautiful sermon; here is the spot where he multiplied the loaves and the fishes, as his word begets and propagates the

life of the soul; here is the bay where the miraculous haul of fish was made;—in short, here is the whole gospel, with its touching parables and its tender and pleasing images, which appear to us as they appeared to the auditors of the Divine Teacher when he pointed out to them the lamb, the fold, the good shepherd, and the lily of the valley. This is the region which Christ loved more than any other, the country which he selected for the scene of the preliminary events of the mysterious drama, the country where, during his obscure life of thirty years, he had his relatives and friends in the flesh, the country where that nature of which he had the key appeared to him most charming. Here are the mountains whence he gazed, like us, at the rising and setting sun, which measured so rapidly his days upon earth—the mountains to which he used to resort to repose, to meditate, and to pray.

The Sea of Galilee widens insensibly until you reach Emmaus, the extremity of the promontory before mentioned, when the mountains suddenly recede on both sides and form a circular basin some fifteen leagues in circumference. The mountains do not descend to the water's edge at every point. In the intervals you will see small, green, fertile fields. Interstices in the mountains admit the cerulean waters of the lake, forming diminutive shady havens. The hand of the most skillful painter could not delineate more round-

ed, soft, and varied outlines than those which the Creative Hand has given to this lake and these mountains—that hand which seems to have prepared this place as a stage upon which the work of grace, peace, reconciliation, and love was to be enacted.

The mountains are clad with a rich vegetation, and this Arcadia of Judea combines the majesty of mountainous regions, with the fertility and abundance of the most favored countries. Looking at the northern end of the lake from a distant point, you see a cleft in the mountain chain through which pours a stream of foaming water. This is the Jordan precipitating itself into the lake. The shores of the Sea of Galilee were one continuous city. The multitudes of shattered columns and ruined dwellings indicate the extinction of a high state of civilization.

We arrived at the extremity of the before-mentioned promontory, when the city of Tiberias appeared suddenly in front of us. It is a cheerful place of two thousand inhabitants, situated on the slope of a black, naked hill which descends rapidly into the lake. It is surrounded by a high, square wall, flanked by twenty crenelated towers. We took a bath in the warm mineral spring at this place. The temperature of the water is one hundred degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer. We pitched our camp near this spring, where we remained two days. We visited the Latin church

of Tiberias, built in the first days of Christianity. The city presents nothing remarkable. The houses are constructed of mud. The inhabitants are Polish, German, Spanish, and Italian Jews, who come to spend their last hours at Tiberias, and to be buried near the tombs of Abraham and Jacob. So ineffaceable is their love for their inherited country!

On the 28th of March, at noon, a terrible storm of wind, thunder, and lightning arose. The lake was green, and tossed huge, foaming billows upon the shore. We longed to see a boat riding upon its tumultuous bosom, but our desire was not gratified. The storm lasted half an hour.

CHAPTER XXII.

NAZARETH AND MOUNT CARMEL.

ON the 29th we left Tiberias by the road which leads over Mount Tabor to Nazareth. We crossed a plain twenty-four miles in length and breadth. We passed through some miserable mud villages, surrounded by orange and fig-trees. After a seven hours' march, we arrived at the foot of Mount Tabor, the spot on which the transfiguration is said to have occurred. This is hardly probable, for, at that epoch, Mount Tabor

was crowned by a Roman castle. This mountain stands alone in the plain of Esdraelon, and is covered with verdure. We ascended to its summit, where now stands a Roman Catholic chapel, in which pilgrims celebrate the mass. We stopped at the foot of a gigantic tree, where, it is said, the apostles were dazzled by the light from above, a scene which Raphael has painted.

We reached Nazareth at four P. M., and encamped. Some friends of Lord Arnold were staying at this place. When they heard of his arrival they rode forth to meet him. He entered the city with them. We spent two days at Nazareth, visiting the places mentioned in the sacred narrative. Nazareth lies at the bottom of a valley, rich in grain, fruit, sheep, and cows. There is plenty of water. Silk, woolen, and cotton fabrics are manufactured. The inhabitants are Greeks, Jews, and Mohammedans. There are also a few Protestants and Roman Catholics. The latter insult the Protestants on every possible occasion. The Mohammedans tolerate all religions in their country, but the Roman Catholics tolerate none, either in their own countries or in the countries of others. The papists secretly incite the Mohammedans against the Protestants. The Italian fathers received us coolly, because we were Protestants; but the subtile influence of some gold coins, which Lord Arnold placed in the superior's palm, changed his demeanor, and he cordially

invited us to visit the places which we desired to see.

We entered the church, on whose site formerly stood the humble cottage of the mother of Jesus. This church contains three stories. The upper story is occupied by the choir of holy fathers. It communicates with the convent by an external staircase. The lower story is occupied by the faithful. It communicates with the choir and with the grand altar by double staircases with gilded balusters. From the grand altar a flight of stairs leads down to a little chapel, in which is a marble altar illuminated by silver lamps. This altar is supposed to cover the spot hallowed by the Annunciation. This altar stands under a rocky vault, begun by the hand of nature and completed by that of man, and against which rested, no doubt, the holy dwelling. Behind this first vault are two others, which, says tradition, were the kitchen and cellar of the holy family. We next visited the venerable synagogue, in which Jesus is said to have attended service in his youthful days. We also saw the shop where Joseph exercised his humble trade.

On the 1st of April we visited Cana, where Jesus performed his first miracle. It is a pretty Turkish village, gracefully reclining on both sides of a fertile valley. It is shaded by oak, olive, pomegranate, palm, and fig trees. We saw the house of the apostle St. Bartholomew, which is

situated in the village, and near it the house where the water was changed into wine. This house is in ruins and has lost its roof. The monks still show the jars which contained the miraculous wine. After having rested and quenched our thirst at the fountain of Cana, we returned to Nazareth.

Lord Arnold had received an invitation from one of his friends at Jaffa to spend a few days in that city. Accordingly, on the 2d of April, we began our march toward the coast. We advanced along Mount Carmel, or rather the range bearing that name, as it is eighteen miles in length, till we reached its northern extremity, when we changed our course and proceeded south along the coast of the Mediterranean. On the afternoon of the 3d we arrived at Kaipha. This village is situated at the foot of Mount Carmel on the sea-shore. It is separated from Acre by a gulf six miles in width. At the head of the gulf is a vast, cultivated plain, which contains two edifices, one belonging to the Pasha, and the other to an order of monks. The sides of Mount Carmel are pierced with huge caverns. These are the famous grottoes of the prophets. The inhabitants of Kaipha ran in crowds to stare at our caravan.

Lord Russell, an English nobleman, was residing at Kaipha. Lord Arnold accepted an invitation to pass a few days at his house. He gave

me permission to explore Mount Carmel during his sojourn in Kaipha. I accordingly proceeded to the convent near its foot, to which I was admitted by a Carmelite friar. He conducted me to the grottoes of the prophets. The principal one of these caverns cut in the hard rock by the hand of man, is situated at a prodigious elevation. It looks upon the boundless sea, and no sound reaches it but that produced by the waves breaking against the rocky cape. Tradition relates that in this grotto Elijah taught sacred poetry and religion. Truly in this place the voice of the prophet should re-echo.

The history of Elijah is one of the most marvelous in sacred antiquity. To the epoch of Elijah belongs the foundation of a college, or fraternity, of prophets. They were a holy and erudite class, always in opposition to the kings; they were the sacred tribunes of the people, encouraging them with songs and parables, or terrifying them with menaces. They created factions in Israel, which combated each other, at first with the tongue, and then with stones and swords. The poesy of these prophets incited the people to crime or to heroism, terrified guilty monarchs, awakened patriotic sentiments in the hearts of their fellow-citizens, and exhorted them to overthrow their oppressors and to triumph over their enemies.

On the 6th we left Kaipha. We met several flocks of goats, sheep, cows, and camels, guarded

by Arabs clad in white woolen garments, which were secured to the body by a leathern girdle. They were armed with lances. During the whole day we traversed the ruins of walls and fragments of pavements. These remains attest the immense population which once inhabited this shore. On this spot stood the city of Cæsarea, founded by Herod the Great, and named after his patron, Cæsar Augustus. Chief among its wonders was the harbor, constructed where before there had been only an open roadstead on a dangerous coast. It was secured against the prevalent south-west winds by a mole, or breakwater, of massive construction, formed of blocks of stone more than fifty feet in length by eighteen in width and nine in thickness, sunk in water twenty fathoms deep. It was two hundred feet in length, one-half of which was exposed to the violence of the waves. The remainder was adorned with towers at certain intervals, and laid out in vaults which formed hostelries for the sailors, in front of which was a terrace walk commanding a view of the whole harbor, and forming an agreeable promenade. The entrance to the harbor was on the north.

The city, constructed of polished stone, encircled the harbor. It was furnished with a forum, court-house, and other public buildings; and conspicuous on a mound in the midst rose a temple of Cæsar, with statues of the emperor and of the imperial city. A rock-hewn theater, and a spa-

cious circus on the south of the harbor, commanding a fine sea view, completed the adornment of this monument of Herod's temporizing character, on which he spent twelve years of zealous and uninterrupted exertion, and enormous sums of money. Its site, principally interesting as the place where "the door of faith was first opened to the Gentiles," is still marked by the extensive ruins mentioned above. The ruins have served as a quarry for many generations, and the houses and fortifications of Jaffa, Acre, Sidon, and Beirout, have been built or repaired with stones from this ancient site. We saw the massive fragments of its towers and the substructions of its mole, with the prostrate columns which once formed the portico of its terraced walk.

Conspicuous in the midst of the ruins are the substructions of the Cathedral of the Crusaders. The ruins are inhabited by a tribe of ferocious Arabs, who kill and plunder travelers who pass through these regions. The aspect of these men is repulsive. They are nearly naked. The women wear no vails. We entered the Roman temple, which was inhabited by the sheik. We visited also a large octagonal temple, situated on the shore. This edifice is superb. It has passed from one people to another. The foundation is evidently Greek, the dome is Moorish. It is the resort of swallows and other birds.

Cæsarea is the city where St. Paul was impris-

oned, and where he uttered, in his own defense and that of Christianity, the beautiful speech preserved in the twenty-sixth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. Cornelius the centurion and Philip the evangelist were also of Cæsarea. It was from the port of Cæsarea that the apostles sailed to sow the seed of the gospel in Greece and Italy.

We crossed a desert, and passed through a grove of oaks, which was a favorite resort of the Arabs. These places are dangerous. The Arabs often attack travelers and rob them. We marched all day without finding a drop of water, and encamped near an Arab village, called El Mukhalid. Our long march under a scorching sun had completely exhausted us. I slept soundly, and did not hear the disputes of our Arabs with those of the neighboring village, in which two of our men were killed with knives. The next day we began to leave the coast. About noon we crossed a river whose banks were very steep. In this stream we saw the heads of a great number of wild buffaloes. They kept their bodies under the water, thus protecting themselves from the hot sun. This river is called by the Arabs Nahr-el-Arsouf. We soon after crossed another river, called Nahr-el-Petras. The city of Antipatris was situated on the banks of this stream. Its ancient name and site are still preserved by a Mohammedan village of considerable size, built entirely of mud, on a slight circular eminence, three hours north of

Jaffa. Antipatris is mentioned in Acts 23: 31. The reeds which grow on the banks of the river are full of enormous serpents of a deep blue color.

On the evening of the 10th of April, we entered Jaffa by the northern gate. I was invited by an Italian to pass the time of my stay in Jaffa at his house. I remained there ten days, during which time Lord Arnold and his wife visited Jerusalem and Bethlehem again. He ordered me to prepare, during his absence, all the articles necessary for the continuation of our journey to Beirout. He wished to visit Mount Lebanon, Baalbec and Damascus. We were about to travel through the country anciently inhabited by the Phœnicians, that enterprising nation of merchants and mariners, who spread their conquests over Asia, Africa, and Europe.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MOUNT LEBANON.

ON the morning of the 21st of April we began our march. We had two hundred and fifty camels, and one hundred and twenty horses, besides the horses of the Turkish Cavalry. We arrived at Acre on the 26th. We remained here

two days. Acre contains fifteen thousand inhabitants. On the 29th we resumed our journey. On the evening of the 30th we encamped on the bank of a river which waters the plain of Tyre, not far from an isolated ruin which appears to have been built at the epoch of the crusades. This river is shaded by tall reeds, whence arose clouds of wild geese and ducks. These birds furnished an abundance of game for our caravan. The report of our guns scared out some huge serpents, wild dogs, and hideous jackals.

At this place an incident occurred which came near proving fatal to the beloved daughter of Lord Arnold. This young girl had wandered some distance from the encampment in search of flowers, which were to be found in great profusion. I had been out with my rifle to procure game for our table. On returning, while passing a jungle of bamboo canes, I observed an enormous jackal, apparently in the attitude of springing upon his prey. I looked again, when, oh, horrors! a few feet front of him was Mademoiselle Arnold, in a stooping posture, picking flowers. I feared if I should speak that the bloody beast would spring all the quicker upon his intended victim. Quick as thought, with trembling hand, I adjusted my piece, and fired. The ball took sure effect, and with a terrible howl the beast sprang into the air and fell to the ground. The girl, affrighted by the explosion of the gun, re-

proached me for disturbing her in that manner; she also mistook the howl of the jackal for some hideous yell from me. I begged pardon, and undeceived her by pointing to the nearly dead jackal a few steps distant. She almost fainted, her terror being better imagined than described. We then hastened to the encampment, and related the adventure. With Lord Arnold and some Arabs we returned to the jungle, where we found the jackal dead and stretched upon the ground. The gratitude of Lord Arnold as he realized the narrow escape of his daughter seemed to know no bounds. He embraced me tenderly, calling me the preserver of his dear child's life. The skin of the huge creature was removed, and preserved as a memento of the incident.

On the following day we halted in a beautiful spot, shaded by cedars and plane-trees. We pitched our tents near a fountain, about two hundred paces from the sea. On the following evening we encamped at the "Wells of Solomon." These wells are three reservoirs of limpid and flowing water, issuing, as if by enchantment, from a dry and barren soil. They are two miles from Tyre. Each of these reservoirs is surrounded by a wall twenty feet high, and overflows constantly. The surplus water reaches Tyre by aqueducts, some of which are ancient, and some modern. It is said that Solomon constructed these wells to recompense the Tyrians and their king,

Hiram, for the services which he had received from the Tyrian ships and artisans in the building of the temple. Hiram brought him marble and cedars from Mount Lebanon. The wells are from sixty to eighty feet in circumference. Their depth is unknown. One is said to have no bottom!

At eight A. M. of the 3d of May we resumed our march. We passed the city of Tyre, which the Arabs call Sur. It is a little village, inhabited by some poor Arabs. The houses are built of mud. There are about three hundred of these hovels. The Arabs, with their goats and sheep, collect in them at night. Such is Tyre to-day. Around it all is deserted and silent. You see enormous eagles, larger than those of the Alps, flying from hill to hill. These eagles fulfill the vaticinations of the prophet Ezekiel, whom, in my imagination, I saw, with his grand and terrible figure, pointing out to the eagles with his finger the city which God would give to their rapacious beaks, while the inspiration of divine wrath agitated the waves of his snowy beard and gleamed from his prophetic eyes.

On the following morning, we passed Saida, the ancient Sidon. It retains no vestiges of its ancient splendor. We continued our march along the sea-shore, ascending and descending the hills at the foot of Mount Libanus, the western range of Lebanon.

On the evening of the 6th we arrived at Beirout. Beirout is one of the most populous cities of Syria. It was anciently called Berytus, and became a Roman colony under Augustus Cæsar, who bestowed upon it the name of Felix Julia, on account of the fertility of the soil and the salubrity of the climate. It occupies a hill near the sea-shore. Its harbor is well protected. The adjacent hills are covered with olive, locust, fig, mulberry, orange, citron, plane, pomegranate, apple, pear, plum, pistachio, almond, walnut, and date trees. Cereals, sugar-cane, cotton, and tobacco grow abundantly. Silk, cotton, and woolen fabrics are manufactured. Beirout produces the finest raisins of commerce. There are also several tanneries in the city. The atmosphere of the city is laden with the perfume of the most fragrant flowers. The houses are built of white or colored marble, and are surrounded with gardens. The citizens are clad in rich Arabic costume, and wear arms of the finest material. At the harbor of Beirout, you behold an activity like that of our large cities.

Lord Arnold occupied a residence near the middle of the city. I lodged in the house of an Italian. My gaze was constantly fastened on Mount Lebanon, which is a mixture of imposing sublimity and charming variety. Its peaks dart their lofty summits into the profound serenity of an Asiatic sky. The highest crests of the mount-

ain are covered with snow even in midsummer. The chain is more than one hundred miles long. On the sea-shore, the mountains tower up almost perpendicularly, and the passing mariner beholds Turkish villages built on the verge of precipices. The coast at Beirout is low and green, dotted here and there with little hills of red sand. From the summit of Lebanon these little hills present a charmingly picturesque appearance.

On the 9th we started on an expedition to Deir-el-Kammar, a Druse city of twelve thousand inhabitants. It is the seat of the Emir. We encamped in a solitary spot, in the heart of the mountain. On the following day, we visited the gigantic palace of Detaidim. It is surrounded by gardens of fruit-trees. We then ascended, by a winding path, the rock which supports the city of Deir-el-Kammar. It was seven A. M. when we reached the city. It resembles a market-town of Savoy. The inhabitants issued from their dwellings to see the Frank Emir pass. The women, who were half nude, gazed at us in admiration. The men are robust and long-lived. They have huge mustaches. Their garments are made of brightly colored stuff.

We left the city, and began to descend the mountain. The rocks, the cascades, the torrents, the Druse villages perched on the summits of precipitous cliffs, the groves of olive and cedar trees, charm the traveler. We passed through

several Druse villages, and reached the bottom of a valley, watered by a little river. The air of Mount Lebanon is so pure and transparent that places which are distant two or three days' journey appear to be near to the observer. The roads are very dangerous. They are three or four feet wide, with a steep wall of rock on one side, and a bottomless abyss on the other. It is difficult to understand how the mountaineers can use horses on such dangerous roads; yet the Druses go and come on horseback, calmly smoking their pipes. The Druse villages have an air of happiness, wealth, and tranquillity. These people are very industrious. The women make very fine and costly silk fabrics. The men cultivate the soil, and tend their flocks and herds. The women in the villages smiled at our European toilet. The men greeted us by placing the right hand upon the heart and saying, "*Sala el raer*,"—"may the day be blessed for you, traveler!" On the 13th we returned to Beirout.

Mount Lebanon is inhabited by peoples of different religions. I will give a description of the four principal sects; namely, Druses, Mutavelis, Maronites, and Ansarians.

The Druses are idolaters, and speak Arabic. They are the descendants of an Arab tribe which refused to embrace the doctrines of the prophet. They were persecuted by the recently converted zealots, and took refuge in the inaccessible soli-

tudes of Mount Libanus. There they successfully defended their gods and their liberty. They are strong and courageous warriors. Their prowess has rendered them formidable to the inhabitants of the surrounding plains.

The religion of the Druses is a mystery which no traveler has been able to penetrate. It permits them to adopt the worship of the peoples with whom they have intercourse. They also adore the calf. This fact militates against the supposition that they are Mohammedan schismatics. Some of their institutions resemble those of the ancient Egyptians. They are divided into two castes; namely, the *erudite*, and the *ignorant*. They venerate Moses, Mohammed, and Jesus. They assemble once each week, each one in the place consecrated to the degree of initiation to which he has attained, and celebrate their religious rites. Guards watch during the ceremonies, that no profane person may mingle with the initiated. The punishment of death would at once be inflicted upon any one who should make the rash attempt. The women are admitted to these mysteries. The priests are married. Their government is a hierarchy. The sovereign pontiff of the Druses resides at the village of El-Mutna.

When a Druse dies the community assemble around his tomb, and testimony is proffered about his life. If this testimony is favorable the priest

exclaims, "May the Omnipotent be merciful to thee!" If the testimony is adverse, the priest and the assistants preserve silence. The people believe the doctrine of metempsychosis, or the transmigration of souls. If the life of a Druse has been pure, he will live again in a man favored by fortune, brave, and beloved by his countrymen. If he has been wicked or cowardly, he will return under the form of a camel or a dog.

The schools are numerous, and are conducted by the priests. The women are admitted to the sacerdocy. Divorce is frequent. The adulterer redeems himself. Hospitality is sacred, and no menace nor promise could induce a Druse to deliver, even to the prince, the guest who should take refuge beneath his roof. Their morality is that of the gospel, but they observe its injunctions better than many professed Christians. Their adoration of the calf would lead me to think that they descended from those nations of Arabia Petræa who impelled the Jews to this sort of idolatry. They fraternize with the Christians, but detest the Mohammedan yoke. They love commerce and civilization, and wish foreigners to respect their religion.

The Mutavelis, who form almost a third of the population of Mount Lebanon, are Mohammedans of the sect of Ali, which predominates in Persia. The Turks, on the contrary, belong to the sect of Omar. Hussein and Ali are the saints of the

Mutavelis. Like the Persians, they neither eat nor drink with the votaries of another religion, and break the cup or dish which has been used by an infidel. They consider themselves polluted if their garments touch ours. They were masters of Baalbec in the sixteenth century. They scattered themselves over the sides of Anti-Libanus, the eastern range of Lebanon, and at length mingled with the Druses.

The Ansarians inhabit the western part of Mount Lebanon and the plains of Latakia. They are idolaters, like the Druses. They conceal, like them, their religious rites behind the vail of initiation, but they are more barbarous. The religious observances and customs of the Ansarians led Burckhardt to believe that they were a tribe of expatriated Hindoos. They are in decadence, and could be easily expelled or enslaved by the Druses or Maronites.

The Maronites are an industrious people. They cultivate every spot of ground, from the bottoms of their valleys to the summits of their highest mountains. They inhabit the most secluded and elevated places of the principal range of Mount Libanus, from Beirout to Tripoli. The slopes of this range are fertile, irrigated by numerous streams and inexhaustible springs. They raise silk-worms, and cultivate the olive, barley, and wheat. They are papists in religion. The priests are married. Their territory contains many mon-

asteries. The monks are all industrious, and cultivate the vine and olive, and raise the silk-worm. You would say that this is a colony of Europeans, but their physiognomy is Arabic. The men are tall and handsome, of frank and proud aspect, and with a sweet smile. Their eyes are blue, nose aquiline, beard light, carriage noble, voice grave and guttural, their manners courteous without servility, their dress splendid, and their weapons bright.

These people love Europeans, and are very hospitable and generous. They detest the word "Protestant," but receive at their hearths all who come from Europe. They have an excellent police; and you may travel through their territory without fear of violence. Crime is almost unknown. Strangers are objects of veneration to the Mohammedan Arab, but of still greater veneration to the Christian Arab. His door is ever open. He kills the tender kid for his guest, and relinquishes his rush-mat to provide him with a seat. In each village there is a church. The liturgy is in the Syriac language. The Maronites, like all mountaineers, are valiant warriors. In a short time fifty thousand soldiers can be levied for the defense of the mountain passes.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BAALBEC AND DAMASCUS.

ON the morning of the 16th of May we left Beirout, to make an excursion to the monastery of Antonia, one of the most beautiful and famous cenobitic edifices of Mount Lebanon. We crossed a bridge of Roman construction, and ascended a rock covered with Greek, Latin, and Syriac inscriptions, and sculptured figures. Upon reaching the summit, a picturesque scene presented itself to our view. This was a river inclosed within a narrow channel of rocks. It is called Nahr-el-Kelb, "The River of the Dog." We crossed a dilapidated bridge, and ascended a narrow, steep path. I closed my eyes, that I might not see the terrible precipices. We employed twenty days in crossing this region. The inhabitants of every village offered us hospitality and provisions. The Maronite priests received us politely, but with some coolness, because we were Protestants. Still, they are not so rigorously inhospitable toward the Protestants as are the priests of Italy and Spain.

The mountains which border the coast are covered with monasteries constructed in the style of Florentine villas of the Middle Ages. A village is planted on every peak, shaded by a

forest of pines, and traversed by a torrent which falls in coruscating cataracts to the bottom of a ravine. Vegetation is everywhere luxuriant, and attests the prosperity and opulence of the inhabitants.

On the 4th of June we re-entered Beirout, and began to prepare for our visit to Baalbec and Damascus. Messrs. Shipley and Richardson, with three English gentlemen, were to accompany us. We started on the morning of the 6th. The roads were bordered with a carpet of bright and fragrant flowers. The fruit-trees, and vines which climb from limb to limb, presented a beautiful picture. We crossed the promenade ground, where the Turks, Arabs, and Europeans exercise their horses. From this place you have a fine view of the range of Lebanon, with its cascades and snowy peaks.

We commenced the ascent of the mountain. Before arriving at the village of Hammana we were surprised by a terrible snow-storm. We were on the summit of the mountain. The wind blew furiously. The snow fell in great flakes, and blinded us. The path on which we were, was only two feet wide. On our left was a precipice five hundred feet in depth. We could hardly hear when one of our party shouted. The cold, boisterous wind nearly suffocated us. The Arab in front of me dismounted, and leaned against the side of the mountain, holding his

horse by the bridle. The rest of us followed his example. It was nearly evening. The wind increased in violence, and the snow fell more copiously. I heard the voice of Lord Arnold calling for assistance. I left my horse, and hastened toward him. To accomplish this, some of the way I was obliged to creep under the bodies of the horses, between their legs. He and his wife and daughter were crowded together on a ledge of rock, about three feet wide and overhanging a yawning abyss. He cried out, "Help! help! The wind is driving us over the rock." Their faces were of a deathly pallor. I bade them lie down on the surface of the rock. It was the only way they could save themselves. In this posture the wind had no power over them.

We could not pass the night in this place; for we were already suffering from the cold. I resolved to seek a spot sheltered from the wind. I took the Arab guide, and we walked a quarter of an hour, sometimes erect, and sometimes on our hands and knees. At length we found a place at the bottom of a ravine where we could remain in safety. The Arab guide conducted the caravan to this spot, and I hastened to Lord Arnold. On our hands and knees we repaired to the shelter which I had discovered. I went first, to explore the road. Lady Arnold, her daughter, and the other ladies followed, while the gentlemen formed the rear. We remained

in the ravine till day-break. We crossed a brook, and passed through the village of Hammana. We then traversed the last range of Mount Lebanon. Our horses waded in snow three feet deep.

On the evening of the 7th we reached the city of Zaklé. This is a pretty, Christian city, in the valley between Libanus and Anti-Libanus. We turned to the north, and passed a graceful mosque, erected on the ruins of an ancient edifice. This, according to Arabic tradition, is the tomb of Noah, who dwelt in this beautiful valley, died, and was buried there. Some remains of Greek or Roman arches contradict this tradition.

We crossed the plain of Baalbec obliquely. A river flows through this plain. As we approached Anti-Libanus, the ground became arid and stony. We reached the first ruin, which is a little octagonal temple, with a portico of columns of red Egyptian granite. This temple was converted into a mosque by Takar-ed-Din. Baalbec is about three miles from this edifice. Impatient to behold this sublime and mysterious relic of the most venerable antiquity, we urged on our horses, which stumbled over blocks of marble, prostrate columns, and shattered capitals. Date and walnut trees grow among the ruins, and even within the walls of the temples. Baalbec is a hill of architecture, rising from the plain at a short distance from the true hills of Anti-Liba-

nus. We passed through a forest of magnificent columns of yellowish marble, many of them erect and supporting their graceful capitals; others were prostrate. The walls of the sanctuary are of marble, richly sculptured in relief. Fragments of the columns of the great temple lie in the trench which incloses it, and in the bed of the river which flows by it. On the summit of a mound of ruins stand six gigantic columns, still bearing their colossal capitals. We saw a wall formed of enormous sculptured stones, one placed on another.

We encamped near the miserable dwelling of the bishop of Baalbec. This prelate does not live so luxuriously as those of Europe and America. His residence attests his poverty, modesty, and austerity. He is a Greek. When we arose, the obelisks were coruscating in the splendor of a Syrian sun. After breakfast, we resumed the exploration of the ruins. I will give a brief description of a few. To give an exhaustive account of them would require an immense volume, composed, not by me, but by an erudite antiquary. We first visited the gigantic walls which surround the ruins. We crossed the little stream, and ascended by a narrow gap to the terrace on which the walls rest. Each stone is ten feet long, six feet high, and six feet thick, and is covered with sculptured figures. Some of them are twenty and thirty feet long by seven and

eight high. Within this inclosure are marble temples of prodigious hight and extent, furnished with elegantly carved colonnades and cornices. Some of these temples are almost intact. Wherever we directed our gaze, we were struck with admiration. Every object evinces the intelligence, civilization, and opulence of the people who once inhabited this city. Some of these monuments are said to be antediluvian. The Indians, Egyptians, Phœnicians, Greeks, and Romans erected monuments in this mysterious city; but wars and earthquakes have annihilated its inhabitants and overthrown its edifices.

We entered some caverns which are said to have been the residences of kings and pontiffs. We did not explore these labyrinths, from fear of getting lost. We visited a grand temple which had never been covered with a roof. In this the sun was worshiped. Around this rich temple are ten chapels, still intact, in which the orgies of Baal were celebrated.

Another temple is inhabited by multitudes of birds of prey. Its columns, capitals, cornices, niches, and altars are carved with elaborate skill. We measured the plinths of some of the columns. They are from thirty to forty feet in hight. The Arabs believe that they were cut and laid in position by genii. There are blocks of granite fifty-six feet long, fifteen feet wide and of unknown thickness. One that I measured was sixty-two

feet long, twenty feet wide, and fifteen feet thick. And these Cyclopean masses are elevated one upon another. They were cut in distant quarries, transported to Baalbec, and laid in position to form the foundation of this great temple of Jupiter. Truly a race of giants must have erected these foundations. Indeed, human skeletons of immense size have been found in the vicinity of Baalbec. We remained two days in the mysterious and silent ruins of this city, the ancient Heliopolis.

On the morning of the 11th the caravan emerged from the ruins. At every step, we encountered fragments of obelisks, shattered statues, pedestals, capitals, and uniquely carved cornices, resembling alabaster lace. Hideous jackals started up from behind prostrate columns, as our caravan advanced.

We commenced the ascent of Anti-Libanus. This range of mountains is called by the Arabs, Jebel esh-Shurki. The Hebrew name, Lebanon, which has been adopted in Europe, and signifies "white," from the white gray color of the limestone, comprehends the two ranges of Libanus and Anti-Libanus. The general direction of Anti-Libanus is from north-east to south-west. Nearly opposite to Damascus it bifurcates into diverging ridges; the most eastern of the two, the Hermon of the Old Testament, continues its south-western course, is the proper prolongation of An-

ti-Libanus, and attains, in its highest elevation, the altitude of ten thousand feet above the level of the sea. The other ridge takes a more westerly course, is long and low, and at length unites with the bluffs and spurs of Libanus. The eastern branch was called by the Sidonians Sirion, and by the Amorites, Shenir, both names signifying a "coat of mail." The poplar grows profusely on Anti-Libanus. The outlying promontories, with those of Libanus, supplied the Phœnicians with abundance of timber for ship-building.

We saw a pyramidal mountain about three miles in circumference. Its sides were steep, and its summit towered above the clouds. To ascend its sides would be deemed impossible at a short distance; yet they are pierced with caverns of different magnitudes, formed by the hand of man. We saw also some columns standing on its inaccessible slopes. It resembled an abandoned human hive. We could see no paths. The Arabs say that the Christians of Damascus, to escape from the persecution of the pagans, fled to this mountain, and hollowed these caverns. St. Paul founded a church in Damascus, which suffered, like its sister churches, from pagan persecution. Leaving Anti-Libanus, we commenced to traverse a fertile and cultivated region, irrigated by numerous rivers. The roads are wide, like those of Europe. We passed through a large

village, with wide streets, bordered by stone sidewalks. This village is called Zebdani. At this place we assumed the Turkish costume. This measure was necessary, as we were approaching Damascus, whose inhabitants are fanatical in the extreme. Damascus is a holy city. It must not be polluted by infidels. The Damascenes hate the Christians. They will not admit even the representatives of European governments into their city. It is dangerous for a Frank to enter this seditious and fanatical place. This is why we assumed the Turkish garb. If we had been recognized, death would have followed our audacious curiosity.

On the morning of the 14th we beheld Damascus from the summit of a little eminence. It formed a beautiful panorama, this city, with its boundless desert, its forest of minarets, its walls of yellow and black marble, and its numerous rivers and brooks. Groves of fruit-trees encircle the city. White domes, glittering lakes, and houses of polished marble, dazzle the eye of the traveler. We advanced over a wide road, bordered by gardens, villas, orchards, palaces, and small residences. Soldiers were going and coming on this road. Camels were carrying loads of stone. Caravans from Bassorah and Bagdad were approaching Damascus. The air was laden with the odoriferous exhalations of flowers. An Armenian was sitting on a stone at one side of the

road. He came toward our caravan, saluted us, and asked, "Where is the English prince?" The dragoman answered in the Syriac language, "This is the caravan of the English prince," indicating, at the same time, the spot on which Lord Arnold stood. The Armenian saluted him in the oriental fashion, and gave him a letter. Lord Arnold, through the dragoman, ordered the Armenian to advance, and the caravan to follow him. This is the letter:—

"MY LORD:—

"Follow prudently the bearer, and imitate the Turkish gait. An indiscretion will ruin you. I await your arrival.

"G. DELORETO."

Mr. Deloreto was born in Syria. His father was a native of Naples, and had married an Arab woman. Mr. Deloreto spoke Arabic and Syriac. The Turks believed that he was a Mohammedan. He was very useful to European merchants. He saved the lives of many Christians from the fanatical fury of the Damascenes. He knew Lord Arnold, and offered to entertain him at his house, where he would incur no danger.

With the Armenian at the head, we entered the city by a gate guarded by sentinels. We were in a narrow, dirty, and muddy street, in the Armenian Quarter, where the Christians of Damascus reside. After turning several corners, our

guide knocked at a door. Mr. Deloreto appeared, and saluted Lord Arnold, saying, "You are welcome." The caravan was quartered in a large paved court. The interior of this court, and the residence of Mr. Deloreto were very rich, while the outside of the establishment had a shabby appearance, and seemed on the point of falling in ruins. Our horses were placed in stables. We were provided with food, coffee, sherbet, pipes, and tobacco. Mr. Deloreto observed rigidly the oriental customs. He presented to us his father, mother, brothers, sisters, wife, and children. They constituted an interesting family. We conversed of the fanatical city in which he resided, which was so persistent in its persecution of the Christians. A revolt, accompanied by a massacre of the Christians, may occur at any moment. It is only necessary that a man rush into the street with a gun in his hand, and shout, "Death to the infidels! Death to the enemies of the prophet!" Fifty thousand men will imitate his example, and will rush on the Christians like tigers, sparing neither age nor sex. The Armenian Christians are, therefore, always on the alert. The Turkish garrison, in time of revolt, cannot restore order.

I wished to explore the city, which was a very hazardous undertaking. I attired myself in rigidly Arabian apparel, and, accompanied by the guide, traversed the muddy and squalid Arme-

nian Quarter. The streets are narrow and winding. The houses are furnished with lattices to admit the light. The guide presented me to several Armenian, French, Italian, and Spanish families, the members of which were all born in Syria, of European fathers and Syrian mothers. The exterior of their dwellings is poor, but the interior, rich and elegant. They are all merchants, trading with Bassorah and Bagdad. The men carry on commercial transactions, calculate, and write the whole day. The women are very handsome. They marry at the age of twelve or thirteen years. Their costume is magnificent.

I passed through another Armenian Quarter, whose streets were wide and clean. They were bordered by the palaces of the chief men of Damascus. The exterior of these palaces suggests the idea of a prison. The walls are of mud, and there are no windows. I visited one of these magnates, whose acquaintance I had formed in Jaffa. The interior of his palace was wonderfully beautiful. The court contained several fountains of white marble. It was paved with marble. The aga conducted me through all the apartments. There were eight richly furnished parlors, whose decorations had cost, so the aga told me, fifty thousand dollars. The wealth of this people consists in marble palaces, rich carpets, slaves, horses, fine weapons, precious stones, and women.

The agas of Damascus are all children of Pashas

or Emirs, and enjoy the wealth which their fathers accumulated. Each one has an estate in the environs of Damascus. At a word from the Pasha, their gardens, palaces, horses, women, and treasures, pass into the possession of another favorite. Lasciviousness and fatalism are the necessary results of oriental despotism.

The aga was very polite to me. We drank coffee and smoked together, after which I bade him farewell. I visited the bazaars. The grand bazaar is about two miles in length. It is a wide street, covered with a roof and bordered with small shops, in which are sold jewels, arms saddles, and trunks. There are many restaurants and coffee-houses. Persian and Damascene carpets, cutlery, vegetables, and fruits, are articles of traffic. The street was crowded with camels laden with costly merchandise from Hindoostan, Bassorah, Bagdad, and other places. Turkish soldiers trailed their sabers over the pavement. Agas, armed with sabers and daggers, and followed by their favorites and slaves, were entering the coffee-houses to rest, and smoke their long pipes. Bedouins, of ferocious aspect, enveloped in woolen blankets attached to the body with a leathern belt, paraded the avenue. I passed a barber's shop, the proprietor of which, in a loud voice, invited passers to enter and submit their heads to his shears. I passed drug stores and perfumery shops, from which emanated a delicious odor.

Perfumes are indispensable to the Orientals. I also visited the Exchange and Custom-house. This edifice is guarded by soldiers.

We remained six days in Damascus. On the last day of our sojourn there we visited the ruins of the house from which St. Paul escaped, by night, in a basket. I saw also the exterior of the mosque, which was the church where St. Paul preached the word of the divine Saviour. I longed to enter it, but I knew that my temerity would be punished with death. There are thirty thousand Christians at Damascus, the most of whom are Armenians and Greeks. There are also a few papists.

CHAPTER XXV.

FROM DAMASCUS TO ATHENS.

LORD Arnold had intended to visit Palmyra, the ancient Tadmor, and also Bagdad, Bassorah, Mecca, and Medina. He was prevented from accomplishing this design by the intelligence that a fearful pestilence was destroying the caravans of pilgrims. Forty thousand had already perished, and the desert was covered with the bones of poor wretches who had succumbed to the epidemic, and whose flesh had been devoured by wild beasts.

June 21, we emerged from Damascus by a gate opposite to that by which we had entered. We advanced slowly through a labyrinth of delightful gardens. Each garden inclosed a marble mansion of Arabic architecture. White marble fountains ejected graceful streams of sparkling water. Orange and lemon trees were laden with golden fruit. The ground was covered with a carpet of bright, fragrant flowers, among which were the rose, jasmine, and geranium. Some of the mansions were surrounded by inclosures of marble and iron columns, others, by walls of white marble. According to Arabic tradition, Damascus was the site of the lost paradise. No place on earth recalls so forcibly the description of Eden. The spacious and fertile plain, the seven blue rivers that irrigate it, the majestic framework of mountains, the azure lakes that reflect the sky, the geographical situation between two seas, the perfection of the climate, all indicate that Damascus was one of the first cities built by man.

Damascus is one vast manufactory. The population is about 400,000, and, if the suburban and rural population were included, I believe it would amount to 1,000,000.

We encamped at Zanklé. This city contains about 8000 inhabitants. They are agriculturists and are engaged in the breeding of silk-worms. On the 22d we arrived at Hammana, and on the evening of the 23d, re-entered the city of Beirout.

On the morning of the 26th we resumed our march, advancing north toward Tripoli. We encamped near the village of Djebaël, in the country of the ancient Giblites, who furnished King Hiram with the blocks of stone destined for the construction of the temple of Solomon. The next day we passed an ancient Gothic castle abandoned to jackals and eagles. We arrived at Tripoli the same evening, where Lord Arnold was received by his friends. We remained two days in this industrious city. The inhabitants manufacture leather, silk goods, and calico, and cultivate tobacco.

On the 30th we resumed our march. We crossed a river which flows through a fertile plain cultivated by the inhabitants of the village of Eden. We ascended a steep and narrow path, and halted on the summit of a hill, whence we obtained a view of the village, which we entered, and spent the rest of the day in rambling over the well-cultivated valley in which it is situated.

On the 1st of July we visited the celebrated cedars of Lebanon. Our progress was impeded by the snow that covers the lofty summits of the mountain. We ascended slippery roads flanked by deep valleys. We arrived at last at the margin of the Valley of Saints. This valley is two hundred feet deep and three hundred feet wide. It is densely populated. Its sides and bottom

are dotted with villages. We descended by a steep path to the village of Beschierai. After a short interval of repose and three hours of travel over dangerous roads, we arrived at the gigantic cedars mentioned in the Bible. Their enormous trunks were buried in the snow. We experienced much difficulty in approaching these venerable trees. The Arabs cherish a profound reverence for them. Every summer the inhabitants of the valleys celebrate mass under their spreading branches. These people are Maronites.

On the 2d of July we commenced our return to Tripoli, where we arrived on the evening of the 3d. We proceeded thence to Beirout, where we parted company with Messrs. Shipley and Richardson, who intended to go by land to Constantinople. Lord Arnold wished to visit Athens before going to Constantinople. He chartered a handsome Greek brig, that he might go whither he should desire. He also wished to transport four of his Arab domestics who would not quit their master, as well as the goods he had purchased at Damascus, and the relics of antiquity which he had picked up at different places.

On the 10th of July we embarked, and ordered the captain of the vessel to steer for Cyprus. The wind was favorable, and on the evening of the 12th we cast anchor in the harbor of Larnica.

The island of Cyprus is situated in the north-

eastern angle of the Mediterranean Sea. In shape it is somewhat oval, with a considerable promontory projecting east north-east. Its greatest length is one hundred and forty miles, its breadth from fifteen to forty miles. It is intersected from east to west by a range of mountains, the highest point of which is St. Croce. The chief river is the Pedia. The wines of Cyprus are highly prized; 200,000 gallons are produced annually. Sheep and cattle are bred in great numbers. Cyprus has veins of gold, silver, and other metals. Asbestos of the finest quality is found near Baffa. Carpets, cotton and silk fabrics, and leather are manufactured. The population is about 115,000, one-half of whom are Greeks. Cyprus was originally peopled by the Phœnicians. It was subsequently colonized by the Greeks, and successively possessed by the Egyptians, Persians, and Romans. Anciently, Cyprus was the principal seat of the worship of Venus. Indeed, the whole island was sacred to her. After the fall of the Western Empire Cyprus formed part of the Byzantine power, from which it was wrested by the Saracens. Isaac, a prince of the Comneni family, next usurped the sovereignty, from which he was expelled, in A. D. 1191, by Richard I., of England, who conferred it on Guy de Lusignan, in whose family it remained for three centuries. On the extinction of this line, in 1480, Cyprus reverted to the Venetians,

whom the Turks expelled in 1571, after a vigorous and determined resistance. At the dawn of the Christian era, Cyprus contained a large Jewish population. In the reign of the Emperor Hadrian the Jews massacred 240,000 Greek citizens.

July 14th we embarked, and steered toward the island of Rhodes. We arrived at the city of the same name on the 20th, after a prosperous voyage.

Rhodes belongs to Asiatic Turkey. It is ten miles from the coast of Asia Minor. Its area is four hundred and twenty square miles. It is traversed by a range of mountains, on which grow forests of pine, in great request for ship-building. Beneath this range rises a tract of lower hills, on which a species of the vine which produces the perfumed wine so much praised by the ancients is largely cultivated. The tract beneath forms the greatest portion of the island, and, sloping gradually down to the sea, is watered by numerous streams. It is thus rendered capable of producing the most luxuriant crops. A great part of the island is uncultivated, but it yields corn, olives, pomegranates, lemons, wine, wax, honey, and figs. The manufactures are silk fabrics, shoes, red leather, and umber. It exports wax, honey, figs, and other fruits. It imports woolen goods, iron, nails, shot, soap, cordage, hardware, coal, horses, cattle, carpets, and corn. Its population is 30,000.

The city of Rhodes is situated at the north-eastern extremity of the island. It is defended by towers about eight hundred feet distant from each other, while in the center of the mole there is a square bastion one hundred and twenty feet high. It presents very few vestiges of its ancient grandeur; its streets are narrow and winding, and devoid of elegance and regularity. It has two good harbors, separated only by a mole running obliquely out into the sea. It was founded B. C. 408. Rhodes, according to Strabo, surpassed all other cities for the beauty and convenience of its ports, streets, walls, and public edifices, all of which were adorned with a profusion of works of art, both in painting and sculpture. The most extraordinary statue, which is described as one of the seven wonders of the ancient world, was the brazen statue of the sun, commonly called the Colossus of Rhodes. It was the work of Chares of Lindus. It cost three hundred talents ($300,000), and was one hundred and five feet high. Its gigantic size may be inferred from the fact that few men were able to encompass one of its thumbs with their arms. The Colossus stood astride over the entrance to one of the ports, and the largest ships could sail between its legs. A winding staircase ran to the top, from which a fine view of the sea and adjacent coasts could be obtained. It was at length overthrown by an earthquake. The Saracens

sold the fragments to a Jewish merchant, who loaded nine hundred camels with the brass.

July 22d we embarked, and directed our vessel toward Athens. After a very tempestuous voyage, we anchored in the Piræus, the port of Athens. Lady Arnold had been seriously ill during the passage from Rhodes. She needed several weeks' repose. Lord Arnold sent me to Athens, instructing me to procure a suitable residence. Through the intervention of the English Consul, I obtained a handsome dwelling, to which was attached a large garden. From the terrace, there was a fine view of the city.

Lord Arnold wished me to accompany him to Constantinople, and thence through Hungary, France, and Spain. I declined this proposition, but promised to remain with him during his sojourn in Greece. I wished to return to Italy as soon as possible.

CHAPTER XXVI.

GREECE.

DURING our stay in Athens we visited the antiquities of this celebrated city. To describe these antiquities would require a large volume. I will endeavor to give my readers a

faint idea of two or three of these structures, which are of universal celebrity.

The Parthenon at Athens was the most perfect production of Grecian architecture. It derived its name from being the temple of the goddess Athena Parthenos, or Athena the Virgin. It was built under the administration of the illustrious statesman, Pericles, and was completed in B. C. 438. It was erected on the highest part of the Acropolis, or citadel of Athens. Its architecture was of the Doric order. It was built entirely of white marble, and rested upon a rustic basement of ordinary limestone. The contrast between the limestone of the basement and the splendid marble of the superstructure enhanced the beauty of the latter. Upon the basement stood the stylobate, or platform, built of Pentelic marble, five feet and a half in hight, and composed of three steps. The Parthenon, measured from the upper step of the stylobate, was about two hundred and twenty-eight feet in length, one hundred and one in breadth, and fifty-nine in hight to the top of the pediment. It consisted of a cella, surrounded by a peristyle, which had eight columns at each front, and seventeen at each side (reckoning the corner columns twice), thus containing forty-six columns in all. These columns were six feet two inches in diameter at the base, and thirty-four feet in hight. Within the peristyle, at each end, there was an interior

range of six columns, five and one-half feet in diameter, standing before the end of the cella, and forming, with the prolonged walls of the cella, an apartment before the door. These interior columns were on a level with the floor of the cella, and were reached by two steps from the peristyle. The cella was divided into two chambers of unequal size, of which the eastern chamber, or *naos*, was ninety-eight feet, and the western chamber, or *opisthodomus*, forty-three feet in length. The ceilings of these chambers were supported by inner rows of columns.

Such was the simple structure of this magnificent building, which, by its united excellences of material, design, and decoration, was the most perfect ever executed. The whole building was adorned within and without with the most exquisite pieces of sculpture. The various architectural members of the upper part of the building were enriched with colors. The statues and reliefs were also enriched with various colors; and the weapons, the reins of horses, and other accessories were of metal.

Of the sculptures of the Parthenon, the grandest and most celebrated was the colossal statue of the virgin goddess, executed by the hand of Phidias himself. Ivory was employed for those parts of the statue which were unclothed, while the dress and other ornaments were of solid gold. This statue represented the goddess standing

clothed with a tunic reaching to the ankles, with her spear in her left hand, and an image of Victory, six feet high, in her right. She was girded with the Ægis, and had a helmet on her head, and her shield rested on the ground by her side. The hight of the statue was forty feet.

The Parthenon was converted into a Christian church in the sixth century. Upon the conquest of Athens by the Turks it was changed into a mosque. In 1687, when Athens was besieged by the Venetians under Morosini, a shell, falling into the Parthenon, inflamed the gunpowder, which had been placed by the Turks in the eastern chamber, and reduced the center of the Parthenon to a heap of ruins. In 1827 the Parthenon received fresh injury from the bombardment of the city in that year. But even in its present state of dilapidation, the magnificence of its ruins strikes the spectator with astonishment and admiration.

The site of the temple of Jupiter is indicated by sixteen gigantic Corinthian columns of white marble. This temple not only exceeded in magnitude all other temples in Athens, but was the greatest ever dedicated to the supreme deity of the Greeks. It was commenced by Pisistratus, and finished by Hadrian. Aristotle mentions it as one of the colossal undertakings of despotic governments, and places it in the same category with the pyramids of Egypt. It was three hun-

dred and fifty-four feet in length, and one hundred and seventeen in breadth. It consisted of a cella, surrounded by a peristyle, which had ten columns in front, and twenty on the sides. The peristyle, being double in the sides, and having a triple range at each end, besides three columns between and at each end of the cella, consisted altogether of one hundred and twenty columns. Of these columns sixteen are now standing with their architraves, thirteen at the south-eastern angle, and three at the south-western. These are the largest columns of marble now standing in Europe, being six and one-half feet in diameter, and sixty feet high. The desolation of the spot on which they stand adds much to the effect of their tall, majestic forms, and scarcely any ruin excites stronger emotions of admiration and awe.

The building called the "Temple of the Winds" was erected about B. C. 100. It served both as the weather-cock and public clock of Athens. It is an octagonal tower, its eight sides facing respectively the directions of the eight winds into which the Athenian compass was divided. The directions of the several sides were indicated by the figures and names of the eight winds which were sculptured on the frieze of the entablature. On the summit of the building there stood a bronze figure of a Triton, holding a wand in his right hand, and turning on a pivot, so as to serve for a weather-cock. This monument formed a

measure of time in two ways. On each of its eight sides, beneath the figures of the winds, lines are still visible, which, with the gnomons that stood out above them, formed a series of sun-dials. In the center of the interior of the building there was a clepsydra, or water-clock, the remains of which are still visible.

The Theseum, or temple of Theseus, is the best preserved of all the monuments of ancient Athens. It is situated on a hight in the north-western part of the city. It was at the same time a temple and a tomb, having been built to receive the bones of Theseus, which Cimon had brought from Scyros to Athens in B. C. 469. The temple appears to have been commenced in the same year, and was finished about 465 B. C. It is built of Pentelic marble, and stands upon an artificial foundation formed of large, quadrangular blocks of limestone. Its architecture is of the Doric order. It has six columns at each front, and thirteen on each flank, including those at the angles which are also reckoned among those of the front, so that the number of columns surrounding the temple is thirty-four. The stylobate is two feet four inches high, and has two steps. The total length of the temple on the upper step of the stylobate is one hundred and four feet, and its total breadth forty-five feet. Its hight from the bottom of the stylobate to the summit of the pediment is thirty-three and one-half feet. The

cella is forty feet in length, the *pronaos* including the eastern portico, thirty-three feet, and the *opisthodomus*, including the western portico, twenty-seven feet. The *pronaos* and *opisthodomus* were each separated from the ambulatory of the peristyle by two columns. The columns, both of the peristyle and of the two vestibules, are three feet four inches in diameter, and nineteen feet high. Although the temple itself is nearly perfect the sculptures have sustained great injury. The figures in the two pediments have entirely disappeared; and the metopes of the frieze have been greatly mutilated. Enough, however, remains to show that these sculptures belong to the highest style of Grecian art. The relief is bold and salient, the figures, in some instances, appearing to be only slightly attached to the marble surface. The sculptures, both of the metopes and of the pediments, were painted, and still preserve remains of the colors. The subjects of the sculptures are the exploits of Theseus and of Hercules. The Theseum was for many centuries a Christian church dedicated to St. George.

After spending two weeks in exploring the antiquities of Athens, we crossed the isthmus of Corinth, and visited the principal places of the Peloponnesus, now called the Morea. We also visited the islands adjacent to the coast of Greece. The details of these excursions I am obliged to omit. I am not writing an itinerary and must

resume the narrative of my personal adventures. Greece has been described by many travelers. My feeble pen would be quite inadequate to such a task.

While I was in Greece I encountered many of my former comrades in the wars of Italy, and a great number of political refugees belonging to aristocratic Italian families. After the departure of Lord Arnold for Constantinople I visited two of my college companions, who were living in the island of Negropont. They had fled thither to escape the wrath of the Vatican. I had six thousand francs, the emolument which I had received from Lord Arnold for services rendered. I loaned one thousand francs to one of my friends who was expecting a remittance from his relatives. I was boarding in a Greek hotel, and an apartment was assigned to my exclusive occupation. On the night of the 12th of September I slept soundly, being fatigued by the day's excursion. I was awakened by the contact of a cold body with my forehead, and beheld a man with a long beard and ferocious countenance, pressing a double-barreled pistol to my forehead and ready to fire upon the slightest movement. Two others were rummaging the apartment for valuables. Finding nothing, they compelled me to arise and then searched my bed. Finally they explored my valises, and searched all my clothing, even my boots and hat. They warned me, in good

Greek, not to cry out nor stir from my bed. These admonitions were accompanied by menaces with their pistols and daggers, intimating that I would pay the penalty of immediate death if I should venture to disobey their commands. They then disappeared with my valises. I had recognized one of them in spite of his elaborate disguise. He was a native of Malta, whom I had often employed at Athens for little services. The villain had followed me from that city to Negropont, knowing that I had money.

I was in complete consternation. I had nothing remaining but my shirt and drawers. In the morning the owner of the hotel called me to breakfast. I replied that I could not descend, having been robbed of all my clothing. He brought some food to my bed. I wrote an account of what had occurred to my Italian friends, who immediately brought me clothing. We went to inform the authorities of the audacious robbery. They promised to employ every means to capture the robbers, and gave me an order, which I delivered to the inn-keeper. He was thereby instructed to entertain me at his house during the time that I should remain in the island, without demanding payment therefor.

I learned from the Greek authorities that their search had been ineffectual. Happily, after seven days of anxiety, the friend to whom I had loaned a thousand francs returned me the money.

I returned immediately to Athens, and thence proceeded by sea to Corfu, the ancient Corcyra. I could find no vessel bound for Sardinia. There was a Greek schooner bound for Brindisi, the ancient Brundusium. This city is situated on the Adriatic Sea, in the region which was formerly the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. I engaged a passage on this schooner.

I embarked on the 27th of September. The crew consisted of fourteen villainous-looking sailors and a cabin-boy. The physiognomy of the captain betokened nothing good. During the short voyage of two days, I was badly used by these desperadoes. I did not understand much of their Greek patois, but I knew by their gestures that they wished to throw me into the sea. They darted ferocious glances at me, and drawing their daggers brandished them above my heart. They searched me from head to foot, and appropriated some pieces of money which I had with me. Fortunately I had a letter of exchange, which I intended to negotiate with a merchant of Brindisi.

The scoundrels took advantage of my unfortunate position; for they knew my history. The captain said to me in good Italian,

"If you inform the authorities how we have treated you, I will inform them who you are."

I understood this threat. I was in their power. I answered with a forced smile,

"A Greek should not have such a hard heart. On the contrary, you should give all possible assistance to an Italian who has heroically defended a holy cause, a cause like that of those brave Greeks who delivered their country from Mohammedan tyranny."

At these words his eyes sparkled with excitement, and he became affable and polite. He gave me his hand, and conducted me into the cabin. He invited me to drink some *raki*, and to smoke a pipe.

The tempest without increased. The rain fell in torrents. Dazzling flashes of lightning were succeeded by deafening detonations. Eight men were required to manage the ship, and four others worked the pumps. There was a foot of water in the hold. I also was obliged to take my turn at the pumps.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ITALY.

WE entered the harbor of Brindisi, and I disembarked. I presented myself before the English Consul, and gave him the letter of recommendation which Lord Arnold had provided me with. He perused it, and said, "My dear

friend, be prudent! Do not speak of politics; for the police of the Bourbons is very suspicious, and exercises a strict surveillance everywhere. Do not appear much in public. I will watch over your welfare." I went to the merchant, Mr. Pannetti, and gave him my bill of exchange. He handed me one thousand francs in gold, and I went to the hotel. In the evening the Consul visited me and inquired what route I wished to pursue. I replied that I wished to go to Naples, and thence to Genoa by sea. He gave me some instructions, and procured me a seat in the diligence.

On the morning of the 30th of September I took my place in the vehicle. We passed through Taranto, Bari, Barletta, Trani, Foggia, Avellino, and Nola. I experienced no difficulty at any of these places. Happily, the English Consul at Naples had received a letter from the Consul of Brindisi. He had sent an official of the consulate to wait for me at the Porta Capuana, the place where the diligence stops and the guard examines the passports of the travelers. While the guard was examining my passport, a person at the other window of the diligence said,

"Is there a gentleman named F. Urgos here?"

"Yes, sir. I am he whom you seek."

"I was sent by the Consul of her Majesty, the Queen of Great Britain. The Consul wishes you to follow me to his habitation. He has matters of importance to communicate to you."

I descended from the diligence, and followed the official. He inquired whether I had much baggage. I replied that I had nothing, and that my clothing and money had been stolen in Negropont. We passed some sentinels, and the agent looked around for a coach. Seeing one approaching, he made a signal to the driver, who stopped his horses. We entered the vehicle, and rapidly traversed the city. We soon arrived at the residence of the Consul, which was in the Piazza Fontana Mileto.

The Consul interrogated me concerning my journey. He informed me that he had received a letter from Athens, and another from Constantinople, written by Lord Arnold. "Tell me," said he, "how I can serve you. What do you intend to do? You cannot remain long in this city. The police are very vigilant. If they discover that you are an Italian, carrying an English passport, you will have serious difficulties to encounter. I advise you to leave this city as quickly as possible. If you remain here longer there may be a collision between the English and Neapolitan authorities. My secretary will conduct you to an English hotel. Do not go into the street. Be cautious. I will procure you a passport, and will engage a berth for you on a steamer that will convey you to Genoa. You understand why I act thus. If you require anything, mention it without hesitation. Lord Arnold has commanded me to provide you with all that you desire."

"I need nothing but your protection."

"Well! Go in peace. Be courageous. I will soon apprise you of the hour of your departure."

On the 3d of October I was notified by the Consul that he had procured me passage upon a French commercial vessel which would leave the harbor at nine o'clock. The Consul and his secretary came to the hotel in a carriage. I entered the vehicle, and we proceeded to the harbor. A bark, manned by six sailors, awaited us. The Consul bade me enter her quickly. The seamen rowed swiftly away to the ship. We ascended the sides of the brig. As soon as we reached the deck the Consul exclaimed, "Saved!"

I asked what he meant.

"Listen," said he, "I did not wish to tell you while you were in the city. I knew that the communication would distress you. Your position was very critical. The police inquired why I interested myself so much for one who was not English. I replied that your nationality exercised no influence on my conduct; that you had a duly certified passport; and that I was discharging my duty in protecting you.

"The police then said,

"'We know the individual. We have his description. We can prove that he is an Italian, a Garibaldian, a sanguinary rebel, an apostate, and a seditious man.'

"I answered that these matters did not con-

cern me; that I would assist and protect you, because you had come to me recommended by a nobleman of Great Britain, and provided with a legitimate English passport; and that the government which I represented would sustain me. This remark closed our discussion. You are now beyond the reach of persecution."

The sailors raised the anchor and spread the sails. The Consul and his attendant bade me a hasty farewell, and leaped into the bark which awaited them. The wind was favorable, and on the 7th of October we arrived at Genoa. I disembarked and sought a lodging. On the following day I visited some influential citizens. I was received with courtesy. Each one asked what had been my adventures since the capture of Rome. The narration of my story aroused their indignation. They exclaimed, "When shall Italy be delivered from the tyranny of the Roman clergy?" These gentlemen belonged to the republican party. They promised to procure me employment in an office.

The *Gazzetta del Popolo* published a terrible article against the Vatican and Jesuitism. It demanded information concerning a number of young Italians who had been wounded at Rome in defending the cause of liberty. These young men, after their convalescence, quitted the hospital, but never left the city. The relatives of these young soldiers never received any intelli-

gence concerning them. Many of them were my friends. Some I had known at college; I had contracted an intimacy with others in the army or at the hospital. They issued from the hospital in good health, and hoping to throw themselves into the arms of their parents. I left the hospital after almost all the others had gone. Their relatives had sought them anxiously, carefully, but ineffectually, from July, 1849, till the time of my arrival at Genoa. These young martyrs belonged to the flower of the Italian aristocracy.

The article published in the *Gazzetta del Popolo,* and the numerous visits which I received from the relatives of my unfortunate companions, excited the apprehensions of the ecclesiastical authorities. The clergy commenced to defame my character and sought to effect my assassination, taking precautions, at the same time, not to compromise themselves and to prevent suspicion of their instrumentality in my destruction. The relatives of the martyrs of Italian liberty, when they learned the sad fate of their kinsmen, cursed the Roman clergy, and swore to exact a terrible vengeance of the sanguinary perpetrators of these atrocities.

I had occasion to introduce, in the former part of this work, the names of some of my fellow-soldiers who perished in the dungeons of the Inquisitional Palace at Rome. I here add some

other names to that melancholy list; they are the names of young men whose relatives visited me at Genoa.

Archimede del Rianto, native of Como, student of medicine, captain in the Rosselli Legion.

Achille Lioncelli, native of Brescia, student of medicine, lieutenant in the Roman Legion.

Ferdinando Zucchi, of Mantua, student of law, lieutenant in the Roman Legion.

Nicomede d'Ambroggio, of Padua, student of law, sergeant major in the Galletti Legion.

Arcadio Ruize, of Mantua, student of chemistry, lieutenant in the first regiment of the line.

Alfonso Minieri, of Parma, sergeant of dragoons.

Francesco Luccotti, of Parma, student of pharmacy and botany.

Andrea Calvelli, of Alessandria, student of medicine.

Ferdinando Muzzo, of Oneglia, student of law, lieutenant in the Garibaldian Guards.

Muzio Fabrizio, of Pavia, student of medicine, sergeant in the Bersaglieri.

Napoleone Scevola, of Piacenza, student of natural history, sergeant in the Bersaglieri.

Alessio Luparelli, of Venice, student of architecture, officer in the Garibaldian Guards.

Orticelli, of Parma, painter, sergeant.

Camillo Casali, of Cremona, sculptor, corporal in the dragoons.

The fate of the persons whose names are given

above has never been revealed. I have a very vivid conception of it. I have endured the tortures of the Inquisition. I know what my end would have been if powerful friends had not watched over me, and effected my escape from my horrible prison, through whose corridors and chambers reverberated incessantly the piercing shrieks of victims who were suffering the tortures which had been inflicted on me.

I had passed several days at Genoa. I had not been able to obtain any employment. I was repulsed by those to whom I applied. They told me that I was too young and inexperienced. I was convinced that invisible enemies were laboring to ruin my reputation. I was at the hotel, sitting in my chamber. A person knocked at the door. I opened it. A man of lofty stature, and insolent, mocking countenance, presented himself with a derisive bow. I perceived immediately that he had come to provoke me. I demanded his name and errand.

"I have come to conclude a bargain with you, illustrious martyr!"

I perceived that he was a priest. The blood mounted to my face. I impatiently demanded his name.

"It is not necessary to mention it," replied he.

I opened the door, and shouted vehemently, "Leave this room, ruffianly priest!"

The villain presented a pistol to my forehead.

I thought myself lost. I had no weapon upon my person. The assassin said ironically,

"Sit down, sir. Be calm. Do not exhibit any anger. Let us converse tranquilly."

I sat down.

"Oh! Oh! You are becoming reasonable. Listen! Garibaldian bandit, fugitive from the galleys at Rome, you have been circulating falsehoods!"

I arose, and raised my arm to smite him. He placed his finger on the trigger of his pistol, and aimed at my head. At this I stayed my arm. He said,

"Make no noise. At the slightest movement, I will blow out your brains."

"Assassin!" said I, "priest of Antichrist! This procedure well becomes a Jesuit!"

He laughed.

"Control your excitement, lying prophet, that you may understand me," said he. "Listen! I speak for your good. You must retract the reports which you have disseminated among the people."

I pretended acquiescence in this demand. I resolved to execute a stratagem. I told him that circumstances obliged me to accede to his requirement.

"How must I retract?" I asked.

"*Per Bacco!* You have a table, paper, ink and a pen."

He took a chair, and bade me sit down. I placed the inkstand and pen on the table. I searched among some documents for a piece of blank paper. There was none among them. At length the propitious moment had arrived. The priest observed all my movements, and finally asked, "Have you no paper in the drawer of this table?"

"I think I have a few sheets," replied I, while I opened the drawer. I seized two pistols that were within, cocked them, presented them to the breast of the reverend father, and said in a solemn voice, "My turn now, assassin!"

He grew pale and trembled. With a voice of thunder, I ordered him to quit the room, giving him, at the same time, a volley of kicks. He descended the stairs with alacrity, and disappeared among the crowd.

I informed my friends of the occurrence which had transpired. They advised me to leave Genoa immediately. "The clergy are enraged against you," said they. "You are hunted and tracked like a deer. You may fall into the hands of your pursuers. You know these gentlemen. Flee, flee from Genoa! Go to Rongo. We will give you letters of recommendation to Mr. Tallachini, railroad contractor at that place." On the following day I quitted Genoa.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

STRADELLA.

WHEN I arrived at Rongo, I sought Mr. Tallachini, and presented my letters of recommendation. He gave me employment in his office. I sought a boarding-house, and, on the following day, commenced my duties. I passed several days in peace, ignorant that a description of me had already reached the priest of this town, and that my destruction was meditated.

I gave lessons in calligraphy and grammar to the three daughters of the hotel-keeper. The latter was delighted with the progress made by his daughters under my instructions.

The parish priest visited my landlord's family one day, with the intention of effecting my expulsion from the house. The reader will be surprised by this exposition of the method which the papist clergy employ to effect the ruin of an educated, or otherwise obnoxious, person. This is the conversation which passed between Mr. Moroni and the priest.

"My dear Mr. Moroni, I have heard that a man named Urgos is living in your house, and that he is giving lessons to your daughters."

"Yes," replied Mr. Moroni.

"Is it possible?" said the priest. "You have

a terrible person in your house. He is a monster, a demon! He is a fugitive from the prison at Rome. He was condemned for heresy, blasphemy, and sedition. He fought at Rome in the ranks of the Garibaldian brigands against our dear brethren, the French and Neapolitans, the well-beloved children of our holy apostolic Roman Catholic Church. He is a Protestant. He has abjured the faith of his fathers. This blasphemous hypocrite dares to speak of the gospel, and affirms that he is a prophet. This venomous serpent has sold his soul to the devil. You see, Mr. Moroni, what a villain you have admitted into your family."

"This gentleman of whom you speak," replied Mr. Moroni, "is not as you say. On the contrary, he is a man of irreproachable character. I have often surprised him praying, and, sometimes, reading the gospel."

"Nonsense!" interposed the priest. "You know nothing. These men who sell themselves to the devil are capable of doing everything, of praying, of speaking about religion, of weeping, of laughing, and of giving alms. You must have read in the Holy Scriptures that the devil transported our Lord to a pinnacle of the temple, and tempted him, saying, 'If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down.' You know also that the devil dared to say to Jesus, 'Command that one of these stones be made bread,' and then trans-

ported him to the summit of a lofty mountain, and bade him fall down and worship him. And yet the devil knew that Jesus was the Son of God. So, my dear Mr. Moroni, he would not hesitate to tempt a poor mortal, and might easily seduce him into his service. Therefore, you must expel this individual from your house, lest he bring evil upon you."

The landlord, fearing that the influence of the priest would destroy his business, did not dare to discuss the matter with him. Mr. Moroni was a Roman Catholic, but he was somewhat enlightened by reading. He did not believe all that the priests told him, nor all the absurd doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. He had always been very polite to me, and left me ignorant of his interview with the priest. The latter, finding that his insinuations had not prejudiced Mr. Moroni against me, sought a more effectual method of destroying me. He secured the services of a ruffian, whose herculean strength and ferocious temperament inspired his co-laborers with dread. This individual declared that he would not hesitate to plunge a knife into the heart of the infernal heretic.

After my duties had been performed, I went to supper. When I had nearly completed my repast, I heard a loud burst of laughter, proceeding from persons without. I was alone in the room. A door opened, and eight persons of ruf-

fianly aspect, preceded by the individual mentioned above, entered the apartment. They surrounded the table at which I was sitting. Their ferocious countenances, and the menacing glances which they darted at me, made me shudder.

The leader of the band said to me insolently, "If I am not mistaken, you are the Protestant prophet." I made no reply to the insolent ruffian. Perceiving that I paid no regard to his words, he repeated the expression, and added, "Have you no tongue?"

I maintained silence. My taciturnity exasperated him. He seized a glass of wine, and threw the contents in my face. He struck the table a terrible blow with his fist, and poured upon me a volley of opprobrious epithets. A multitude of men and women belonging to the proletarian and fanatical class had by this time assembled. These wretches applauded and encouraged the ruffian who was reviling me. I heard several women in this rabble shout, "Kill, kill the Protestant!" Others cried, "Split his head! Finish the demon!" The men yelled fiercely, "Stab him! Stab him! It is no sin to kill a Protestant!"

The captain of the ruffians overturned the table, and unsheathed a formidable two-edged knife, about two feet and a half long. His satellites did the same. I seized a chair to defend myself. I placed myself in the corner of the room. All noise ceased; all eagerly awaited the

thrust that should pierce my heart. The chief advanced, with his left hand raised and his right grasping the huge knife. I struck him on the head with the chair. He fell to the floor. At this instant a door on my left opened. Mrs. Moroni seized me by the arm, and dragged me into another room. The door closed immediately. The young ladies ran to the door of the hotel, and shouted, "Murder! help! police! gendarmes!" At these cries, the assassins and the rabble fled.

Mr. Moroni came to me, pale and trembling, and begged me to leave the house immediately. "You will be killed before morning," said he, "if you remain here."

"Whither shall I go?" I asked.

"Follow me," said he.

We passed through the garden which was at the foot of a lofty mountain. We ascended this mountain by an obscure and rugged path. A cold wind was blowing. I was lightly clad. The excitement which I had experienced, and the cold, humid atmosphere, made me tremble. Mr. Moroni conducted me to a little grotto, and bade me enter. He departed, promising to return after midnight. At one o'clock A. M. he came, accompanied by his eldest daughter, Giulietta. He informed me of the hostility and machinations of the priest, saying that the murderous assault upon me had been made at the instigation of this villain. He said that all the

peasants of the district were against me, and advised me to leave Rongo clandestinely.

At break of day I commenced my journey across the Appennines. On the fifth day I arrived at Stradella, weary and shoeless. My entire wealth consisted of eight cents and my Testament, which I had never abandoned from the time when I entered the army. My guide, my consolation, my only hope, and my treasure was Jesus Christ. Happy is he who confides in him! I was happy. I feared nothing. I suffered everything without complaint.

Stradella is a town of eight thousand inhabitants. It is situated on the slope of the last chain of the Appennines, two hundred feet above the fertile plains of Lombardy. It is eight miles from the river Po, and at the same distance from the frontier of the Duchy of Piacenza.

I obtained employment in the office of a rich notary. He gave me one hundred and twenty-five francs per month. I wrote six hours of each day. I also gained fifteen francs each day by writing in my own apartment. I was loved by all the citizens, rich and poor. I was happy, and lived in peace; but this tranquillity did not continue long. I perceived that certain persons scowled upon me whenever I encountered them. These persons belonged to the fanatical class. The citizens of liberal sentiments treated me with undiminished affability and cordiality.

The parish priest sought my acquaintance. I

strove to avoid him; for these men of black vesture inspired me with abhorrence. One day he found me at home. I could not escape the visit. He presented himself graciously, and conversed familiarly. He invited me to visit him, and placed his library at my disposal. Nearly every evening for four months, I was at the residence of this priest, Mr. Gravini. Every Sunday I dined at his table.

One Sunday, the sacristan presented me a note from Mr. Gravini. The priest requested me to come to him immediately. I made a hasty toilet, and quickly arrived at his residence. I was introduced into his parlor. He awaited me in company with Mr. Vecchio, a very rich man who had formerly been mayor of the city, and two other aristocratic personages. These three gentlemen were members of the church and were of mature age. Mr. Gravini signified his wish that I should take a seat facing them. All four regarded me intently. I broke the silence by saying, "Well! gentlemen, I am at your service."

The miserable hypocrite arose, and, with well-assumed indignation, overwhelmed me with a torrent of opprobrious appellations which I will not repeat here, lest I offend the modesty of the reader. I listened to his reproaches with amazement; astonishment rendered me speechless. He paced the floor rapidly, and occasionally stumbled over a chair. At length I recovered my composure, and asked,

"Why do you apply these contumelious epithets to me? I do not deserve them."

"Silence!" he exclaimed. "I admitted you into my house as my child, believing that you were a gentleman. Scoundrel! you have abused my hospitality; you have dishonored me and my chamber-maid."

"I!" I exclaimed. "This is a calumny, such a falsehood as no one but a member of your order could devise!"

"Silence! I tell you," replied Mr. Gravini. "Do not dare to deny your infamy. Leave this house. To-morrow you shall appear before the tribunal of justice, where you will receive a sentence appropriate to your scandalous offenses."

I bowed sarcastically, and departed.

On Monday I was summoned to appear before the judge. At ten o'clock I was subjected to an examination. The pleading commenced at one o'clock. The priest himself defended the cause of his chamber-maid. My lawyer was very eloquent. The court-room was crowded with spectators. I will here introduce a specimen of the priest's eloquence:—

"Honorable judge, gentlemen of the jury, and honest fellow-citizens! I entreat you to be indulgent to this young man. He is demented. He has committed the most terrible of sacrileges. He has sworn a false oath. O my God! how I loved this ungrateful and perfidious youth! Pardon him. Do not destroy him. Pity him. He

is a prodigal son, and belongs to one of the first families of Italy. Oh! I implore you to spare him."

I was innocent, and yet I was crushed to the ground by this man. I was in despair.

The audience applauded the priest's clemency. They called me a blasphemer, a perjurer, a traitor. The judge commanded silence. My lawyer began his speech in my defense. I subjoin a few words of it:—

"Mr. Gravini, you have much advantage over this young gentleman, who is without friends, in a strange country. You are a priest. Your oath is believed, but his is not, because he is not a minister of God. I believe that you can take a false oath, like all other persons. I do not think that your sacerdotal vesture forms a bulwark against the devil. I can prove from history that priests have been guilty of perjury before this day."

I had no strength. I prayed silently to Jesus, my friend, my guide, and my saviour, to extricate me from the snares of my enemies.

I was condemned. My lawyer whispered to me, "Appeal!" I appealed, but I was again condemned. I appealed again, and this time Jesus came to my aid. I had twelve witnesses in my favor, among whom was the most skillful physician in the province. The maid had three witnesses, the priest, the sacristan, and the cook. The judge ordered these three witnesses to retire

into an adjoining apartment. He then asked the girl when I had commenced to frequent the residence of her master.

"Five months ago," replied the girl.

"Very well," said the judge. "You may sit down."

He then ordered the three witnesses to be brought in singly. He asked each the same question. They all replied, "Five months."

The pleading began. The priest spoke first. Then my lawyer arose. Here are a few words of his speech:—

"The girl and her three witnesses all agree in their testimony. You have here a singular circumstance, gentlemen of the jury. You have all heard that our friend, Mr. Urgos, first entered the house of the priest five months ago; yet he is accused of being the author of the present condition of this girl, who actually contracted this condition three months before Mr. Urgos was admitted into the domicile of her master! Medical science confirms what I assert. This girl is a monster in human form, an infamous perjurer, a vile calumniator."

At these words, the girl said audibly, "Pardon!" and fainted. The witnesses turned pale. The priest appeared like a man suffering torture. He could not articulate a single word. The girl recovered her senses, and exclaimed, "Pardon! I will tell the truth." The priest sunk into a chair. He sullenly awaited the bolt that was to

destroy him. The judge bade the girl tell the truth, that she might receive pardon. She began:—

"Mr. Urgos is innocent. He is a gentleman, and a man of honor. He always treated me with respect, and he has always respected the house of my master. The priest, my master, dishonored me, and, to screen his guilt, he persuaded me to accuse Mr. Urgos. I at first refused, but the priest became angry, and said,

"'You must do this, for you owe it to our holy religion as a duty. You must destroy this man. He is a Protestant, a renegade. He fought against our holy father, the pope. If you do what I bid you, this Protestant demon will be condemned to seven years of hard labor in the galleys, for having sworn falsely. You know very well, my dear girl, that I am a priest, that my oath will be believed, and that his will not.'

"I answered, 'Heaven will punish me for my perjury.'

"He laughed, and replied, 'Nonsense! Poor child, you know that I am a priest, and you know that God has given me power to pardon every sin, and that I can send to Heaven the souls that are tormented in purgatory.'

"I promised to do all that he wished. The two other witnesses have never seen Mr. Urgos. They were persuaded as I was. Is it not so?" she asked, addressing the sacristan and the cook.

They confirmed her statement. In conclusion, the priest was condemned to seven years of hard labor in the galleys, for perjury, seduction, and calumny. He was also compelled to pay me an indemnification, and to make reparation to the girl.

When I left the court-room, all the citizens who knew me thronged about me with congratulations. As I came out of the inclosure two peasants of herculean stature requested me to follow them, saying that they wished to communicate something of importance, apart from witnesses. I followed them till we arrived at a secluded spot. They stopped and glanced around. One of them seized my hand. The other did the same, saying, "You see these two knives. They would have avenged the honor of our sister today, if you had been found guilty of her seduction." They apologized and vanished.

After supper I received numerous visits from the most eminent and wealthy persons of the city. Providence restrained me from going out. We conversed till eleven o'clock about my trial. At that hour all departed except the notaries, Ruggero and Cassanova, who begged me to finish some important documents which my trial had prevented me from completing. At one o'clock, with the assistance of the notaries, I had finished the work. At two o'clock they departed. I conversed with the landlord till half past two, when I retired to rest, exhausted by excitement and labor.

At breakfast I learned that Mr. Gravini had been found dead, with fourteen deep wounds in his breast, and that he had been assassinated about half past ten, while returning from the dwelling of his notary, at about one hundred yards from the door of the latter. The notary heard a cry. He listened. The cry was not repeated. The procurator of the king ascertained that the priest had been attacked by two men, and that the contest had been a desperate one.

By the mercy of Almighty God, I had not left my chamber on that night. The local authorities suspected the brothers of the girl, but they could find no proof against them.

The Roman clergy wished to be rid of me at any price. There were two reasons for their implacable hatred: First, I was a Protestant; secondly, I knew all that passed in the Inquisitional Palace. My presence annoyed them. I had informed the relatives of the unfortunate victims of the Inquisition how their long-sought friends had perished. I began to perceive that my life was not secure. I might be assassinated at any moment by an emissary of the clergy. I committed myself to the protection of the Lord. He had already delivered me from many dangers. He had even punished with death the miserable priest who had committed so many crimes, and who had always been shielded from suspicion by his ecclesiastical robes and the ignorance of the people.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CONCLUSION.

AT this time Italy was groaning. She could no longer support the yoke of tyranny. She was insulted, humiliated, and exasperated. She was completely disarmed. If a penknife was found in any one's possession, the owner was severely punished. The king of Naples shot, imprisoned, bastinadoed, or exiled, a great number of estimable persons, confiscating their property and taking away their employments. Their families suffered misery and humiliation. Austria, Tuscany, Modena, Parma, and Piacenza inflicted the same punishments on all citizens who were suspected of liberal sentiments. The Pontificial States suffered terribly from the diabolical vindictiveness of the clergy, who were supported by Austrian and French bayonets. The Italians were trampled under foot by foreign soldiers, hired by Italian tyrants. Their cries of distress were not heard by any power.

Piedmont alone was able to make a stand against her oppressors, but she dreaded the power of Austria and France. The Italian patriots, who had taken refuge in Piedmont, regarded not the formidable difficulties in their way. They determined to make a bold effort. They resolved to cross the frontier of Lombardy at dif-

ferent points, to excite the peasantry, give them arms, and then to offer battle to the Austrian troops.

At seven P. M. of the 1st of December, 1852, we took up arms, and marched toward the river Po. We bivouacked till morning near the bank of the stream, while our scouts explored the Lombardian shore opposite.

We were betrayed. The Austrians were informed of our movement. They awaited us in ambuscade, in overwhelming force, and with a great number of cannon. The Piedmontese troops were also apprised of our movement. The government sent a squadron of cavalry to disperse us. We could have defeated this detachment of cavalry, but we wished to fight the Austrians, not our countrymen.

The Austrian army was too powerful. We threw down our arms and returned to our homes. On the following day the Piedmontese government ordered the persons who had been concerned in the insurrection to present themselves before the civil authorities of Alessandria, and render an account for their revolutionary demonstration. We obeyed the mandate, and, upon our arrival at Alessandria, were incarcerated. The civil authorities awaited instructions from the Chamber at Turin. The government had been compromised by our proceeding. It was obliged to banish us, in order to satisfy the Austrian government.

We were remanded to Villa Franca, a sea-port

near Nice. We were afterward placed on board a man-of-war, and conveyed to New York. The good citizens of this hospitable republic received us with open arms, and treated us very generously. The New York *Herald* defended our cause against the calumnious aspersions of the ultramontane journals of this country. The Roman clergy fulminated their anathemas against us, but the *Herald* silenced them effectually.

I will resume my history. I was in New York, without friends. I did not understand a single word of English. My money was nearly exhausted, and I could obtain no employment. My education was of no value among a people speaking a language quite unknown to me. My position was very precarious.

One day I was summoned to repair immediately to the death-bed of an Italian whose name I will not mention. He was at the Marine Hospital. In a short time I was at his side. He was twenty-one years of age, handsome, honest, courageous, patriotic, and well-educated. I loved him much. This unfortunate young man was enthusiastically devoted to the cause of Italian liberty. He heartily detested the Roman clergy, who have brought so much misery upon the Italians.

This brave young man, smiling with Christian resignation, said to me,

"Mr. Urgos, you are my friend. I have but a few moments of life, and I wish to make a confession to you. First, I wish you to swear by our Heavenly Father that you will execute all

that I enjoin upon you, and that you will not reveal, until the time which I shall designate, the name of my assassin nor the cause of the deed."

In a voice hoarse with emotion, I replied, "I will perform all your behests."

"Swear it!" said the dying man.

I took the oath, and he continued,

"Keep this envelope. It contains several important and valuable documents, and also a declaration written with a lead pencil by me. This declaration will inform you of what you must do for me. It contains the names of my murderers, and the names of the places where they were born."

He then imparted to me orally the name of the assassin and that of his accomplice. Finally, he warned me to beware of these assassins, and to preserve carefully the documents which he had committed to my charge. "To obtain these documents," added he, "they took my life."

In two hours he expired.

Two weeks afterward an individual approached me whom I detested; for I knew his history. We spoke of Italian politics. He suddenly changed the conversation, and said with affected indifference,

"I have heard that the young man who was assassinated has made you the depositary of a package of interesting documents. It seems that these documents will cause several heads to fall."

"Those who have told you that have exaggerated," I replied. "These documents concern the

family of the deceased, and he commissioned me to return them to his relatives in Italy."

At these words, my interrogator laughed, and said, "I believe that you misrepresent these documents."

"No," I replied.

"Be they as you say, or not," remarked he, "I have no interest in the affair. I merely asked from curiosity."

From that day, this individual constantly sought my company, professing to be my friend. I abhorred him, and strove to avoid contact with him.

I could not remain longer in New York, surrounded by sanguinary fanatics, capable of committing any crime. I left that city clandestinely, and came to Illinois. At that period Illinois was thinly settled and very unhealthy. I worked at the construction of the Illinois Central Railroad, which had just been commenced. My social position had changed completely. I associated no longer with a refined aristocracy. I had no educated companions. I was surrounded by degraded, ignorant, brutish fanatics, whose only amusements were quarreling and murder. Most of the laborers were Irish, and all were addicted to the use of intoxicating beverages. The account of my sufferings would fill a volume. I was exhausted by sickness and labor. I had a delicate constitution, and my exchange of the pen for the shovel had been very sudden.

I was obliged to call myself a Frenchman. The very name "Italian," "Garibaldian," or "Protest-

ant," inspired them with furious rage. Had they known my nationality and history, they would have pitilessly cut my throat. I was a Christian and could not practice the idolatrous mummery which the church of Rome obliges her votaries to learn. These wild men suspected that I did not belong to their church. They therefore subjected me to much humiliation. Often I have been greatly misused. Still I never lost my courage. On the contrary, every trial and adversity drew me nearer to the Lord. I prayed that their eyes might be opened to the light of the gospel. I was happy. I did not know that more terrible trials were before me.

One fine day in the month of October, 1859, while at work, I was sad and thoughtful. I had a presentiment that some new misfortune was about to fall upon me. At the conclusion of the day's labor I returned to my boarding-house. When I arrived there the mistress informed me that a man of suspicious physiognomy had come to the house, and inquired whether there was among the laborers an Italian named F. Urgos. The woman added that the man spoke bad English, and appeared to be an Italian or Spaniard.

At this narration I shuddered with horror. My enemies had discovered my retreat. I asked the woman how she had replied to the man's interrogatory.

"I told him," said she, "that there was a gentleman of that name here, but that he was

French. At this, he exclaimed, '*French!*' with a forced, mocking smile."

I did not sleep at all that night. Whenever I closed my eyes, horrible phantoms pursued one another before my excited imagination, or I was falling into a deep abyss. At length I turned my thoughts to God, and prayed for peace and fortitude.

On the following day, we could not work on account of the bad weather. A Frenchman and myself went hunting. We crossed a wide prairie, and entered a large forest. I perceived five persons, armed with carbines, enter the same forest at a spot far from us. This forest was shaped like a horse-shoe. Between the limbs was a prairie. We were walking near the margin of one of the limbs, and I was looking up at the trees for squirrels. Suddenly, there was a loud report, proceeding from the other limb of the wood. Several balls whistled past our heads. We saw the smoke, but not a man was visible. While we were looking for the individuals who had saluted us in this belligerent fashion, some voices bade us throw ourselves upon the ground. They proceeded from three Americans, who were cutting wood. They had seen our hidden adversaries aiming at us, and preparing to fire upon us a second time. At these cries, myself and my companion threw ourselves on the earth; at the same instant, another explosion resounded through the forest. The balls whistled harmless-

ly over us. We now perceived our enemies ensconced behind a pile of brushwood, about one hundred yards from us, and preparing to fire a third time. They ran toward us at full speed with their guns cocked, but were stopped by the discharge of our guns. Two of these unfortunate men were wounded. The three others fled precipitately. We returned to the house.

On the following day, after the morning's work was finished, I washed my face, according to my custom. While I was eating dinner, I experienced an acute pain in the eyes, which increased gradually. I was obliged to lie down. A few moments after, a vail hid from my eyes all the admirable works of the Creator. I was blind, incurably blind!

I sent for a physician, who said that the water with which I had washed my face contained arsenic. I was not only blind, but my life was in danger from the poison which my system had absorbed. My ears, nose, and cheeks were covered with eruptions. My mouth and lips were violently inflamed. I vomited continually. The doctor endeavored to ascertain who had mingled poison with the water. His investigations were fruitless. He asked me if I had enemies. I replied that I did not know.

On the following night I heard a man moving around my bed, as if he were searching for some article. I paid no attention to the incident, believing that it was one of the inmates of the house. In the morning, a Frenchman, my inti-

mate friend, came to my bed, and inquired about my health. He suddenly exclaimed, "Good heavens! Mr. Urgos, you must take better care of your port-folio!" He placed it in my hand. I was astonished when he told me that he had found it it on the floor. I kept it in my trunk. The latter was always locked, and I had the key in my pocket. With trembling hands, I examined it. My savings, four hundred dollars, earned by the sweat of my brow, were still there. Not a dollar had been taken. But the envelope which had been committed to my care by the young Italian whose death I have related, was gone.

I now understood who were my enemies, and why my sight had been destroyed. Rome had done this! The satellites of Antichrist had made me blind, that they might gain possession of documents which contain terrible evidence against them. Yes, these papers would have rent the vail from mysteries which have hitherto been concealed from the eyes of men, but not from God. When these secrets are revealed, the heads of two will fall, and some others will end their criminal career in the galleys. A single word from me would cause the cheeks of some of the oppressors of Italy to blanch with terror.

Dear readers, imagine what anguish I endured. I had no friends. My mother would have spurned me from her. My other relatives would have turned from me with scorn. I was far from my country, blind, and destitute. My little

treasure was soon exhausted by disbursements to physicians. I drew nearer to Calvary in my affliction. I prayed to the Great Mediator. Jesus Christ hearkened to my prayer. He caused me to be adopted by a generous man, Dr. Emile Labbé, and his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Labbé. They received me as a son, and for twelve years I shared the fruits of their toil with their children. When I spoke of returning to my native country, their children would throw their arms around my neck, and exclaim, "No! You shall not leave us. You shall live with us, till God separates us."

While tranquilly reposing in the bosom of this excellent family, I received a letter from my mother, in which she reproached me bitterly. She said that I had dishonored the name of my ancestors. With absurd superstition, she said that the holy Virgin Mary had punished me with blindness and poverty for my apostasy from the Church of Rome.

In the month of August, 1872, the great Italian reformer, Father Gavazzi, paid me a visit. He informed me of the events which had taken place in my family, and also of the fate of the friends who had protected me in Rome. Five of those who had facilitated my escape from the horrible Palace of the Inquisition had been pitilessly shot by order of the infallible Antichrist. I wept; but, that disciple of Christ, Father Gavazzi, consoled me with words of holy comfort.

The son-in-law of Mr. Labbé, Mr. F. Dawson, professor of ancient and modern languages, hav-

ing heard me relate my sad history, urged me to compile an account of it for publication. With indomitable persistency he applied himself to the labor of condensing my narrative, and then with persevering industry translated it from the Italian and French.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

WHEN I landed in this country, I naturally turned my attention to the various Protestant churches. My afflicted heart longed for consolation, having so long been corroded by torturing ulcers. My soul was filled with profound joy as I listened to the sweet melodies poured forth by the faithful. And, although I did not understand the English language, I mingled my silent prayers and tears with others, in seeking that true consolation which only comes from Heaven. The Divine Mediator pitied me; he heard my sighs and groans, and shed upon my heart the balm of his love.

After I became blind, my heart was unreconciled, and I frequently murmured at this inexplainable dispensation of God. I knew not why I should be afflicted thus. I said, Why is this? It is better for me that I should die than live. At times I was sad and despondent; then my soul would be cheered and strengthened while listening to the reading of the Sacred Word.

I am now fully reconciled to my lot, having settled down upon the comforting thought that

our gracious Lord does "all things well." Those prophetic portions of the Bible which point to the "restoration of all things" are of especial interest to me. I recognize the hand of God in the recent humiliation of the papacy, and believe that the time hastens when "He that shall come will come, and will not tarry."

My times are in our great Heavenly Father's hands. He leads the blind by a way that they know not. Not a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice. I forgive my merciless persecutors, and pray for grace to struggle onward till these sightless balls shall see the King in his beauty. Religiously speaking, I have a short creed. I am endeavoring to keep the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus; to do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly in the sight of Heaven.

In the stormy year of 1849, I aided the cause of my Italian countrymen against papal tyranny with the force of carnal weapons. To-day, I am ready, with the help of God, to use those sweet words which are written in the holy gospel for the enlightenment of that dear people.

I trust that the friends of Jesus will pray for me, that at no distant day, like Paul of old, I may preach the unsearchable riches of Christ to the citizens of Rome.

Before returning to my native land, I shall endeavor to translate suitable books and tracts into the Italian language for the use of that mission.

And now, kind reader, FAREWELL.

APPENDIX.

Herewith are presented several important documents. They are of great value to me, and may interest those who have perused the foregoing pages.

Letter to the Author, from his Mother.

NICE, ITALY. JANUARY 12, 1865.

BELOVED SON:—

I conjure thee in the name of the Holy Mother of our Lord to hearken to the prayers of thy disconsolate mother. Unhappy wretch, what hast thou done? Thou hast entered a dark and deep cavern, from which thou canst not find any escape. O my unhappy son! if thou knewest how my heart is afflicted! what torments I have endured for thirteen years! My hairs are now gray. O my dear son, I entreat thee to pity thy mother, who has drunk the cup of misery. Alas! why hast thou envenomed the last years of my existence? Satan hath seized thee and made thee his victim! The Virgin Mary only can deliver thee from the power of the infernal spirit. I have learned that thou art preaching the doctrine of the Protestant church, from which emanate blasphemies and heresies against the Holy Roman Apostolic Catholic Church. Thou art cruel; for thou hast repudiated the faith of thy noble ancestors, who for that faith bravely marched to the battle-field

and shed their blood in the first, second, and third crusades, and in all the other wars against the infidels, till the eighteenth century. Wretch! Can there exist a false prophet, a heretic, a blasphemer, in the family of the Chevalier Urgos? Alas! I blush from shame when I think that the name Urgos is stained with ignominy! Listen, infamous apostate! Abandon the name Urgos, or return to the arms of thy forsaken mother, and receive the benediction of the Holy Church! Thou shalt be happy! Thou shalt not want food, pleasure, nor gold! If thou wilt return, we will eat the fattened calf in unison with all our kindred! I will then forget the past anguish, and I, thy brothers, and thy sisters will be happy! Write to me, and I will send thee gold and my blessing! May the Virgin Mary bless thee, and restore thee to the Church!

I am forever thy afflicted mother,

FORTUNATA LANZA.

Response to the Foregoing.

SAINT ANNE, ILL., MARCH 2, 1865.

DEAR MOTHER:—

I cannot describe the joy I felt when I received your affectionate letter. I believed myself abandoned, but your name aroused me. My previous life passed before me like a panorama. I reflected on the fatal day when you pronounced with a solemn voice the terrible curse upon the head of your dearest son. After many years of pecarious existence

and perfect estrangement, the name *mother* is still melodious. I have no animosity against you; first, because God commands me to love you in his holy word; secondly, because you are not responsible for the maledictions which you have uttered, nor for having driven me from the family and persecuted me to the utmost. Rome is the cause of your unnatural acerbity. You are kind and affectionate. You loved me tenderly. The disciples of Ignatius Loyola have filled your heart with a fanatical rancor; they have made you believe horrible things. These wicked men have made you detest me. They wished to drive me from my home, because I understood their infernal villainy. Pardon me, if I speak plainly. I have not the space to write compliments. Poor mother! why do you worry yourself about me while I am happy? Though my kindred have forsaken me, I am not disquieted thereby. God is my Father, and Jesus Christ my advocate and intercessor. Good mother, read the Catholic Bible which your beloved son, the priest, has in his library. Read St. John 14:6 and 10:1. These passages will convince you that I am in the way of salvation, because I adore and approach God through the medium of Jesus Christ, and not through the poor mortals who sleep in the bosom of the earth, and whom you call saints. I am grateful for your kind offers. I am happy here at a distance from my persecutors. I would not give a single moment of my evangelical life for all the pleasures of the world which Rome permits. I pray God constantly to open your eyes. It is absurd and abominable to say "the mother of God." God is eternity, the creator of the heavens, the

earth, and all the hosts of visible things. God is not subject to human contingencies. Mary belonged to the house of David; she was the mother of the man Christ Jesus. If you will send me money, I will thank you for it, and will show myself grateful.

During my existence, your loving son,

F. URGOS.

A Second Letter from the Author's Mother.

PALERMO, AUGUST 15, 1867.

BELOVED SON:—

I break the silence which you observe. I have written many letters to you, but have received no reply. You must have received an invitation to return to your country. Seeing that you did not answer my letters, I deemed it necessary to present myself before His Majesty the king. I requested him to permit you to return. You are obstinate. You not only disobey me, but you disregard the orders which His Majesty has so graciously given on your behalf. I tell you again that I have withdrawn the curse; wherefore, I entreat you in the name of the Holy Mary not to hate me! The terrible information has reached my ears that you are blind and poor. You are dependent on society! Suffering forces you to extend your hands to it! What infamy! Have you no sense of honor? Fanatical prophet! listen to my words! If you do not pity me, pity your brothers who enjoy a high estimation in Italian society. I have renounced the name of

Urges: but your brothers [illegible] Choose one of these two things: Change your name and join the Indians or return a Catholic to the [illegible] of your afflicted mother. Your brothers are angry at you. Tremble before their wrath. They might . . . . therefore, I pray you hear the entreaties of your unhappy mother. Reflect well. You have suffered fatigue, misery, privation, [illegible] affliction, and humiliation. The Virgin Mary has punished your rebellion against the [illegible] St. Peter, against the prelates of [illegible] Church, and against the [illegible] Repent, and throw yourself [illegible] have ordered Signor [illegible] money, if you wish [illegible] ly, and, I pray you [illegible] for they weary and [illegible] pel me to throw [illegible]

I am your afflicted [illegible]

when I have the means to live without depending upon my oppressors. You call me a wretch, because you do not love God and his divine Son. You reproach me with having disgraced the name of Urgos before Heaven and before men. I have loved God and my country. My crime is to have fought Antichrist and his satellites, who have degraded and oppressed Italy for centuries. If you think me vile and base, that does not annoy me, for God will exalt me in the Eternal City. Dearest mother, do not speak to me again about returning to the family. Trouble me not, and let me live in peace! I do not dread the wrath of my brothers. If they . . . . God will protect me.

I am your afflicted son,

F. URGOS.

Letters from Garibaldi.

CAPRERA, OCT. 12, 1863.

CITIZEN :—

I have recommended you to the friends of liberty residing in New York, that you may place yourself under the care of an expert oculist, and also procure the comforts of life. I await you in Italy.

Health and fraternity,

G. GARIBALDI.

CAPRERA, DEC. 11, 1865.

CITIZEN URGOS:—

You are entitled to a pension from the Italian government; therefore, return. Present the following:—

I recommend to the friends of liberty the honest blind man, Francesco Urgos. I will be grateful for any furtherance bestowed upon him.

G. GARIBALDI.

Interview with Father Gavazzi.

While residing at Saint Anne, Ill., I was favored with a visit from the well-known Italian reformer and lecturer, Father Gavazzi. The following conversation occurred:—

Urgos. I have the honor to salute the illustrious reformer, Signor Gavazzi.

Gavazzi. Mr. Urgos! I am surprised to find you blind and secluded in a corner of this vast country!

U. Providence has kindly accorded me repose after manifold sufferings.

G. I entreat you to return with me to Italy!

U. I thank you, sir, but I cannot accept your invitation.

G. Why not?

U. Because I am blind, and can expect no succor from my family.

G. But you are entitled to a pension, to an indemnification for your wounds.

U. But I fear secret persecution.

G. Come! Come! Fear no persecution! Italy has liberty, as the United States have. But Italy does not trust the Jesuits, who have their head quarters in this country. Poor America! Too soon shalt thou experience the effects of the machinations of these monsters in human shape!

U. Sir, the Americans themselves give the Jesuits ample liberty for the consummation of their nefarious intrigues.

G. My friend, the United States have attained the pinnacle of prosperity, but they will cease to be the mirror of nations! They will lose both liberty and civilization. Intestine war and anarchy will be the reward of their supine indifference, or rather, of their suicidal toleration. We may preach the gospel in every corner of Italy. In Rome we have a Bible Depository opposite to the Vatican. The name is thereon inscribed in large gilded characters.

U. Have you seen any of my family?

G. Yes; I saw one of your brothers in Rome. He is an officer in the Grenadiers of the Royal Guard. Mr. Urgos, Italy needed you once when she strove to effect her liberation from foreign oppression. To-day, she needs the zealous love which you bear toward Jesus Christ, that you may assist in delivering her from the false doctrine of Antichrist! My friend, the prophecies will be accomplished to the letter!

U. Amen! I shall return to Italy soon.

G. Well. God grant that I may embrace you in Rome! Farewell.

Invitations from the Italian Government.

General Consulate of the Kingdom of Italy.
NEW YORK, JAN. 16, 1866.

SIR:—

In performance of my duty, I transmit to you the following royal mandate:—

"The Government of His Majesty, the King of Italy, informs Mr. Francesco Urgos that His Majesty, the King of Italy (whom God protect!), has deigned to invite the said Mr. Urgos to return to Italy. He will have a free passage in a man-of-war. He will preserve his official grade."

I have the honor to be
The Consul General,
G. AVEZZANA.

General Consulate of the Kingdom of Italy.
NEW YORK, JUNE 4, 1867.

SIR:—

I have received from the Ministry of the Kingdom of Italy a Ministerial Order, in which I am commanded to communicate to you the following:—

"His Majesty has deigned to accord you passage on a vessel-of-war, which will convey you to an Italian port."

I have the honor to be
The Consul General,
G. AVEZZANA.